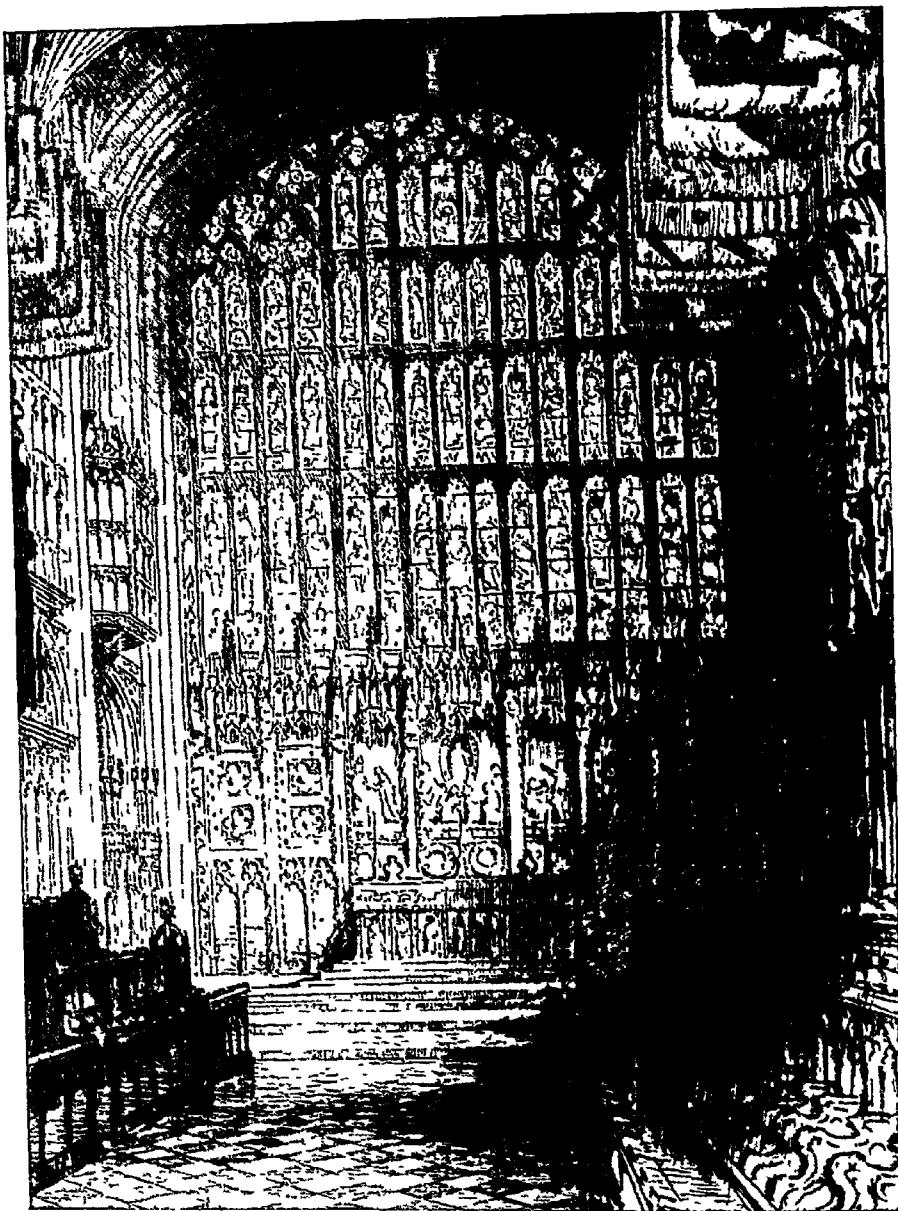


NEWNES'
PICTORIAL KNOWLEDGE



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ST GEORGE'S CHAPEL, WINDSOR

St. George's Chapel forms a part of Windsor Castle and is one of the most historic places of worship in the world. It is built in the Perpendicular Gothic style and has recently been extensively restored. In this picture we see the magnificent east window with the stalls of the Knights of the Garter to right and left and their banners overhead. Many of our Kings and Queens were buried in the Chapel, which has also been the scene of royal weddings. St. George's Chapel is situated in the Lower Ward of the Castle.

NEWNES'
PICTORIAL KNOWLEDGE
VOLUME 7

AN EDUCATIONAL TREASURY
and
CHILDREN'S DICTIONARY

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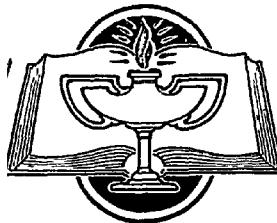
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*The HOME LIBRARY BOOK COMPANY
(GEORGE NEWNES LTD.)*

23 & 24 TAVISTOCK STREET, W.C. 2

FIRST EDITION	JUNE, 1930
<i>Reprinted</i>	JANUARY, 1931
<i>Reprinted</i>	AUGUST, 1931
<i>Reprinted</i>	JANUARY, 1932
<i>Reprinted</i>	AUGUST, 1932
SECOND EDITION	MAY, 1933
<i>Reprinted</i>	FEBRUARY, 1934
<i>Reprinted</i>	DECEMBER, 1934
<i>Reprinted</i>	JANUARY 1936

PRINTED IN GREAT BRITAIN
BY THE WHITEFRIARS PRESS LTD
LONDON AND TONBRIDGE

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THE BEWAILING OF ST. FRANCIS

Anderson

The picture above is reproduced from a fresco (i.e., painting on a wall) at the Church of Santa Croce in Florence. It was the work of Giotto, an artist who was born in 1266 and lived until 1337. St. Francis, seen on his death-bed, was the great apostle of humanity, and Giotto one of the very early Italian painters who brought back humanity to art after the stiffness that followed the fall of the Roman Empire.

IN THE BEGINNING

APELLES, greatest of Greek painters, was famous for his pictures of "Venus Rising from the Sea" and "The Three Graces." Another picture of his, "Alexander Wielding a Thunderbolt," was known all over the ancient world.

Apelles was an intimate friend of Alexander the Great, and the historian Pliny tells a story of how one day Alexander visited the painter's studio and began to talk about pictures, but knew so little of art and blundered so badly that Apelles whispered to him he had better be silent because even the

boys who were mixing the colours were laughing at him.

Advice to a Cobbler

The most famous story of Apelles concerns him and a cobbler. At an exhibition of the great artist's work Apelles himself stood behind one of his pictures, listening to what the people said about them. A cobbler, looking at a picture, found fault with a shoe, or rather sandal, depicted in it, and Apelles at once set to work to alter it and put it right. The cobbler was immensely pleased and got rather a

swelled head—so much so that next day he came back and began to criticise the legs in the picture. Out came Apelles in a fine rage and told the cobbler to stick to his last, advice which has been famous all through the twenty-three centuries which have passed since Apelles painted

What a sad thing it is that not one of the paintings of this great Greek master remains for us to admire and study! There is not even a copy of one. All the pictures painted by the many great artists of Ancient Greece have long ago turned to dust and ashes. We still have some of their wonderful sculptures, and from these we know what marvellous artists lived in those days, but not a single painting

We believe we are right in saying that the only examples of the paintings of classical times which still exist are

frescoes or wall paintings found in long-buried cities such as Pompeii, in this case preserved by the ashes flung out by the volcano Vesuvius. Of one of these, a picture of the Greek hero Ulysses with his wife Penelope, enough remains to show how wonderfully the artists of those long-past days were able to paint.

The O of Giotto

For centuries after Rome was destroyed by the flood of Northern barbarians the art of painting almost vanished from the Western world. It is true that the monks in their monasteries illuminated their missals with lovely colours, but there were no great painters of pictures, or if there were they have been utterly forgotten. As Sir William Orpen has written "In the early days of the Church the

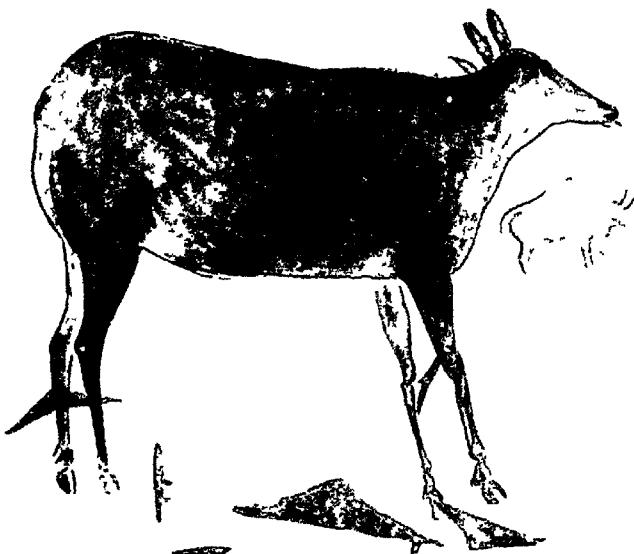


PAINTED BY CAVE-DWELLERS

In a large cave near Santander, in Northern Spain, wall-pictures were discovered about half a century ago, and one of them is reproduced above. When we consider that it belongs to the prehistoric period and that it was the work of a person (or persons) who lived the life of cave semi-savages, we must appreciate the high quality of the draughtsmanship. The drawing is attributed to a late period of the Stone Age.

Girandon

IN THE BEGINNING



Giraudon

A PREHISTORIC WORK OF ART

Here is another painting from the cave in Northern Spain which was once the habitation of people of the Stone Age. The animal in the background is plainly a bison, such as once roamed the prairies of North America. Many of the paintings in the Altamira cave were carried out on the roof, deer, elk, bison, wolves and bears figuring among the subjects chosen. No one can say whether the work was that of one man or of several people.

Fathers gave little encouragement to Art and 'cursed be all that paint pictures' is a sentiment frequently found in their writings". They were like the strict Mahomedans who to this day hate the taking of photographs.

Through Sixteen Centuries

And so we skip sixteen centuries from Apelles and come to the Italian Giotto di Bondone. There is a story about Giotto which illustrates not only his skill, but his character. The Pope of the period sent a messenger to him, to ask for a specimen of his work, with a view to commissioning him to paint a picture for the Vatican. Giotto took a sheet of paper and a brush dipped in red paint, then resting his elbow against his side so as to form a sort of compass,

with one turn of his hand drew a perfect circle and handed this to the messenger as proof of his skill.

Giotto, greatest of early Italian painters, was born at a village near the town of Florence about the year 1266. He knew nothing of painting, he had no education, yet from his earliest childhood he did his best to represent the things he saw around him by lines drawn in the dust. One day when the lad was ten years old he was out in the field looking after his father's sheep, and, as usual, was drawing. His canvas was a flat stone, his pencil a bit of burnt stick and his model a lamb.

Suddenly a shadow fell across him and, looking up, he saw a tall bearded man with a kindly face watching him. This was Giovanni Cimabue, first of



Anderson

FIVE HUNDRED YEARS OLD

This beautiful angel was painted about five hundred years ago by Giovanni da Fiesole, better known as *Fra (i.e., "Brother") Angelico*, for he became a monk. His works were all of a religious character. Angelico was born in 1387 and died in

1455

the restorers of painting in Italy, and painter of two remarkable pictures of the Madonna which, after 700 years, are still in existence. The master, greatly impressed by the work of the little shepherd lad, took him to Florence and had him taught. Before he died he had the happiness of seeing Giotto paint a series of magnificent frescoes in Florence. In one of these, the "Paradise," Giotto introduced portraits of a number of his friends, including the great poet Dante. These splendid pictures were afterwards covered with a coat of whitewash, but this has now been removed and the frescoes can be seen in the Museo Nazionale at Florence.

In 1334 Giotto was made Master of Works of the Cathedral and City of Florence and he decorated the cathedral with fine statues. He was an architect as well as a painter, and the west front of Florence Cathedral was designed by him as well as the Campanile or Bell Tower.

A Painter of Angels.

Although to us Giotto's paintings seem stiff and conventional, yet they were life itself compared with the stiff Byzantine art of earlier times. If the Byzantine artist painted a human figure the background was left blank or filled in with gilding. Giotto was the first to paint backgrounds with buildings and trees, and we can judge of the effect of his work on the people of the time by what the novelist Boccaccio said of him.

"Giotto was such a genius that there was nothing in Nature that he could not have represented in such a manner that it not only resembled, but seemed to be, the thing itself."

The name Giovanni da Fiesole means little to most of us, but when we speak of *Fra Angelico* we mention a name familiar to all lovers of art. *Fra Angelico* was born in 1387 and became a monk. He was a gentle, kindly person, a little brother of the poor, who rarely

ST. FRANCIS AND THE BIRDS



B. F. Mansell

The above picture is reproduced from a painting by Giotto, the first of the great Florentine painters. He produced many frescoes depicting the Life of St. Francis, known as the Saint of Assisi. Not only was Giotto a painter, but he was also an architect, and was made Master of the Works of the Cathedral at Florence. Its campanile, or detached bell-tower, exists to-day, though its designer did not live to witness the completion of his work.

ventured into the big cities and was a lover of Nature

His pictures are all of sacred subjects, and his angels are wonderfully beautiful, but his devils are not awe-inspiring. They seem to be ashamed of their unpleasant profession. He was the first to paint backgrounds with meadows covered with flowers, and the colours he used are bright and tender. Beautiful wall paintings of his are still to be seen in the Vatican at Rome and in Florence.

Fra Angelico died in 1455. Eleven years earlier there was born in Florence a boy named Alessandro Filipeppi, afterwards known as Botticelli. Young Sandro was apprenticed to a jeweller, but he loved painting and had the luck to become a pupil of the monk Lippi.

Pupil and Master.

Botticelli became a much greater painter than his master, but the reason why we have chosen him out of many great Italian painters is that he ori-



MADONNA AND CHILD

Anderson

After the death of Giotto, Fra Angelico and Fra Lippi carried on the development of art in Florence, and this painting of the Madonna and Child was the work of Fra Filippo Lippi, who was born in 1406 and died in 1469. It shows a fine feeling of feminine beauty and the figures are markedly human. Though this artist lived so long ago, some of his work may be seen in the National Gallery, London.



THE MAGNIFICAT

Anderson

In the Latin tongue the word "Magnificat" means "doth magnify," and it is the title of that part of the Church of England service beginning "My soul doth magnify the Lord." The title is given to this "Madonna of the Magnificat," which is regarded as the supreme masterpiece of Botticelli (1444-1510). The picture, to be seen in the Uffizi Gallery, Florence, shows intensely spiritual expressions, and has great decorative charm.

ginated a new style of painting. All those before him had pictured only sacred subjects, but Botticelli broke new ground.

The Coming of Spring

His most famous picture, painted in 1477, is "Primavera," the Coming of Spring. In the centre is Venus, Goddess of Love, with Mercury, messenger of the Gods, and the three Graces

Figures and faces are beautiful, and flowers surround the figures. Here is beauty of a pagan type, and Botticelli's patron was not the Church, but the younger Lorenzo dei Medici.

Botticelli painted many religious pictures, yet he was the first great painter to break away from the old tradition, that all painting must be only for the service of the Church. He was a friend and follower of the great

preacher and reformer, Savonarola, and may have been present at the marvellous "bonfire of vanities" at Florence, when women flung cards, dice, masks and carnival costumes, as well as costly ornaments, into a huge blaze in the public square. Later, Savonarola was excommunicated and was strangled and burned.

This was so great a blow to Botticelli that he fell into a state of melancholy and his later pictures show the change.



IN THE FLEMISH STYLE *W F Mansell*

These portraits of Jan Arnolfini and his wife were painted by John Van Eyck (1385-1440), and the original may be seen in the National Gallery, London. John and his brother Hubert Van Eyck worked the greatest revolution in painting, for they discovered (not in Italy, but in the Netherlands) how to paint in oils. Hubert was the elder of the two brothers.

The painters of whom we have been writing worked in "tempera," or distemper, that is to say, their colours, ground in water, were mixed with some sort of thin glue or with yolk of egg beaten up with vinegar. They had not the great range of colours which are at the command of the modern artist, and did not know the art of oil painting.

Painting in Oils.

This great discovery, namely, of oil painting, was not made in Italy, but in the Netherlands, and was due to the genius of two brothers, Hubert and John Van Eyck. Hubert was born about 1365; his younger brother, John, in 1385. These two men worked the greatest revolution in painting that the world has ever seen, but it is a sad fact that we know hardly anything about their lives or doings. Giorgio Vasari, a painter himself, wrote the lives of the early Italian painters, but there was no one to chronicle the lives of the Van Eycks, or tell us how they made the discovery which has meant so much to art.

The only story that remains to us, and we do not know whether it is true or a legend, is that John Van Eyck one day finished a picture, and after varnishing it with great care put it out in the sun to dry. When he came back he discovered, to his disgust, that the heat had cracked and ruined his picture. This started

THE MAN WITH THE PINKS



F. Bruckmann

The original of this picture, which was painted about five hundred years ago by John Van Eyck, may be seen in the Berlin Museum. The work of one of the first artists to use oil paint, the picture astounds us to-day by its life-like realism. The identity of the sitter is quite unknown, but his patron saint was probably St. Anthony, because of the bell which hangs below the Cross on the twisted chain that the man is wearing.

THE MARTYRDOM OF ST. URSULA—



Four and a half centuries ago the artist Hans Memling painted an oblong casket, the sides of which he adorned with six miniatures illustrating the Legend of St Ursula. Here Ursula, on her pilgrimage, reaches Cologne.

In the above miniature the Saint is arriving at Basle. The casket upon which these paintings were made measures 3 feet in length, 2 feet 10 inches in height, and 1 foot 1 inch in breadth. It is to be seen at Bruges in the Hospital of St John.



Here the Pope and the pilgrims are embarking at Basle. Even the roof-slopes of the casket are adorned with beautifully-painted medallions and four angel-magicians.

Photos F. Brückmann

In this miniature is depicted the martyrdom of the pilgrims. St Ursula was the daughter of a King of Brittany. The colours in the paintings are still bright.

AN ART WONDER OF THE WORLD



F. Bruckmann

By examining the above miniature, we can study the scene of the martyrdom of St Ursula. Accompanied by a maiden and one of the Pope's suite, she stands undismayed before the general of the Huns, refusing to deny her Faith and calmly awaiting death by the archer's arrow. The object of Ursula's pilgrimage is believed to have been to delay her marriage to a pagan prince. She sailed up the Rhine to Basle, went to Rome, and was martyred on her return.

him on a series of experiments to find colours which should be more lasting, and after trying many things he discovered that linseed oil and oil of nuts dried more quickly than anything else, and that colours mixed with these oils were more brilliant than those blended with tempera, and—more than that—were proof against water. So came about the discovery of painting in oil, a discovery which rapidly spread to Italy, Germany, and other parts of Europe.

The Martyrdom of St. Ursula

John Van Eyck was as original a genius as Giotto himself, for he was really the first artist to paint what we call a picture. An example is his "Man with the Pinks," which, after 500 years, still astonishes all who see it by its wonderful drawing and perfect truth to life.

If you ever visit the Belgian town of Bruges, which is only an hour by rail from Ostend, you are sure to be taken into the ancient Hospital of St John to see the pictures of Hans Memling. They are so brilliant, so beautiful, the colours so shiningly clear, that it is almost impossible to believe that they were painted more than four and a half centuries ago. By far the most wonder-

ful of them all are the paintings on the Shrine of St Ursula.

St. Ursula was the daughter of a King of Brittany, whose story is that she was persecuted by a pagan prince who wanted to marry her and was told that in order to escape she must go on a pilgrimage to Rome with 11,000 virgins. Where she collected this army of young women the historian does not relate, but she did so and they all sailed up the Rhine to Basle and thence made their way to Rome. Unfortunately, on their way back they fell into the hands of the Huns at Cologne and were all massacred.

We may believe the story or not as we please, but, anyhow, it gave the great Memling an opportunity to paint a series of deathless pictures. Though the casket is only 3 feet long and less than 3 feet high, there are eight paintings and six medallions as well. Every tiny detail stands out as perfectly as on the long-past day when the artist still wielded his brush. They have the daintiness of miniatures.

The Genius of the Renaissance

Renaissance means re-birth. In the year 1452 there was born at Vinci, an Italian village not far from Florence, a boy who was destined to be the father



THE LAST SUPPER

W. F. Mawson

This illustration is reproduced from a copy made by Marco d'Oggiono of a masterpiece by Leonardo da Vinci (1452-1519). Few pictures have stamped themselves on the imagination of the whole world so deeply as this one, which so dramatically recreates the Biblical scene. The original picture was painted slowly and with infinite labour in Milan.

DA VINCI'S "MONA LISA"



W. F. Mansell

This is probably the most famous picture in the world, and was the work of Leonardo da Vinci. Not so many years ago the masterpiece was stolen from its place in the Louvre at Paris, and it was many months before the canvas was recovered and replaced. Mona Lisa was the third wife of Francesco del Giocondo, a Florentine official, and it is related that Leonardo hired musicians to play whilst he painted, so that his subject should preserve her intent expression.

of the greatest re-birth of art that the world has ever seen

Leonardo da Vinci was not merely a great artist, but also a great genius, a sort of superman of a type that appears in the world's history only at very long intervals. He was splendidly handsome, he had such immense strength that with his bare hands he could straighten out a heavy horseshoe. He was brave to a fault, and a brilliant talker. Of him the Italian writer Vasari says "His every action is so divine that he distances all other men."

If he had not shone so greatly as a painter he would have gained world-wide fame as a sculptor; if he had never touched brush or chisel he would still have been celebrated for his inventions. In science and invention he was centuries ahead of his time. He was a clever chemist and the author of the first standard book on Anatomy.

In a word, he was a genius, and it is not surprising that he was the wonder of his own age and of those that have passed since his death.

While he was still a schoolboy his flashes of brilliancy astounded his masters, but he was oddly wayward. He would take up a thing, excel in it and fling it aside. The only subject in which he never seemed to lose interest was painting, and his father presently persuaded his friend, Andrea del Verrocchio, a well-known artist, to take young Leonardo as a pupil.

Another Pupil excels his Master.

Leonardo's master received a commission from the monks of Vallombroso to paint a picture of St. John baptising Christ, and the master allowed the boy to paint one of the angels in the picture. When Leonardo had finished there was a breathless silence, for his angel was so much more beautiful than any of the others that there was no comparison. Amazed that a mere boy could paint better than he, del Verrocchio never again dipped a brush in colour.

Very soon Leonardo became known all over Italy. He was invited to Milan, where he painted his famous "Last Supper." He was so slow with his work that the Duke Sforza spoke to him about it and asked him why he wasted time mooning about. Leonardo gently explained that it was necessary for him to think out every head before beginning to paint it, and that it was very difficult to express the face of a man like Judas who betrayed the Master from Whom he had received so many benefits. "But," he went on, "to save time I will put in the head of the prior." The Duke was hugely amused and decided to let this clever youngster finish the work at his own pace and leisure.

How the "Mona Lisa" was Stolen.

The most celebrated of the paintings of Leonardo da Vinci is the "Mona Lisa," often called "La Gioconda," who in real life was the third wife of a Florentine official. Her strange smile has been the puzzle and admiration of all the many generations who have seen the picture.

This is the picture which was stolen from the Louvre in Paris in the year 1911, and the theft caused a sensation all over the world. The thief actually took the picture off the wall, frame and all, and since it is 3 feet in height by 2 feet 4 inches in breadth, the astonishing thing is that he was not seen. He must have crossed two rooms, descended a flight of stairs and walked across two courtyards, carrying the picture. The director of the Gallery and twelve attendants were dismissed, and hundreds of detectives and police were set to work. Yet no sign was found of either the thief or the picture.

Just before Christmas, 1913, a man came into a shop in Florence and offered to sell a picture. The owner of the shop, a dealer in antiques, immediately recognised it as the missing masterpiece. The man, whose name was Vincenzo Perugia, was arrested and confessed that he stole the picture to

THE STATUE OF LORENZO DEI MEDICI



Anderson

One of the rulers of the city of Florence was Lorenzo dei Medici, and Michael Angelo carved the above statue of his patron. Angelo was the leading sculptor of the Renaissance (i.e., re-birth of art) period. He was also a painter and an architect. Michael Angelo was only seventeen when Lorenzo the Magnificent (the subject of the above statue, with its wonderfully thoughtful expression) died, so that the boy artist lost his position, and had to leave Florence.

avenge the art thefts of Napoleon when he invaded Italy more than a hundred years ago So now "La Gioconda" smiles again from the wall of her home in Paris

When Mona Lisa came to be French.

It is an odd thing that the famous picture never came into the hands of the man for whom it was painted, for it was still unfinished when Leonardo accepted the invitation of the King of France to visit him Leonardo had been none too well treated in Italy and he was growing old and was thankful for the refuge offered to him King Francis was very kind to him and often visited him

One day when the King was in the artist's studio, Leonardo, who had long been ill, was seized with a sudden attack and the King, much distressed, sat down beside him and put his arm around him Leonardo looked up with a smile into the King's face, then his eyes closed, he quivered and lay still He had died in the arms of his royal friend, a fit ending to a wonderful life

The World's Greatest Artist

Some years ago the *Strand Magazine* asked various great living painters to give their opinions as to the world's greatest pictures Sir Lawrence Alma-Tadema chose "The Disputation as to the Sacrament" by Raphael, and Mr G. F. Watts chose the "Sistine Madonna" by the same artist Others picked pictures by Titian, Tintoretto and Velasquez It is notable that Raphael was the only painter chosen by two separate judges But Raphael was a painter pure and simple, while Michael Angelo was both painter and sculptor, and equally great in both arts It is the general opinion of those best able to judge that Michael Angelo Buonarotti was the greatest artist who ever drew the breath of life

Born in 1475 at Castel Caprese, Michael Angelo was the son of the chief magistrate of the town Like all great

geniuses, he showed his love for art while quite a small boy and haunted the premises of his nurse, whose husband was a marble worker Time and again his father beat him, but this had no effect on young Michael, and at last his father gave in and apprenticed him to the well-known artist, Ghirlandaio Before his three years were up the boy's wonderful modelling brought him to the notice of the great Lorenzo dei Medici, who put him into the famous "Garden School" of sculpture, and presently gave him special work in his own household at a salary of 500 ducats a month

How Trouble Began

Michael Angelo was only seventeen when Lorenzo the Magnificent died, and the boy lost his position and salary. Piero dei Medici succeeded He was a tyrant and a fool who forced young Michael to waste his time by modelling a statue in snow Michael had a friend, a poet, who dreamed one night that Lorenzo appeared to him and told him to warn Piero that he would be driven from the city The poet did give the message and got a fearful beating for doing so He also told Michael, who had sense enough to see that trouble was coming, so he cleared out and went to Bologna Sure enough, in 1494 Piero dei Medici had to fly for his life and Florence became a republic

At Bologna, Michael Angelo carved a Sleeping Cupid so perfect that a dealer sold it to Cardinal San Giorgio as an antique dug up in Greece Presently the Cardinal discovered how he had been cheated, but instead of being angry he sent for Michael Angelo, congratulated him on being able to do such wonderful work and gave him commissions for other statues Michael Angelo carved a Bacchus, an Adonis and a Cupid, each more perfect than the last.

Suddenly he changed He gave up producing heathen deities and for three years worked on a Christ with the Virgin, the wonder "Pietà" at St

A STATUE OF MOSES



This most impressive statue of Moses, to be seen at St. Peter's in Rome, was the work of Michael Angelo. Before he was thirty, Angelo had established his reputation as the greatest sculptor in the world, yet he turned from sculpture when he began to paint a series of scenes on the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel for the Pope. When Raphael, then at the height of his fame, was shown the work, he thanked God that he had been allowed to live to see such painting.

Peter's in Rome, a work so perfect that it established his reputation as the greatest sculptor in the world

Enemies and Rivals

His family believed that their distinguished member was making his fortune, which was very far from the case, but Michael Angelo, too proud to tell them the truth, starved himself to give money to them all. They were not content with what they received, and went about saying how mean he was. No wonder that he became harsh and bitter.

In 1501, when Michael Angelo was only twenty-six years old, he returned to Florence to design a statue of "David," which had been ordered by the city to commemorate her delivery from her enemies. Here he met the great Leonardo da Vinci, and these two, who ought to have been the best of friends, became bitter enemies and rivals. It is only fair to da Vinci to say that it was none of his fault; the trouble was caused by stupid people who drove the two great artists into rivalry.

Michael Angelo was so unhappy in Florence that he was glad to be called back to Rome by Pope Julius II, who wished him to design a mausoleum. A rival sculptor, Bramante, who was bitterly jealous, whispered to the Pope that it was unlucky to build a tomb while you were still alive, and the Pope at once abandoned the idea and meanly left Michael Angelo unpaid for all his time and trouble and also in debt for the marbles he had obtained. When the great artist went to the Vatican to see the Pope he was driven from the doors by a groom. He hurried back once more to Florence.

The Sculptor Turned to Painter

Next thing was an urgent message from the Pope ordering Michael Angelo back to Rome. At first he would not go, but in the end he obeyed, and what do you think the Pope wanted him to

do? That he, a sculptor, should paint the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel!

Michael Angelo tried to refuse. He begged that the work might be given to Raphael. What he did not know was that his old enemy, Bramante, was at the bottom of this absurd demand. He hoped that Michael Angelo would try it and fail.

Michael Angelo did try, and on March 10th, 1508, the unfortunate man wrote "To-day I, Michael Angelo, sculptor, began the painting of the chapel." The painting which the Pope had ordered was a series of scenes from the World's History, and the first upon which Michael Angelo set to work was "The Flood." He knew next to nothing of painting, and his initial work was hardly done before it became mouldy and had to be begun again.

Old at Thirty-seven.

For four long years he worked desperately and alone. His relations kept writing, worrying him for money, while the Pope, angry at his slowness, made threats of throwing him from the scaffolding. Remember, too, that all this time the artist was forced to lie flat on his back, for the painting was done on the ceiling.

On All Saints' Day, 1512, Michael Angelo announced that the work was finished, and when the people were admitted even his worst enemies were left gasping with wonder at the amazing beauty and genius of the work. Raphael himself, then at the height of his fame, thanked God that he had been allowed to live to see such a painting.

No praise, however, could repay the artist for his work. He was half blind, so that for some years he could hardly see to read; he had strained and injured the muscles of his neck and, though only thirty-seven years of age, was already an old man. Then came the cruellest blow of all. The Pope died and his successor had no work for Michael Angelo. Once more he went back to

"BALTHASAR CASTIGLIONE," BY RAPHAEL



Alman

The original of this lifelike portrait is regarded as the masterpiece in portraiture of the artist Raphael. The subject of the portrait was Count Castiglione, the intimate and lifelong friend of the painter, himself a scholar and author. Raphael was born in 1483 and died in 1520. He was the son of a painter, and no artist ever worked harder or accomplished more in a short life. He was made chief architect of St. Peter's at Rome.

Florence, where he worked upon the tomb of his old patron, Lorenzo dei Medici

In 1527 Florence revolted and was attacked by the troops of the Pope. Michael Angelo was put in charge of the fortifications, but he felt it his duty to warn the governor that the general in command, Malatesta Baglione, might betray the city. His warning was laughed at, but events proved the truth of his prophecy, for Baglione did betray his city and Florence fell

Michael Angelo's life was spared, and presently he was dragged back to Rome to begin another terrible painting task. This was "The Last Judgment," which covered an immense wall at the entrance of the Sistine Chapel. He was sixty-one when he started this work, and it took him five years and left him a wreck.

Yet, in spite of all his hardships and disappointments, he lived to be eighty-eight years old. It is a sad picture that the writer, Vasari, gives of the wonderful man in his last years.

Unable to sleep, he made himself a kind of helmet in which he fixed a candle so that he could see to work at night with his chisel. He ate nothing but bread and drank a little wine. In February, 1564, he was seized with fever, yet refused to go to bed. Five days later he became too weak to move, and on the following afternoon breathed his last. It is pleasant to know that his old servants and a few good friends were with him to the end.

"Beautiful as an Angel."

If Michael Angelo's life was long, stormy and unhappy, that of Raphael, who lived at the same time, was short, but smooth and pleasant. Raphael Sanzio, or Santi, was the son of a painter, born at the small town of Urbino in 1483, and became a pupil of Perugino, who was himself a famous artist. The boy was amazingly handsome. His portrait, painted by himself, shows him beautiful, almost as a beautiful



THE MADONNA DEL GRANDUCA

Anderson

Italy's great artist Raphael painted a large number of pictures of the Madonna and Child (Jesus and His Mother), and his genius enabled him to impart the most Divine expressions to his holy Subjects. The above work is known as the "Madonna del Granduca" and its original hangs in the Pitti Gallery at Florence

woman, yet he was no weakling, but a man with plenty of character.

Indeed, no artist ever worked harder or accomplished more in a short life of only thirty-seven years

Raphael's Retort

His personality was as charming as his looks, everyone admired and loved him. He was the favourite of two Popes in succession, and was made chief architect of St Peter's and guardian of the ancient monuments of Rome. Everywhere he went people followed him. Meeting him once, surrounded by assistants and friends, stern old Michael Angelo said to him.

"You look like a general at the head of an army"; to which Raphael retorted with a smile.

"And you, sir, like an executioner on the way to the scaffold."

Raphael's pictures have fetched enormous prices, probably the greatest ever paid for paintings. For his famous *Madonna of the Sistine Chapel* in the National Gallery no less than £70,000 was paid to its owner, the Duke of Marlborough, and that was so long ago as 1885. It was a three times higher price than any which had been previously paid for a picture. What the picture is worth now can only be

guessed—perhaps a quarter of a million.

Yet this picture is not as beautiful as his *Sistine Madonna*, which Mr G F Watts, R.A., considered to be the finest picture in the world. Raphael was equally great as a portrait painter, and his masterpiece in this direction is the portrait of his friend Balthasar Castiglione, which is now in the Louvre at Paris.



PORTRAIT OF A YOUNG MAN

Alinari

This fine portrait hangs in the Louvre at Paris, and was painted by Raphael, whose name was Raphael Sanzio. He was a man of singularly sweet disposition, charming in manner and conversation and a favourite with everyone. He perfected his art by study in Florence, and then went to paint at the Vatican.

In 1520 Raphael was struck down by a malignant fever, which he had caught during his work among the ancient ruins of which he was guardian, and on Good Friday, which was also his own birthday, he passed out of this life. Few men have been more deeply mourned.

The Tailor of Padua

In the year 1441 a man named Francesco Squarcione was admitted into the Guild of Painters at Padua. The amusing part of it is that Squarcione could not paint: he was a tailor by vocation. But more clever than other tailors, Squarcione had by degrees turned his shop into a sort of old curiosity or antique store, where he had many fine old statues. This brought him into touch with the numerous artists who came to the famous city of Padua, and so, as we have said, at last, at the age of forty-seven, he qualified for the Guild.

The next step was to engage apprentices, start a studio and secure contracts for art work. Being a clever business man, Squarcione managed to get hold of Jacopo Bellini, a brilliant painter of Venice, to act as teacher in his school, and the result was that this school, opened by a tailor, became one of the most important art schools in Italy and trained no fewer than 137 pupils, among them some of the world's most celebrated painters.

An Orphaned Genius

One of Squarcione's first apprentices was Andrea Mantegna, a nameless orphan, so amazingly gifted that, when only ten years old, he was admitted to membership of the Guild. At twelve he was doing important work in the Chapel of the Eremitani at Padua, and at seventeen painted an altar-piece for the Church of St Sophia which, as the historian Vasari said, "might have been the work of a skilled veteran instead of a mere boy."

Mantegna married the daughter of Bellini and set up a school for himself—much to Squarcione's annoyance. Soon Mantegna's fame spread so far that he

was called to Rome by Pope Innocent VIII to paint the walls of the Belvedere. Pay days came round but salaries were not always forthcoming. One day the Pope himself arrived to inspect Mantegna's work and asked what the figure was on which the artist was working.

"One much honoured here, your Holiness," replied Mantegna. "It is Prudence."

The Pope smiled.

"You should associate Patience with her," he answered, but after that payments were more regular. In any case, Mantegna was able to retire to Mantua, where he built himself a fine house and lived to the good old age of seventy-five.

Where Correggio Charms

Several of his finest pictures are in England, but the finest of all, "Parnassus," is in the Louvre at Paris. This picture shows the ancient Greek Gods "at home" on Mount Olympus. Venus and Apollo are on the mountain-top, while to the right stands Mercury, Messenger of the Gods, with Pegasus the Winged Horse.

Squarcione had a pupil named Tura, who founded a new school of art at Ferrara, and one of his pupils in turn founded at Modena a school which produced one of the world's greatest painters. He was Antonio Allegri, better known as Correggio, famous not only for his magnificent form and design, but even more so for the beauty and delicacy of his flesh tints.

One of his most celebrated pictures is of Ganymede, the beautiful Trojan boy, of whom the story is that he was carried off by an eagle to act as cup-bearer to Jupiter. The picture shows the immense bird lifting the boy into the air while a dog leaps helplessly to the aid of Ganymede.

Very little is known of the life of Correggio, except that he was of a very shy and retiring disposition and—perhaps—something of a miser. But this may have been because he had a large

"THE MADONNA OF SAN SISTO"



W F Manell

The artist Raphael painted many Madonnas, but the picture here reproduced is regarded as his most famous and most favoured. Other pictures with the same sacred subject may rival it in formal beauty, but in no other does he reach the same height of spiritual expression. The Christ-child, so solemnly and naturally gazing at the Infinite, and the majestic but entirely human Mother are figures which, once we have seen them, remain fixed in our memory

family to keep and the pay of painters in those days was small

The story of his end is curious. He was at Parma and was paid sixty crowns for some work he had finished. The money was given him all in small change and made quite a heavy burden. With this on his back he set out afoot for home. It was very hot and he stopped at a spring and drank so much cold water that it brought on a fever from which he died at the age of forty years.

The "Great" George.

Giorgione was the son of a peasant and was born at Castelfranco in 1477. He was christened Giorgio, but grew up so tall and fine both in body and mind that he was always called Giorgione, or the Great George. He seems to have been a charming and lovable person, with beautiful manners and a great passion for music. Critics tell us that you can see the *melody* of line and *harmony* of colour in all his paintings.

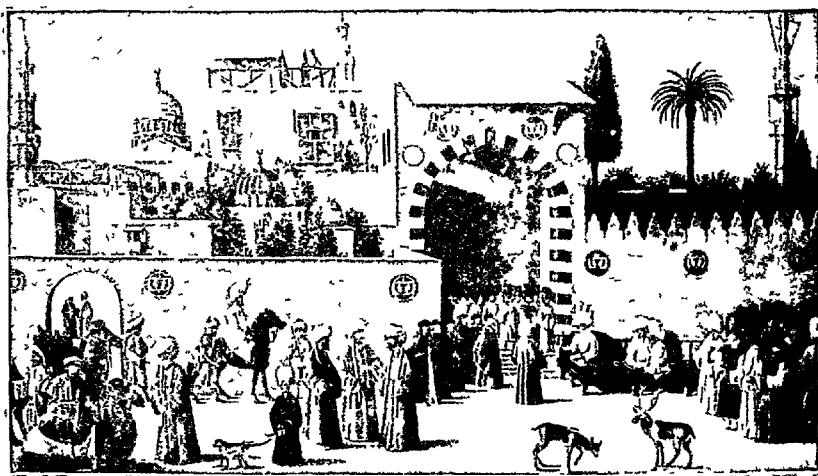
Alas, most of his paintings have been lost, yet among the score or so that remain are some of the world's best portraits. The finest is "An Unknown Man," still to be seen at Venice.

A Grand Old Man of Italian Art

The end of this splendid painter was tragic. In 1510 he fell in love with a beautiful Venetian lady. She caught the plague and he took it from her and died at the early age of thirty-four.

Born only thirteen years after his master, Giorgione, Tiziano Vicelio was a mountaineer from the Apennines. He was worthy to succeed his great master for, as Vasari has written, "not only in his art was he great, but he was a nobleman in person."

Indeed, Titian is one of the most splendid figures in all the history of painting. Deep-chested, clear-eyed, with magnificent health and a fine presence, he was admired by all. But if he had had none of these qualities he would still have been considered the



FROM THE SCHOOL OF BELLINI

Alinari

The original painting of the above picture is in the Louvre at Paris, and it is credited to the School of Gentile Bellini, illustrating the arrival of a Venetian ambassador at Cairo. Nearly five hundred years ago a tailor established at Padua near Venice an art school, in which Jacopo Bellini, a brilliant painter from Venice, was a teacher. From this school came some of the world's most famous painters. Gentile and Giovanni were the sons of Jacopo Bellini.

AFTER CORREGGIO'S GREAT PAINTING



Almar
This wonderful painting of the Nativity, called "La Notte" (the Night), was painted by Antonio Allegri, better known as Correggio, the name of the place in which he was born in 1494. He was famous not only for his beautiful form and design, but even more so for the delicacy of his flesh tints. The lighting effects in the above painting come entirely from the radiance of the Christ-child.

CHRIST BEARING THE CROSS



Anderson

Regarded as being the most beautiful conception of Christ in art, the original of this painting (now in a collection in the United States of America), is believed to have been either a study or else a fragment of a lost picture. It was the work of the artist Giorgione (1477-1510), and it is said that its loveliness performed miracles of faith among those who came to see it when it was hung in a church in Venice.

"CHARLES V." BY TITIAN



Charles V was both King of Spain and Emperor of the Holy Roman Empire and this picture painted by Titian, so delighted the monarch that he paid the artist a thousand crowns a great price in those days. The picture represents the King riding at daybreak over the plain of Augsburg, just before the battle in which his troops were victorious.

BY A 16TH CENTURY MASTER



Anderson

The original of this picture was painted by the great Venetian artist, Paul Veronese, who was born at Verona in 1528, and died in Venice in 1588. The figure work is especially beautiful. Veronese painted for a time in Rome, and was rebuked for his worldly treatment of religious subjects, the picture above, as an instance, relating to the taking of Moses from the water.

"THE TAILOR," BY MORONI



W F Mansel

To be seen at the National Gallery, London, this picture is regarded as one of the world's great portraits and a splendid example of Venetian colour. It was painted by Giambattista Moroni (1520-1578), and shows an honest tailor at his work, in marked contrast to the portraits of nobles and their wives by whom the artists of the time were so largely employed.

wonder of his age because of the beauty of his work

Before he was thirty years old he was elected official painter of Venice, and after that his life was a happy and splendid one. He lived in almost royal state and had none of the unhappy pinching which made Michael Angelo's life so miserable. It is said of him that he ennobled all his sitters with something of his own majesty. He certainly did this in the case of the Emperor Charles V., whose portrait on horseback by Titian so delighted the monarch.

Year after year he went on painting, and in his ninetieth year was still wielding the brush with the same wonderful vigour. He lived to the age of ninety-nine, and even then did not die of old age. It was the plague which killed him.

"The Little Dyer"

"The design of Michael Angelo and the colouring of Titian" was the sign which Jacopo Robusti set up over the door of his studio at Venice, and if it sounds sheer impertinence it was not so, for Tintoretto (as he was called, owing to his being the son of a dyer) lived up to his motto.

Once, when asked to compete with other artists in a design for a ceiling

picture for the monastery of San Rocco, Tintoretto took the exact measurements and set to work. When the day came for the exhibition of the designs it was found that the artist had completed the entire work and—not only that—had fixed it in place. The other artists were furious and the Prior asked why Tintoretto had taken it on himself to complete the work.

"That is my only method of preparing designs," replied the artist. "It is the only way of making sure that the purchaser gets what he is paying for. If you do not care to pay me for my work and pains I will make you a present of it." The Prior looked again. He saw it was good work. He paid

Tintoretto's industry was amazing. He seems to have decorated half the great buildings of Venice in his time. His "Paradiso," still to be seen in the Ducal Palace, is the largest painting in the world, being 84 feet long and 34 feet high. Tintoretto was the last of the great religious painters of Italy.

The Painter of Feasts

Paul Veronese lived in the same century as Titian and Tintoretto, and in his pictures can be seen the life and luxury of Venice in that age. He excelled in painting feasts and pageants.



THE WASHING OF THE FEET

Anderson

Tintoretto, painter of the above picture, also belonged to the sixteenth century, and was one of the great Venetian artists who studied under Titian. He painted a picture 84 feet in width and 34 feet in height, said to be the largest ever produced. He is best known for his treatment of Biblical and other religious subjects.

DÜRER AND HOLBEIN



A LANDSCAPE BY DÜRER

W. F. Manzell

Albrecht Dürer (1471-1528) was a German artist who arrived in Venice as a young student, and after a time went back to his native Nuremberg, where he made his great name in the world of art. He was an artist who loved Nature, and you will see from the above landscape how this love found its expression in his delicate and yet vigorous drawing of trees and clouds.

WHILE Bellini was still alive there arrived in Venice a young man named Albrecht Dürer. In those days a student of art made for Italy just as now he goes to Paris. Dürer was Hungarian by descent, but had been taught painting and wood engraving at an art school in Nuremberg, where his father was in business as a goldsmith.

Dürer and Bellini's Brushes

Bellini was full of admiration for young Dürer's work, especially for the way in which he painted hair. Dürer seemed able to show each separate hair on the head of a subject, and Bellini thought he must have a special brush for the purpose. Dürer picked up some of Bellini's brushes.

"Any of these will do if I may use them," he said, and when leave was given proceeded to paint a tress of hair

in a way which made Bellini and the other students declare that they had never seen anything like it.

In 1494 Dürer went back to Nuremberg, married and settled down to a life's work which has made his name one of the best known in the world of art. His most magnificent design is a wood engraving, "The Four Horses of the Apocalypse." The four terrible horses of this picture are Conquest, War, Famine and Death. Prints of his engravings sold readily, and if he did not make a fortune, Dürer was able to live comfortably. He was, so a historian of the time says, "a modest working man," and when in the fulness of time he died, the great reformer Martin Luther, wrote of him as follows:

"It is well for a pious man to mourn the best of men, but you should call him happy, for Christ called him away in a good hour from the tempests

BY A MASTER OF ETCHING



W F Mansell

In the above reproduction we have a further example of the etching of Albrecht Dürer. The subject of the picture is St Christopher carrying the Christ-child across a river. The legend here illustrated explains how St Christopher came by his name, which means "Christ-bearer". You see the Head of Jesus glowing with light from Above.

ST. GEORGE AND THE DRAGON



W. F. Manuel.

This is St. George and the Dragon as conceived by the German artist Albrecht Dürer early in the sixteenth century. There seems to be real flesh and blood in the figure of the saint and the horse is a masterpiece of drawing. The same artist gave the world "The Four Horses of the Apocalypse," a picture inspired from verses 2 to 8 in the sixth chapter of the Book of Revelation, the four riders representing Conquest, War, Famine and Death. The Feast Day of St. George is kept in England every year on April 23rd.

and possibly yet more stormy times, so that he who was worthy only to see the best might not be compelled to see the worst."

The Dance of Death.

Although they are only little wood-cuts and not to be compared as works of art with the wonderful pictures and portraits of Hans Holbein, no works of this great master have ever appealed

more strongly to succeeding generations than the picture sequence, "The Dance of Death." Death is shown dogging the footsteps of Pope and prince, rich man and poor man.

Hans Holbein was born in 1497 in the German town of Augsberg. He came of a family of painters, but his genius was like that of a sun among planets. We do not know much about the youth of this great artist, but about



TWO SQUIRRELS OF FOUR CENTURIES AGO

W F Mansell

In this beautiful etching we see a pair of squirrels that had their being in 1512. We have a connection with the happy lives of these little animals which lived centuries ago, because of the genius of the artist Albrecht Dürer. There is wonderful expression in the face of the squirrel which is so obviously enjoying his nut, and the work in the tail is marvellous. Students of the time declared they had never seen hair so perfectly presented as Dürer could paint it.

THE ARTIST PAINTS HIS OWN PORTRAIT



Anderson

Even to our twentieth century eyes this is a really living picture showing clearly in every detail the touch of a master. It is a portrait of Albrecht Dürer when young, and was painted by the artist himself in his twenty-seventh year. One of its most striking features is the delightful rendering of the long wavy hair. The great Venetian artist Bellini believed that Dürer had a special brush for the painting of hair. The original of this portrait is at Madrid.

1517 Holbein was in Basle, where he painted a wonderful portrait of the merchant, Jacob Meyer. Three years later he became a citizen of Basle and married a widow with two children.

When Rome was Sacked.

The world at that time was in confusion, the Middle Ages giving way to modern thought. In May, 1527, the whole of Southern Europe was horrified to see Rome sacked by an army of Christian troops.

Holbein, like a wise man, had foreseen some of these troubles, and in 1526 found a refuge in England, where he became a friend of Sir Thomas More and painted a picture of his household. Presently he became the favourite of the wealthy German merchants settled in London and in 1536 was made Court Painter to King Henry VIII.

As Sir William Orpen says "No Sovereign ever did a wiser or better thing for himself than Henry when he made Holbein his painter, for not only



"THE AMBASSADORS," BY HOLBEIN

W. F. Mansell

The original of this picture is in the National Gallery, London. The two figures represent the ambassadors Jean de Dinteville and the Bishop of Lavaur, and the work is said to have been painted to attract to the artist the patronage of foreign diplomats. Holbein was appointed Court Painter to King Henry VIII, and it is entirely due to this artist that we know what Bluff King Hal looked like and what he and his courtiers wore.

MERCHANT OF THE STEELYARD



W. F. Mansell

In the reign of King Henry VIII, a corporation of wealthy German merchants settled and traded in London under the title, "The Merchants of the Steelyard," and George Gisze, the subject of this portrait, was one of the band. The picture shows us the minute rendering of every detail, and is a striking illustration of Holbein's capacity and industry. The original of the picture is in Berlin. Holbein died in London from the plague in 1543.

did the artist present the king to posterity in a manner that mitigates our judgment of his cruelties, but he made that whole period of history live for us as no previous period of history lives by his series of portraits and drawings of the English Court”

It is entirely thanks to Holbein that we know what Bluff King Hal looked like and what he and his courtiers wore

One of the most delightful of all his portraits is that of Robert Cheseman, the King's Falconer, with a falcon perched upon his fist



THE KING'S FALCONER

W. F. Mansell

This fine portrait by Holbein is at the Hague in Holland, and is regarded as being one of the most delightful this artist painted. The subject is Robert Cheseman, falconer to the King. The falcon is perched upon the man's fist, and his be-ringed fingers are touching the smooth plumage of the handsome bird. In days gone by, falcons were trained to catch birds on the wing, and hunting with the falcon was a popular field sport.

IN THE LOW COUNTRIES



W F Mansell

RUBENS' "RAINBOW LANDSCAPE"

Painted by the artist Paul Rubens, the original of this lovely picture forms part of the Wallace collection in London. Rubens was one of the world's greatest painters, and also one of the first artists to produce landscapes, the above being an outstanding example. Rubens was born in 1577 and lived till 1640. He studied in many of the Italian cities, travelled widely, and was knighted in London by King Charles I. Upwards of 1,200 pictures are believed to have been painted by this giant of the brush.

ONE year after the death of Titian there was born in Siegen, Westphalia, a boy who was destined to become one of the world's greatest painters. His father, Dr John Rubens, was a native of Antwerp, but, being a Protestant, had been driven out by the Spaniards who then ruled the Netherlands. The boy was christened Peter Paul. His father died while he was very young, and his mother took her family back to Antwerp.

Page and Painter

The next we hear of Paul Rubens is as page of honour to Princess Margaret de Ligne-Arenberg, but the boy was mad on painting, and at fourteen was allowed to begin work as pupil to his cousin, Tobias Verhaeght. In all, young Rubens had three masters, the best being Otto Vaenius, who filled him with love for Italian art and presently sent him to Venice.

Perfect copies made by Rubens of pictures by Titian and Veronese caught the eye of the Duke of Mantua, and since the young artist was handsome and well-mannered, the Duke sent him on a mission to Philip III of Spain. Few young men had seen more of the world than Rubens when the death of his mother recalled him from Spain to Antwerp, where the rulers of Flanders made him Court Painter.

He lived at Antwerp, and here, in 1609, married his first wife, the daughter of John Brant. At Munich may still be seen a charming picture painted by himself of Rubens and his wife. Both are richly dressed in the style of the time.

For twelve years Rubens lived and painted in Antwerp. He had many collaborators and pupils, and the amount of work he turned out was immense. Rubens was one of the first artists to paint landscapes. A famous

example is the Rainbow Landscape in the Wallace Collection in London

The Painter becomes Ambassador

In 1622 Rubens was asked to go to France by the Queen Mother, Marie dei Medici, to decorate her palace of the Luxembourg. He painted a series of magnificent wall pictures now in the Louvre. With his fine presence and courtly manners, the great artist became a favourite at the French Court, and was presently sent to The Hague to secure a renewal of the treaty between Holland

and Flanders. He did his work so well that the King of Spain made him a noble

We next hear of Rubens visiting Spain for a second time, where, in Madrid, he met that greatest of Spanish artists, Velazquez, and the two became friends. Then Philip IV. of Spain sent Rubens to England as ambassador to Charles I. to arrange terms of peace between Spain and England. While in England Rubens painted the ceiling of the Banqueting Saloon at Whitehall. Rubens was doing this work when some personage asked him



THE CHILDREN OF KING CHARLES I

Anderson

Anthony Van Dyck, who painted the above picture, was a pupil of Rubens, and became eventually almost as famous as his master. After visiting Italy, he came to England and was appointed painter-in-ordinary to King Charles I., who knighted him. Van Dyck was in the first flight of the world's great portrait painters, and is said to have produced upwards of thirty pictures of King Charles. The artist died in London.

RUBENS AND HIS FIRST WIFE



F. Bruckmann

In this beautiful portrait study we see Paul Rubens and his first wife, Isabella Brant, painted by the artist himself. We should note the clearness of the drawing, the beauty of the hands, the expression on the faces, and also the wealth of detail. This is a comparatively early work of Rubens, and such treatment formed the foundation for his more dashingly later style.

"CHARLES I." BY VAN DYCK



W. F. Mansell

After the execution of King Charles I, the original of this illustration was sold by the Puritans and taken to Bavaria, only to be purchased later by the great Duke of Marlborough and brought back to England. The painting shows King Charles as an impressively knightly figure, and brings out all the virtues of the royal martyr. Note the attendant on the right with the King's helmet. Van Dyck was buried in the Old St. Paul's Cathedral, but his tomb was lost amidst the ruins after the Great Fire of London.

THE LAUGHING CAVALIER



W. F. Mansell

No one knows who was the subject of this painting by Frans Hals, but the young officer represented had a smile which no one even to-day can resist, and there must be very few people to whom the picture or reproductions from it are not familiar. There is no need to be an artist to appreciate its high qualities to the full. This is undoubtedly the most famous work of Hals

"Does the ambassador of his Catholic Majesty amuse himself with painting?"

"No," said Rubens, "the painter amuses himself sometimes with being an ambassador."

Early in 1630 King Charles knighted the artist-ambassador and Sir Peter Paul Rubens returned to Antwerp. His first wife was dead and he married again and settled down on his country estate near Malines, where he spent the

last years of his life very quietly and happily.

Rubens' Favourite Pupil.

Rubens was the first of the Dutch painters to bring into that country the grace and gorgeous colouring of the Italian school, but all his work was robust. Though Anthony Van Dyck was the favourite pupil of the great Dutchman, and later became nearly as famous as his master, his style was utterly different. It was refined, almost spiritual.

By Rubens' advice young Van Dyck visited Italy, and it is an interesting coincidence that later in life he was, like Rubens, called to England, where he became painter-in-ordinary to Charles I. Also, like Rubens, he was knighted.

One of his most famous pictures is Charles I on horseback, which was bought for the National Gallery in 1884 for £17,500. Someone has said of this picture that it represents all King Charles' virtues and none of his vices, but no one can deny that it is a very splendid painting. If, however, you wish to see a far more perfect example of Van Dyck's art you should visit the Wallace Collection and inspect the portrait of Philippe le Roy, Governor of the Netherlands.

Van Dyck was one of the greatest portrait painters who ever lived, but though his success was great his life was not a happy one. His health was poor and he



F. Bruckmann

HALS' "NURSE AND CHILD"

Here is a small facsimile of another painting by Frans Hals, which is a perfect example of his skill because it is so intensely human. You feel almost certain that the half-smile on the child's face will soon become a full smile. The details of lace and embroidery are most strikingly executed. Hals died in Haarlem in 1666.

FRANÇOISE VAN WASSERHOVEN



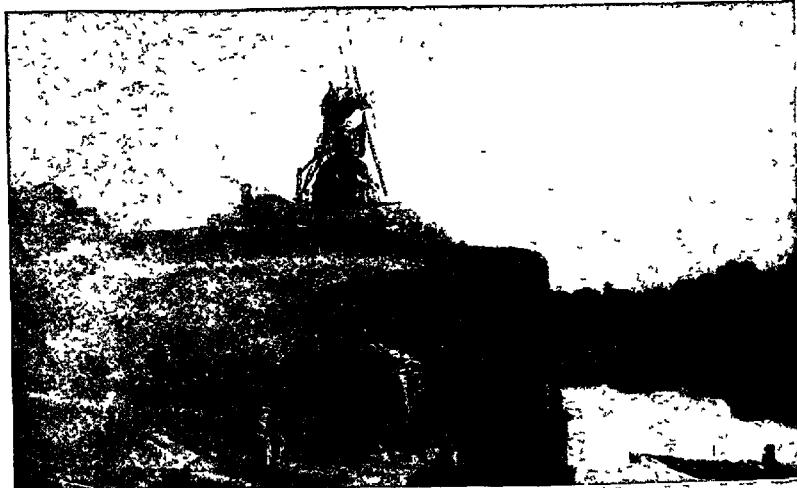
W. F. Mansell

The original of this picture is in the National Gallery, London, and so strikingly is it painted that it shows us how strength and character of features may last right into old age, and that there is great nobility and dignity in being "up in years." The painter was Rembrandt, who ranks among ten or twelve of the greatest artists in the world, and was probably the finest portrait painter who ever lived. The older Rembrandt grew, the finer his work became.

THE THREE TREES



This is an etching by the artist Rembrandt, known by the title "The Three Trees". It shows us faithfully one of Nature's moods, and has a grandeur of its own, never surpassed in etching. In the distance, on the left, is a view of the city of Amsterdam, where many of Rembrandt's original pictures may to-day be seen.



Photos W F Mansell

The actual painting from which this reproduction was taken was sold for £100,000 by Lord Lansdowne to an American art collector. It is known as "The 'Lansdowne' Mill," and was the work of Rembrandt. Its charm and appeal lie in the veil of soft beauty cast over the landscape by the atmosphere.

A MASTERPIECE IN PORTRAITURE



H. F. Mansell

Known as the "Head of a Young Girl," the original of this picture is at The Hague, in Holland. It was the work of Jan Vermeer of Delft, whose pictures to day command fabulous prices. Vermeer counts as one of the "Little Masters" of Holland in the seventeenth century, and a critic has referred to his works of art as "bottled sunlight." The twenty-six pictures which Vermeer left when he died would not pay his trifling debts, but to day their value would probably be a quarter of a million pounds sterling.

was always going to quacks who poisoned him and made him worse. He suffered terribly from gout and was only forty-two when he died.

In 1580 there was born in the famous city of Antwerp a baby who was named Frans Hals, son of a burgher named Pieter Hals. We know very little of the life of Frans, but we gather that he was a cheery soul, fond of his pipe and his glass and of good company. Some have tried to make out that he was a drunkard, but, as Sir William Orpen says in "The Outline of Art," a drunkard would not have been able to paint beautifully at the age of sixty, and would certainly not have been chosen a director of the Guild of St. Lucas, as Hals was, at the age of sixty-four.

Frans Hals' most famous painting is the so-called "Laughing Cavalier," and

truly this is one of the most delightful portraits ever painted. You do not need to know anything of art to enjoy it. The cavalier has such a jolly, devil-may-care expression. His "Nurse and Child" is another example of exquisite skill. You can see the smile which in a moment will be a laugh rippling over the face of the wonderfully-dressed babe. His whole art is a reflection of the fine spirit of his country in its marvellous and successful struggle against an immensely stronger Power.

Art's Idle Pupil

Twenty-seven years after the birth of Frans Hals there arrived in the family of a corn miller named Hermon Gerritzoon van Rijn a boy who, as Rembrandt, holds place among the ten or twelve greatest painters of the world. At school he spent the writing hour making sketches on his exercise book, and no doubt was soundly beaten.

But his love for art was so plain that he was apprenticed to a fashionable portrait painter. He did not stay long, but soon went to Leyden to work for himself, and was only twenty when he painted his wonderful "St. Paul in Prison." In 1632 he fell in love with Saskia van Uylenburg, whose family thought a young artist no match for their daughter. But he married her and afterwards got even with the family by painting a series of pictures illustrating the life of Samson, in which Saskia is Delilah, he himself Samson, while the Philistines are members of his wife's family. He also painted a charming picture of his young wife and himself feasting together.

He flung his earnings about recklessly, and when his wife died in 1642 found himself poor and in debt. He wandered



W F Manzell

THE COURTYARD OF A DUTCH HOUSE

Pieter de Hooch, who painted the above most realistic but homely picture, was born at Rotterdam in 1629, and died at Haarlem in 1677. He ranks high among Dutch painters, and was a master both of detail and of colour effects. The original of this particular picture may be seen in the National Gallery.

THE WORK OF JOHANNES VERMEER



W. F. Mansell

Another of the masterpieces to be found in the National Gallery, London, the title of this picture is "Lady Standing at the Virginal". A virginal was a musical instrument, something like a spinet, long since supplanted by the piano. The details of the interior of the apartment are perfect, and the lighting effects charming. Vermeer belonged to a great school of painters at Delft, in Holland, an ancient town where a famous porcelain was manufactured.

about the country painting many landscapes, always hard up and sometimes very unhappy. The relatives of his first wife had not forgiven him and they went to law with him to try to get his son, Titus, away from him.

Then he married again, a woman of humble birth, and this annoyed his aristocratic patrons, yet she proved a good wife, and started an old curiosity shop to make a living for her wayward husband after he became bankrupt.

Rembrandt was perhaps the greatest portrait painter who ever lived, for he had the art or talent of seeing the true characters of his subjects and representing them on canvas. He learned constantly from experience, so that the

older he grew the finer his work became. Sorrows piled upon him. His second wife died and then his dearly-loved son followed her to the grave.

The Little Masters.

In 1669, worn out by hard work and misfortune, the great Rembrandt passed away. His pupil, Gerard Dou, a man with not a tenth of Rembrandt's genius, made a fortune, but, as Sir William Orpen says "It is much easier to recognise industry than to understand inspiration."

All through the seventeenth century the Low Countries produced painters of genius. Those like Dou, who were content to paint every feather on a bird or



THE MILL AT AMSTERDAM

W. F. Mansell

Jacob van Ruisdael, who was born in 1628 and died in 1682, delighted in painting foaming cascades and towering cliffs, but the above picture shows that he was equally at home with far less turbulent subjects. As a landscape, the work is a model of sound composition, and the quaint old mill forms a strange contrast to the ornate and highly-finished building just beyond. The original of this picture is at Amsterdam.

THE IDLE SERVANT



W. F. Mansell

The National Gallery, London, houses the original of this lifelike picture, its meaning so well expressed in the title. The painting was the work of Nicolas Maes (1632-93), one of the pupils of Rembrandt. It is plainly the mistress of the household who has caught her servant asleep amidst the unwashed pots and pans. The incident of the cat stealing the chicken shows the artist's power of humorous observation. Maes achieved a great reputation as a painter of portraits

every scale on a fish, flourished and made money, but others, who were really much greater artists, came near to starving. To-day the pictures of Vermeer fetch immense prices, yet when he died in 1675 he had nothing to leave his widow except twenty-six unsold pictures. The very least that such a collection would bring nowadays would be £250,000, then they were worth so little that they did not suffice to pay the small debts of the dead artist.

Painting for Pleasure.

De Hooch and Albert Cuyp were great painters. Cuyp, in particular, had an amazing mastery of cloud and sky effects. Jacob van Ruisdael's pictures are austere and majestic. He delighted in painting foaming cascades and towering cliffs. In his picture

"The Mill" the spectator feels as well as sees the calm before the storm breaks.

"The Avenue" by Hobbema, who was a pupil of Ruisdael, is a delightful example of landscape and is one of the most prized possessions of the National Gallery. Yet Hobbema made so little by his brush that at the age of thirty he was driven to obtain a position in the Customs in order to be sure of his bread and butter, and afterwards painted only for his own pleasure.

The various Dutch painters of the seventeenth century have left to us every possible aspect of life of their period. We have portraits, interiors, landscapes, skating scenes, seascapes and shipping. Some of these paintings may even be called story pictures. "The Idle Servant" by Nicolas Maes is an example.



W. F. Mansell

"THE AVENUE," BY HOBBEMA

The original of this picture is undoubtedly one of the most popular among visitors to the National Gallery, London. It shows a landscape which makes us all appreciate the delights of the countryside. Hobbema (1638-1709) was a pupil of Ruisdael, but though such a masterly painter, he could not earn a living by his brush, and was forced to take a small position in the Civil Service of his country. Thereafter he painted only for pleasure and as a hobby.

SUNNY SHORE



W. F. Mansell

A Dutch artist of much more recent times was David Adolf Constant Artz (1837-90), the painter of the above picture. His works are wonderfully realistic, and he delighted in painting the fisher-folk of Scheveningen (a popular bathing resort in Holland), especially on the sand-hills that fringe the shore thereabouts. One can almost feel the sun and hear the ripple of the calm water in this gem of art.

CHILDREN BY THE SEA



T and R Annan & Sons

"Prince and Princess," is the title of this picture, which is the work of Matthew Maris, one of three artist brothers who were born in Holland. Matthew alone of the three had a romantic, poetic nature, and his pictures were like fairy stories in art. He went through the Siege of Paris and eventually settled in London, where he lived the life of a hermit.



W F Mansell

Among the school of modern Dutch painters must be included Josef Israels, whose genius gave us "Children by the Sea," reproduced above, which was exhibited at the Paris Salon in 1857. Josef took secret lessons in painting from local artists and the youth was then allowed by his father to go to Amsterdam to study art seriously.

THE GREAT MASTERS OF SPAIN-



THE LOAVES AND FISHES

Arder cr

This beautiful picture, which illustrates the Bible parable of the loaves and fishes, was painted by Bartolomé Estéban Murillo (1617-82), the great Spanish painter, who was the most notable pupil of Velazquez. It was once thought that Murillo's pictures were better than those of his master, but the critics of our own time regard Velazquez as being the superior artist.

ON a day in March, 1914, a cruel and horrible outrage took place at the National Gallery when a woman named Richardson attacked with a chopper the exquisite Venus of Velazquez, and before anyone could stop her had slashed the lovely painting in seven places.

This picture, for which the price of £45,000 was paid, is one of the best-known examples of the art of Diego de Silva y Velazquez, who was born at Seville in 1599.

The King's Painter.

Young Velazquez took to painting as a duck takes to water, and his father allowed him to become a pupil of de Herrera, who had himself been a student under the well-known El Greco. Herrera was an ill-tempered man, and the

boy was glad to change a year later to the tutorship of Pacheco, whose daughter he afterwards married. A year or two after Philip IV came to the throne of Spain and made Olivarez his Prime Minister Olivarez was a native of Seville and a patron of painters, and in 1623 he persuaded the King to give a sitting to the young Velazquez. It is said that Velazquez conquered with almost the first stroke of his brush. He was appointed Court Painter, and the young King, who was only eighteen, made a friend of him and almost every day visited his studio.

Then came the visit of Rubens already mentioned, and Rubens not only made friends with Velazquez, but got on well with the King. In 1629 King Philip allowed Velazquez to go to Italy, where he visited Rome, Venice

and Naples, met many painters and no doubt added to his knowledge of art. When he returned to Madrid he painted King Philip again and again. No fewer than twenty-six portraits of Philip by Velazquez are still in existence.

Rewarded—and Dismissed.

The King and his artist lived and grew old together, and Philip, who was a kindly man, found the society of his friend a great relief from the horribly stiff etiquette of the Spanish Court. As an example, it may be mentioned that no man except the King might touch the Queen or a prince or princess on pain of death—even to save her life. A century and more later one

of the little Spanish princes fell downstairs and was saved from being badly hurt—perhaps killed—by a footman, who caught him in his arms. The footman was rewarded with a purse of gold but—he was dismissed from the palace service.

So many of the paintings of Velazquez are famous that it is hard to make a choice, but the finest is perhaps "The Surrender of Breda," in which you see Spinola, the Spanish leader, laying his hand kindly on the shoulder of the Dutch commander, Justin, who gives up the keys of the surrendered city.

Velazquez, like many great men, was far ahead of his times. Some of his



Anderson

WHEN THE TOWN OF BREDA SURRENDERED

There is a deep wealth of human sympathy in this picture by the great Spanish artist Diego de Silva y Velazquez, who was born at Seville in 1599. In the Dutch War of Independence, Spanish forces carried the day, and we see here Justin the Dutchman sadly, but yet with dignity, giving up the keys of the surrendered city of Breda. Meantime, Spinola, the Spanish conqueror, has laid his hand almost affectionately on the shoulder of his former opponent.

THE MAIDS OF HONOUR



Anderson

Here is another picture by Velazquez. Its original is at Madrid. It is really an intimate painting of the Spanish royal family of the time, and possesses a wonderful sense of light and space. The story goes that Velazquez was painting the King when the little Princess came into the room with her attendants, so unconsciously setting the scene for a picture. The group itself is regarded as a brilliant triumph. Dwarfs as court attendants were fashionable at this time.

MURILLO'S "THE MELON-EATERS"



F. Bruckmann

Our reproduction is that of another picture which is known the whole world over. It was painted by Murillo in his early days, and we do not need to be told that the subject was taken from real life—almost a "snapshot," as modern photographers might say. Such a picture of two ragged youngsters, so human themselves and with everything round them realistic, is bound to appeal and to afford pleasure,

ST. JOHN AND THE LAMB



W F Mansell

"Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world," the words of John the Baptist, as quoted by the Apostle John, may be taken as the text of this beautiful painting by Murillo, who lived 300 years ago. The masterpiece now hangs in the National Gallery, London. The lamb's foot placed on the little girl's arm makes the gentle animal seem almost human.

sketches from Nature anticipate the open-air landscape painting of the nineteenth century. Velazquez lived to the age of sixty and died suddenly. His funeral was the finest that was ever given to any artist. The whole Court attended, and scores of great nobles took part in the ceremony.

"The Melon Eaters"

Two ragged youngsters enjoying a water melon between them is the subject of one of the finest paintings of

Bartolomé Estéban Murillo. The colour is beautiful, the bloom of the fruit wonderfully rendered. Murillo was the greatest of the pupils of Velazquez, and one of his pictures, "The Immaculate Conception," was purchased by the French Government so long ago as 1852 for the large sum of £23,500. Murillo was very famous in his lifetime, and for two centuries his pictures were thought more of than those of Velazquez himself. To-day competent critics realise that Velazquez was, beyond measure, his superior.

During the latter part of the eighteenth century no country in Europe was in a more miserable condition than Spain. Public offices were sold to the highest bidder; the people were terribly taxed, and, as for art, it seemed to be dead.

The Bitterness of Goya

One day, in the year 1760, a Spanish gentleman, himself a painter, stumbled on a shepherd boy who, like the great Giotto, was drawing pictures of his father's sheep on a stone. Recognising the cleverness of the youth, he sent him to be pupil to a painter in Saragossa. The boy's name was Francisco José de Goya y Lucientes, and he was the son of an Aragon peasant.

He grew up big, strong, handsome, brilliantly clever, but cursed with a fierce temper which was always getting him into trouble. At the age of twenty-two he was in Madrid, fought a duel, and would have been arrested had he not escaped with a band of bull-fighters and sailed to Italy. Here he got into fresh trouble and



W. F. Mansell

FROM A PAINTING BY GOYA

Doña Isabel Corbo de Porcel was a Spanish beauty of high degree, and her portrait is here marvellously rendered. The artist was Francisco José de Goya y Lucientes, of whom we should think more simply as Goya, and who was the greatest painter of his age (1746-1828). He was the son of a Spanish peasant.

CHARLES IV. ON HORSEBACK



This portrait by the artist Goya shows a King of Spain who is stated to have been a "monument of serene and complacent stupidity". It is a matter of history that this monarch was a mere puppet in the hands of his wife, and the artist gave a perfectly truthful rendering of his sovereign —though some painters might have been more disposed to represent him on canvas as a man of high intellect.

Anderson

had a narrow escape from being hanged. Again he had to make a hurried escape and in 1771 was back in Spain.

Held to Ridicule.

The next we know of this eccentric genius, he was living quietly in Madrid, married and working steadily. A wonderful reformation, but it is not known how it came about. He was introduced to Court and painted a picture of the King, Charles III. Goya was what is called a realist, and his pictures mirror the rottenness of Spanish society of the period. His picture of Charles IV on horseback has been called a "monument of

serene and complacent stupidity." It is strange indeed that the artist managed to retain his popularity when he was plainly holding up his sitters to the ridicule of the world. He lived all through the conquest of Spain by Napoleon and painted several realistic pictures of unfortunate rebels being shot down by French firing squads. Another terrible picture of his is called "The Death of Truth," showing Truth suffering martyrdom at the hands of priests.

Poor Goya slowly became deaf, then his eyesight failed, but in the end it was a stroke of apoplexy that finished his tempestuous life.



THE SNOWSTORM

Anderson

There is a great wealth of atmosphere and realism in this masterful painting by Goya. The discomfort of the human beings as they face the icy storm is amply suggested by the bending of the trees to the blast and by the sullen greyness of the clouds. One of the worst things that can befall an artist happened to Goya, for, towards the end of his life, his sight failed.

FAMOUS ARTISTS OF FRANCE



H. F. Mancell

THE MARRIAGE OF ISAAC AND REBECCA

The beautiful landscape reproduced above was painted by the celebrated French artist, Claude le Lorrain (1600-82). When this picture was painted (1648), people cared so little for landscapes that human figures illustrating the Bible story were included to impart interest. We know, however, that Claude's purpose was to show the beauties of natural scenery.

WE have talked of Italian, Spanish and Dutch art. Let us now turn to France. Painting came to France from two different directions, Italy and Holland, and the first French painters who can be called great were Nicolas Poussin, born in 1594, and Claude le Lorrain, born in the first year of the seventeenth century. Poussin learned his art in Rome and was one of the first great landscape painters, as well as a figure painter of ability. Lorrain, too, gained fame by his landscapes, but true French art, the kind of painting which we all recognise as purely French, did not begin until a later date. Antoine Watteau, born in 1684, was its first exponent.

How Watteau Starved

This boy was the son of a carpenter, and was never strong. His father was

angry with him for his love of art. He could not understand it, and refused to pay the expenses of his son's education. A local artist named Guérin gave the lad some teaching, but Guérin died and young Watteau, afraid of his father, ran away to Paris with a scene painter named Metayer. Metayer deserted him and the boy was left alone, absolutely penniless and in very poor health. He found work in a wretched shop where religious pictures were produced by the score.

In these days such pictures are, of course, printed, but then all were turned out by hand. Watteau got a meal a day and about half-a-crown a week for working twelve hours a day. By happy chance, an artist named Gillot saw some of the boy's drawings and took him as assistant. Gillot was a decorative artist, but his pupil soon

TWO PICTURES BY WATTEAU



W F Mansell

What we call to-day the pure style of French painting was introduced by Antoine Watteau, born in 1684, and the son of a carpenter. The above picture, entitled "The Music Party," is an excellent example of his style, and the original is in the Wallace Collection, London. Watteau's father was angry with him for being attracted to art, and the boy ran away.



F Bruckmann

The perfectly-painted children and the beautiful countryside that forms the background (we should refer to it as a "pastoral" setting), show us another type of picture painted by the French master, Antoine Watteau. Like so many other geniuses, Watteau suffered terrible hardships in his youth, and these undermined his health, so that he died at thirty-seven.

GILES AND HIS FAMILY



W F Mansell

The Wallace Collection in London includes the original painting of this reproduction. It is considered a wonderful gem of art, and was the work of Watteau in the true French style. The Wallace Collection of pictures, miniatures, porcelain, etc., is at Hertford House, Manchester Square, London. The collection was bequeathed to the nation by Lady Wallace.

excelled him so greatly that Gillot grew jealous and the two separated

Guardian of the Palace.

But this time Watteau fell on his feet, for he got work with a man named Claude Audran, who was not only a painter, but a guardian of the Luxembourg Palace. Here for the first time in his starved life the young artist saw great pictures—those of Rubens—and in the wide, wild park he found many delightful subjects to paint. Without slavishly copying Rubens, Watteau adopted his style, but with a delicacy all his own.

Trouble loomed again, for Audran, in his turn, became jealous of his gifted

pupil, but Watteau was too wise to quarrel. He left him and went back to Paris, where he competed for the Academy Prize and won second place. He was doing better now. Two of his pictures were hung in the Academy, and a well-known Academician named Fosse was so attracted by him that he called on young Watteau and was very kind to him. Presently, to his immense surprise and delight, Watteau was elected a member of the Academy, and after that he never looked back.

But, like many other geniuses he had his health wrecked by his cruel hardships. In 1719 he visited London, but returned to France weaker than before. In 1721 he died at the early age of thirty-seven.

He was a man of great kindness and sweet disposition, and this quality shows in all his work. His colour was exquisite and his painting jewel-like in its beauty.

Rose du Barry

The famous Marquise de Pompadour was a great lover of good pictures and helped many of the French artists of the eighteenth century. The beautiful colour called Rose du Barry was invented by one of these artists and was originally called Rose Pompadour.

This painter was François Boucher, born in 1703, who won the first prize at the Academy when only twenty years old. He was a many-sided genius who painted portraits, designed tapestries, and,



THE MODISTE

W F Mansell

We may inspect the original of this realistic picture in the Wallace Collection, London. It was painted by the French artist, François Boucher, who was born in 1703, and won the First Prize at the Academy when only twenty years of age. He invented the beautiful colour called "Rose du Barry."

into the bargain, was a very clever scene painter. He was famous for his bright, delicate colourings, pale blues and pinks, and was a favourite artist of Madame de Pompadour.

His pupil, Fragonard, is even better known than Boucher, and was extremely popular with the French nobility. But his work, lovely as it is, mirrors the times. Evil times they were, for it was the period when the under-dog in France, worn out with taxes and oppression, was beginning to growl and when the nobility pursued pleasure with a crazy blindness never before equalled.

The Greuze Girl.

The pictures which Fragonard painted to please himself, such as "The Happy Mother," are far more pleasant and wholesome than his more elaborate works, such as "The Swing," painted merely to please his aristocratic patrons. "The Happy Mother" is to be seen in the National Gallery.

There is a curious resemblance between the careers of Watteau and of another great French painter who lived in the same century. Jean Baptiste Greuze, born at Mâcon in 1725, was also the son of a carpenter; and, as in Watteau's case, the father was bitterly opposed to his son's desire to paint and beat him whenever he caught him drawing. Watteau, as we know, ran away to Paris, and so, too, did Greuze, and there, like Watteau,



W. F. Mansell

A LADY CARVING HER NAME

The painter of this picture was Fragonard, a pupil of Boucher, who came to be even better known than his master, for he was a great favourite with the French nobility. Fragonard painted in two styles—one to please himself, and the other to win the approval of his rich patrons.

he nearly starved before he could find employment. At last young Greuze got a picture exhibited at the Salon and, all in a minute, became famous.

There the parallel ends because, luckily for himself, Greuze was much stronger than Watteau and actually lived to be eighty years old. But his was not a happy life, and that was due to his wife. Her name was Anne Gabriel and she was charmingly pretty. Indeed, it is her sweet and innocent-looking face which appears in the "Girl Looking Up" and



CHILD WITH APPLE

You would find the original of this most delightful painting in the National Gallery, London. The artist was Jean Baptiste Greuze, who was born in 1725. Like Watteau, he was the son of a carpenter, and faced very hard times when young, though he became famous "all in a minute."

many others of Greuze's famous pictures

It would seem that Anne was not so good and sweet-minded as her pictures make her appear, for she led her husband a sad life and robbed him of his savings. Poor Greuze saw all the horrors of the French Revolution. Moreover, he outlived his great reputation and died at the age of eighty in great poverty.

A Painter of Napoleon

The French Revolution of 1789-95 changed more than the Government of France; it changed the whole art of that country. It is an interesting point that, while the French revolutionary mobs destroyed many fine old houses and monuments, their leaders did all they could to protect and encourage art. Large prizes were offered for painting and sculpture, and in 1793 the Louvre was opened as a museum. But the pretty romantic painting of artists such as Boucher, Fragonard and

Greuze was no longer popular, and the rage was all for the severe style of classic painting.

The first painter to satisfy the new taste was Jacques Louis David, born in 1748, who was appointed one of the two original members of the new Fine Arts Committee of the Institute of France.

David was a passionate admirer of Napoleon Bonaparte.

"Bonaparte," he said openly, "is my hero." He painted him again and again, but never very exactly, for Bonaparte had not patience to sit for more than a few minutes at a time. One of David's most celebrated pictures is "Bonaparte Crossing the Alps," but it is not one of his happiest efforts. His portrait of Madame Récamier, now in the Louvre, is a much finer picture.

There is a story connected with this picture. Madame Récamier left the artist



Photo: W. F. Mansell

FROM A PAINTING BY GREUZE

The title of this picture (in the Wallace Collection, London) is "Espieglerie," a French word meaning a frolic, or a roguish or playful trick. This is precisely the spirit which the artist has caught on the dauntless girl's face.

FIDELITY



W. F. Manell

In the above reproduction we see another striking picture by the artist Greuze. There is certainly fidelity and trustfulness in the lovely eyes of the subject. Greuze's wife Anne was a charmingly pretty woman, and her sweet face peers at us from many of her husband's pictures

when the picture was only half finished, but later repented and went back, begging him to go on with the portrait

"Madame," he replied, "artists are as capricious as women. Suffer me to keep your picture in the state in which we left it."

Friend of an Empress

David was not a *great* painter, yet to him and his pupils all Europe owes the revival of the old classical style, and no artist of only moderate talent ever exercised so great an influence on the art of a continent. His picture of Madame Récamier is perhaps the best example of his work. Her dress, the couch on which she reclines and all the surroundings are in the severest Greek style, and in complete contrast to the work of Boucher and the artists of his school and period.

David's best pupil was Antoine Jean Gros. His master sent him to Italy to

study, where he made the acquaintance of the wife of Napoleon Bonaparte (afterwards the Empress Josephine). She introduced him to Bonaparte, with the result that Gros painted the finest portrait of Napoleon that exists. He was on Napoleon's staff, and saw much fighting, with the consequence that his battle pictures are full of life and truth.

For a time his career was triumphant and he was made a Baron. But David, then in exile in Brussels, was troubled because his old pupil seemed to be giving up the sternly classical style. If David had realised how seriously Gros would take his reproaches he would probably have been more careful in his letters. Gros grew more and more despondent, and at last the poor fellow went away and drowned himself.

From the Greeks and Romans.

One can have too much of a good thing, and the severely classical style



"MADAME RÉCAMIER," BY DAVID

W F Mansell

This picture is a portrait of a French woman who was famous for her "salons," to which she invited the most eminent men of her time. The painting was done by Jacques Louis David (1748-1825), who adored Greek and Roman art, and worked in the classical style.

BONAPARTE AT ARCOLA



W. F. Manstell

There is something quite poetical about this figure of Napoleon. The painting was the work of Baron Gros (1771-1835) executed when Bonaparte was at the beginning of his Italian campaign. The artist actually joined Napoleon's staff and saw much fighting so that his battle pictures are full of life and truth. Eventually, because he could not paint in strict accordance with his ideals, Gros took his own life.

of the great painter David made French art so cold and chilling that a revolt started, headed by a brilliant young artist named Géricault. His picture of an officer on horseback shown in the Salon in 1812 created a sensation. It was so splendidly alive.

Then Géricault painted that terribly realistic picture "The Wreck of the Medusa," with its crowd of poor dying folk on a raft in mid-ocean. This was shown in 1819, and although the critics fairly foamed with rage it marked the turning point in French art.

Géricault himself died very young, in 1824, and was succeeded by one of the greatest masters of colour who ever lived, Ferdinand Delacroix. To begin with, Delacroix was so poor that he

could not afford to frame his first picture, but surrounded it with laths painted yellow. Baron Gros was immensely struck with the picture and was kind to the young artist, yet thirty-five years passed before the splendid pictures of this talented painter admitted him to the Academy. So life and feeling came back into French art and a new school arose of what are called realist painters.

The Struggles of Corot.

The name of Jean Baptiste Corot is now known all over the world, yet Corot had a harder struggle than Delacroix before he gained fame. He began painting at twenty-six, and his father made him an allowance of £60 a year



"THE POOL," BY COROT

W. F. Mansell

You will have heard of the artist, Jean Baptiste Corot (1796-1875). Here is one of his famous pictures, the canvas of which hangs in the Louvre at Paris. Corot's pictures are notable for their pale blues and greens and soft, delicate colours, and he excelled at landscape. He was sixty years of age before he sold a single picture.

BY THE PAINTER OF PEASANTS



Jean-François Millet (1814-75) loved to paint the peasants of his native France and added a dignity to labour, which appeals to everyone. The title of the above picture is "The Angelus," and it shows two simple toilers of the fields pausing in their work to utter a prayer as the Angelus bell in the distant church rings out its message. The Angelus is usually rung three times a day.



Photo: W. F. Mansell

This companion picture (the original of which is in the Louvre, at Paris) is entitled "The Gleaners," and gives a true presentation of harvest-home in France, where the fields have not the hedges to which we have grown so accustomed in this country. Millet himself came of peasant stock, and worked hard on a little farmstead in his boyhood.

For more than twenty years this was all he had on which to live. His pictures are noted for their pale blues and greens and soft delicate colours

It was not until he was sixty that the greatness of Père Corot became known. His old age he spent happily as father of a little colony of artists in the forest of Fontainebleau

Painter of Peasants

Jean François Millet will live for all time as the first to paint the peasant true to life. "The Sower," "The Gleaners" and "The Angelus" are among the world's most famous pictures. Himself the son of a small farmer, he struggled for years against poverty, and it was not until the Great Exhibition in Paris in 1867 that Millet came into his own. By that time it was too late, for his health had begun to fail

A patron of Gustave Courbet wished him to paint a picture of angels for a church

"Angels!" said Courbet, "I have

never seen angels, and what I have not seen I cannot paint" Courbet, son of a wealthy French farmer, was born in 1819, and in 1849 painted a picture which became famous. It was called "After Dinner at Ornans" It was thought so great that Courbet was placed "hors concours," that is, given the right to show at the Salon without submitting his works to the Selecting Jury

Courbet hated the rule of Napoleon III and refused the decoration of the Legion of Honour offered him. When the revolution broke out in 1871 he became President of Fine Arts and his first act was to pull down the column of Napoleon I. in the Place Vendôme. Yet he carefully preserved the artistic treasures of Paris against the fury of the mob

When the Commune was suppressed Courbet was arrested and sentenced to pay 400,000 francs to reconstruct the Column. This ruined him and he died in exile



THE CHURCH AT VERNON

Braun

This well-known picture was painted by the Frenchman, Claude Monet, who was born in Paris in 1840. He was an artist who painted with broken touches, his idea being chiefly to give the most realistic effects of light. Such an artist is spoken of as being an "impressionist," meaning that he interprets impressions rather than hard outlines. You should study the way in which light falls on the water in this masterpiece

ART IN ENGLAND



THE BEGGAR'S OPERA

W F Mansell

When John Gay first produced his play "The Beggar's Opera," at Lincoln's Inn Fields Theatre London, in 1724, the artist William Hogarth painted several pictures from its scenes, one of which is reproduced above. It was Hogarth's association with the company playing in this opera that indirectly led him to take up portrait-painting.

IT is time that we turn to England and some of her great artists. The Stuart kings had artistic tastes, particularly the two Charles, but when George I came to the throne all was changed. These Hanoverian monarchs hardly knew one picture from another, and artists had no encouragement from the Court. In the circumstances it is rather wonderful that art flourished as it did during the eighteenth century, and that English painters arose whose names stand in the highest rank.

Notes on his Thumb-nail

The first of these was William Hogarth, who was born in London in 1697. His father was a schoolmaster, and had the good sense to put no obstacle in the way of his son's artistic career. Young Hogarth was apprenticed to a silversmith, and when only nineteen years old started business for himself as an engraver. He worked hard and in his spare time attended the painting classes of Sir James Thornhill,

who was an artist favoured by Queen Anne.

Thornhill's method of teaching was to give his pupils pictures to copy, but Hogarth despised this sort of work. It was, he said, "like pouring water from one vessel to another." He had an original bent of mind and was always on the watch for original subjects. It is said that, when he had no paper at hand, he would make pictorial notes on his thumb-nail. But if he did not think much of Sir James, his opinion of Sir James's daughter was high, and in the end he ran away with her and married her, much to her father's annoyance.

Hogarth's first success was a set of engravings published in 1724, called "The Talk of the Town," making fun of the way foreigners were lionised in London. At first they scandalised Londoners, but when Gay produced his "Beggar's Opera," lashing the same fashionable folly, Hogarth's engravings began to sell. Hogarth became

great friends with Gay's company, and this led him to portrait painting. One of his first portraits was of Lavinia Fenton as *Polly Peachum*. She was the actress who afterwards became Duchess of Bolton.

Then came "The Rake's Progress" and other sets of engravings which made the young painter famous and brought him a good deal of money. Hogarth was the first great artist whose works were engraved in large numbers, and so he became the earliest to appeal to the masses as well as the classes. Sir James Thornhill was reconciled to his son-in-law, and from that time onwards Hogarth's career was successful. One often thinks what a marvellous *Punch* artist Hogarth would have made if *Punch* had then been in existence. There has never been anyone to surpass him in the art of showing up pictorially the follies of fashion.

With all his success, Hogarth re-

mained the same simple soul to the end of his life. It is told of him that he once walked home to his house in Leicester Square in pouring rain, quite forgetting that he had a coach of his own waiting for him.

A Costly Joke.

Richard Wilson was the son of a Welsh clergyman, and was born on August 1st, 1714, the very day on which Queen Anne died. From childhood he was mad on drawing, and he was sent to London to learn painting.

Though Wilson gained his fame by landscape painting, he was also a first-rate painter of portraits, and his portrait of himself, which is in the Royal Academy, is worth going a long way to see. Another beautiful picture of his is "The Thames at Twickenham."

Wilson was a sturdy sort of man, whose motto was "Art for Art's Sake," but he had the misfortune to



THE THAMES NEAR TWICKENHAM

W. F. Mansell

This wonderful landscape mirrors the sweet, natural beauty of the River Thames and gives us an idea of English scenery at its very best. The artist was Richard Wilson, who is known as the "Father of British Landscape." He was born in 1714, on the very day on which Queen Anne passed away. Though he achieved such fame, he died in poverty.

live during a period when Art was not appreciated. Yet for some years he managed to make, at any rate, a decent living. Then came disaster. In 1776 he sent to the Academy a picture of "Sion House from Kew Gardens," which attracted the notice of King George III., and which he thought of buying. The King told Lord Bute to ask the price, and the painter wanted sixty guineas. Lord Bute thought the price too high, whereupon Wilson smilingly said

"Tell His Majesty he may pay for it by instalments." Bute, who was perhaps the most pompous fool who ever held high position in the British State, took the laughing remark seriously and was profoundly shocked. Poor Wilson lost the little favour that the Court ever showed to artists, and for the last years of his life his income was no more than £50 a year. He died at Llanberis in 1782.

Another Son of the Church

It is comforting to turn from the sad story of Richard Wilson to the happier one of Sir Joshua Reynolds. Born in 1723, Joshua was the seventh son of a Devonshire parson. He was a fine, handsome boy with manners that matched his appearance, and at quite an early age Lord Mount-Edgcumbe became his patron. Then a great piece of luck befell him. Commodore Keppel put into Plymouth for repairs, met young Joshua, took a liking to him, and offered him a free passage to the



THE AGE OF INNOCENCE W F Mansell

This delightful picture is a portrait of the artist's little grand-niece, Theophila Gwakkin, at the age of six. The original picture, now in the National Gallery, London, was the work of Sir Joshua Reynolds. It reveals in a wonderful manner the innocence of childhood.

Mediterranean in his ship the *Centurion*. So Joshua won to Rome, where he saw the masterpieces of Michael Angelo and was able to copy and learn from them.

He was thirty when he returned to England, then he made his home in London, and, painting steadily, became, by degrees, recognised as the greatest artist of his time. When the Royal Academy was founded in 1768 he was elected its first President. He was not only a great painter, but a distinguished gentleman, a friend of the great Dr Johnson, of Burke and of Goldsmith.

The deep richness of his colours has never been surpassed, and he was one of the first successful painters of children in England. The sad part of it is

that he was careless about the choice of his pigments, so that some of his greatest paintings, such as "The Tragic Muse," are wrecks to-day.

Life flowed on peacefully until he was sixty-six, when he had the misfortune to lose the sight of one eye. Three years later he died and was buried in state in St. Paul's Cathedral.

The Man who Robbed the Orchard

A little boy living with his father and mother at Sudbury in Suffolk saw a

man robbing the orchard, and quickly made a sketch of him. So good was the likeness that the robber was recognised by it and arrested.

This boy was Thomas Gainsborough, afterwards to be known as one of the greatest of English painters. He was sent to school, but since he would work at nothing else but drawing and sketching, was despatched to London at the age of fifteen to study under the French engraver, Gravelot. Afterwards he was a pupil of the portrait painter Hayman.

At the age of eighteen he came back to Sudbury and began to paint portraits. When he was only nineteen he married a charming girl called Margaret Burr, who had some money of her own, and the young couple settled down at Ipswich and lived very happily. Gainsborough soon making a name for his portraits.

Fortune at Bath.

In 1760 he made up his mind to try his fortune at Bath, which had then become a very fashionable resort. He did well at Bath, commissions poured in, yet even so he only got eight guineas apiece for portraits which have since sold for thousands. Personally he was very popular, but the racketty life did not suit his poor wife, who went out of her mind.

In 1768 Gainsborough was chosen one of the original members of the new Royal Academy, and went to live in London, where, it is



THE BLUE BOY

W. F. Mansell

There is an interesting story behind this picture by Thomas Gainsborough. Sir Joshua Reynolds in a lecture to students remarked that blue should not be massed together in a picture. Gainsborough replied by painting his famous "Blue Boy" (here reproduced), so proving the statement by Reynolds to have been quite wrong.

said, duchesses besieged his studio

He and Sir Joshua Reynolds were rather jealous of one another, and this led to a curious incident. In a lecture to Academy students Sir Joshua remarked that blue should not be massed together in a picture. Gainsborough heard and replied by painting his famous "Blue Boy," which proved Sir Joshua to be quite wrong.

His portraits brought Gainsborough a fortune, so that he was able to have two country houses as well as his town house. Early in 1788 he fell ill, and when the doctor told him his case was hopeless he calmly arranged his affairs. Before he died he sent a message to Sir Joshua to come and see him, and the two great painters made up their differences. "We are all going to Heaven," said Gainsborough at the last, "and Van Dyck will be of the party."

The Painter of Lady Hamilton

There was not much love lost among the great painters of the eighteenth century, and Reynolds, kindly man as he was, became jealous not only of Gainsborough, but also of the other great portrait painter of the period, George Romney. Romney was son of a small farmer in Lancashire and had hardly any education, but all his spare time he spent in making sketches of the people around him. He fell in with a vagabond artist named Christopher Steele, and travelled with him. Steele treated him badly, and Romney was glad to get away from him and earn a



W F Mansell

THE PARSON'S DAUGHTER

This picture is regarded as being the masterpiece of George Romney (1734-1802), who was the son of a Lancashire farmer. The painting displays the pensive beauty of an unknown subject, whose powdered, auburn hair is bound up with green ribbon. Romney died at Kendal.

living by painting portraits up and down the Lake country at two guineas apiece. By 1762 he had managed to save £100.

He had married, so now he left £70 with his wife, while with the other £30 he went up to London to try for a prize of fifty guineas, offered by the Society of Arts. He was at first awarded the prize, but afterwards the judges reversed this verdict, and he was awarded only the second prize of twenty-five guineas. Romney believed that this was the fault of Sir Joshua Reynolds and was greatly upset about it.

But slowly he gained success, and in 1767, when thirty-three years old, was able to visit his wife and daughter at Kendal. He then went back to London, where he soon was making £1,000 a year. In 1773 he visited Italy, where

BOY WITH BIRD'S NEST *W F Mansell*

We are indebted for this lovely work of art to the genius of John Hoppner (1758-1810), who was born at Whitechapel, London. His mother, however, had some form of employment at the Royal Court, so that he was from childhood brought into touch with the people of high degree whose portraits he was afterwards to paint.

he learned a great deal, and when he came back to London his charge of fifteen guineas for a portrait rose to £80.

He was forty-eight when he met the exquisitely beautiful Emma Lyon, known afterwards as Lady Hamilton, and for a long time would paint nobody else. One of his finest portraits of this lady is in the National Gallery. Later he painted the famous Mrs. Robinson, known as "Perdita," one of the greatest beauties of her time. The finest of all his pictures is "The Parson's Daughter" in the National Gallery, yet the strange thing is that no one knows who this lovely little lady was.

Perhaps no portrait painter who ever lived excelled Romney in the delicacy and sweetness with which he portrayed women. He died at Kendal in 1802.

A Methodical Genius

It is at school that nearly every great painter has first shown his love for drawing, and Sir Henry Raeburn, Scotland's greatest portrait painter, was no exception to this general rule. Henry Raeburn, son of a well-to-do manufacturer, was born in 1756. He was sent to Heriot's School, where his caricatures of his masters made other boys laugh, but did not please the subjects of these efforts.

At fifteen he was apprenticed to an Edinburgh goldsmith, but soon took to painting miniatures and portraits. One of his subjects was the young widow of a wealthy

Frenchman named Leslie, and she and the artist at once fell in love and were married, so that at twenty-two Raeburn found himself a rich man.

Some men might have slacked off in these happy circumstances, but not Henry Raeburn. At the advice of Sir Joshua Reynolds, he visited Rome and stayed two years, learning much. When he returned he settled down to paint in Edinburgh, and there never was an artist whose career was a more unbroken success. He exhibited every year at the Academy; he was knighted by George IV., and became His Majesty's Limner for Scotland.

If Romney was the great painter of



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MASTER LAMBTON

The picture here reproduced is one of the finest examples of the portrait-painting of Sir Thomas Lawrence, P R A. The subject is the Hon C V Lambton son of the Earl of Durham. The portrait was painted in 1828. The little boy was seven years old at the time but died at the age of ten. On the death of Sir Joshua Reynolds Sir Thomas Lawrence was appointed painter to King George III. Portraits by this great master are to be seen in most large private and public collections of pictures. Our reproduction is taken from the original etching in colour by J Alphege Brewer

women, Raeburn excelled in his portraits of men, and his portrait of Sir John Sinclair is one of the finest paintings of its kind in existence. He was a wonderful worker, working every day from nine in the morning to five in the evening. It is said that he spent more time in studying his sitters than in painting them. When he did start painting he worked with tremendous speed. In 1911 one of his portraits sold for the immense sum of 22,300 guineas.

Politics and a Painter.

Though the first two Georges cared nothing for paintings or painters, it is not fair to tar George III with the same brush, for he did occasionally buy a picture, and there is at least one case on record where he was kind to a struggling young artist. Hoppner, painter of the very beautiful portrait of the Countess of Oxford, which is in the National Gallery. Hoppner's mother was employed about the Court, and her son became a chorister at the Chapel Royal. But the boy, like all great artists, soon showed his love for brush and pencil, and the King interested himself to get him admitted to the Academy Schools.

There, at the age of twenty-four, John Hoppner won the highest award, the Gold Medal, and settled down to a prosperous career of portrait painting. He painted the three princesses for the King and became fashionable.

Unfortunately for himself, he med-



BOY WITH RABBIT R. F. Mansel

This picture and the previous one form a splendid pair but the original of the above small facsimile was the work of Sir Henry Raeburn, R.A., who is regarded as the greatest portrait painter Scotland has ever produced. Not many years ago a portrait by Raeburn was sold for a sum well in excess of £20,000.

This was John Hoppner, painter of the very beautiful portrait of the Countess of Oxford, which is in the National Gallery. Hoppner's mother was employed about the Court, and her son became a chorister at the Chapel Royal. But the boy, like all great artists, soon showed his love for brush and pencil, and the King interested himself to get him admitted to the Academy Schools.

dled in politics. He turned Whig, and wrote some really excellent articles for the *Quarterly Review*. The result was that he lost all his favour at Court and all his commissions for painting Court beauties. Hoppner lived into the nineteenth century, and died in 1810.

A Child Prodigy.

In 1769 a man named Lawrence kept the Black Bear Inn at Devizes, where smart people used to stay for the night on their way between London and Bath. Lawrence had a son named Thomas, who was such a handsome child that the visitors used to pet him greatly. He entertained them by

drawing pictures, and, grown older, was allowed to copy pictures in the great houses in the neighbourhood

His father, finding that his son was such a genius, took him to Bath and rented a studio, where Thomas, aged only fifteen, drew heads in charcoal at a guinea apiece. At sixteen the boy began to paint in oils, and presently his father brought him to London and rented a studio for him in Leicester Square. The amazing thing is that, at eighteen, young Lawrence was able to keep himself and his whole family by his painting, and at the same time attend the Academy Schools. He made friends with the great Joshua Reynolds, who was very kind to him

No painter's career was ever more successful. His good manners and good looks helped him greatly, and at twenty-two (three years before the ordinary age limit) he was elected an Associate of the Royal Academy and became the King's portrait-painter-in-ordinary. He was able to put up his prices to a point never before reached, and merely for a head he received 200 guineas. For one portrait, "Lady Gower and Child," he was actually paid 1,500 guineas.

He visited almost every capital in Europe and painted a large number of royal personages. In character he was kind and generous, but weak and extravagant, and though he made a great income for many years, it is said that he was nearly always in debt.

A Girl in Boy's Clothes

Angelica Kaufmann, born in 1741, was the daughter of a Swiss portrait painter who settled in England, and at ten years old she was making a good deal of money by doing portraits in crayon. Two centuries ago there was such a prejudice against women artists that Angelica's father had to dress her in boy's clothes when he took her to the Academy to copy pictures.



"NATURE," BY LAWRENCE

W. F. Mansell

For a charming study of two children this picture by Sir Thomas Lawrence, P.R.A., would be hard to equal. Lawrence was brought up at the "Black Bear," Devizes, Wiltshire, and passengers by the stage coaches which stopped at his father's inn used to pet him—whilst he entertained them by drawing pictures.



H. F. Mansell

This is considered to be one of the finest paintings by the English artist, George Morland (1763-1804). Though he is known to have produced upwards of 4,000 pictures, few of them attained to the high standard of the one reproduced above. Morland was greatly addicted to bouts of intemperance, and he went to the grave at a very early age largely as the result of his dissolute habits.

When she was about fifteen her father went with her to Italy, and in Venice she met the wife of the British Ambassador, who took a great fancy to her and brought her back to England. Angelica was extremely clever. She spoke four languages fluently, she was very sweet-looking, and she not only painted extremely well but was a clever musician. The Queen admired her and she became so popular that in 1769 she was nominated as one of the foundation members of the Royal Academy.

Marvellous Morland

When she was thirty-nine she married the Venetian painter, Antonio Zucchi, and the two settled in Rome, where they lived and painted happily for many years.

All the early European artists painted

figures or portraits, and up to the seventeenth century landscape painting was practically unknown. While in China and the East landscape had long been looked on as the highest branch of art, in Europe opinion was otherwise, and there was no one to appreciate the beauties of Nature.

The great Frenchman, Claude, born in 1600, was the first European artist to paint landscapes, but the people of his own time thought little of his beautiful work. In England Wilson, whom we have already mentioned, was the first landscape painter, but his finest work went begging.

The earliest landscape painter to gain any success in England was George Morland, who was born in 1763. He was the son of a painter and, like many great geniuses, displayed his talent at a very early age. He began drawing

when only three years old, and at ten a picture of his was exhibited at the Royal Academy. His father, who seems to have been pure brute, kept the wretched little boy shut up in an attic painting all day and every day, and lived on the fruits of his work, so it is not wonderful that when the unfortunate George at last managed to escape he took to drink.

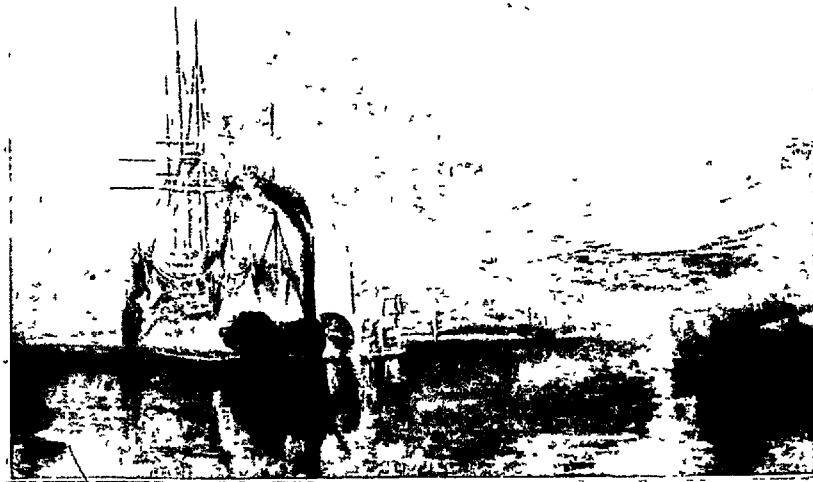
For years he rambled about the country painting rustic scenes and living in ale-houses. His pictures sold well and many were engraved, so that his name became known even in his lifetime. His industry was wonderful, for he is known to have painted more than 4,000 pictures. Drink was his ruin, and Morland, who might have been one of the world's greatest artists, sank into a mere pot-boiler and died

in a debtor's prison at the early age of forty-one.

The Shakespeare of English Painting

In the year 1786 some drawings exhibited in the window of a hair-dresser's shop in Maiden Lane, Covent Garden, attracted the attention of passing artists. They were the work of Joseph Turner, the eleven-year-old son of the owner of the shop. The result was that Joseph was sent to the Soho Academy, and in 1789 was admitted to the Royal Academy Schools. So began the career of the greatest of all English artists, the man who has been rightly called the Shakespeare of British Art.

Young Turner had to make his own living while he learned. He sold a few sketches and used to do hack work for architects, as well as colouring prints for



THE FIGHTING TEMERAIRE

W. F. Mansell

The original from which the above reproduction was taken is in the National Gallery, London, and was the work of J. M. W. Turner, R. A. This fine picture is full of romance. The *Temeraire* was one of the towering battleships that took part in the Battle of Trafalgar in 1805. In this painting she is seen being towed to her last berth to be broken up. The old man-o'-war is almost spectral in the waning evening light, in contrast to the dark mass of the tug.



THE TRENT, NEAR BURTON

W. F. Mansell

A typical hayfield figures in this fine picture, with a hay-barge floating lazily upon the placid river. The painting was the work of Peter de Wint (1784-1849), who was born at Stone, in Staffordshire, though belonging to an old and much respected Dutch family. De Wint loved painting flat stretches of river scenery under a summer sky.

engravers. He made a very good friend in the kindly Dr. Thomas Monro, who lived in Adelphi Terrace, in the very next house to what is now the Savage Club. He fitted up a studio for the boy, and gave him oyster suppers besides many a shilling.

In 1797 Turner exhibited his first Academy picture and opened a studio of his own in Hand Court, Maiden Lane. In those early days he painted in water colours, and since he never had any difficulty in selling his sketches he was not half-starved as so many painters were in those times.

Two years later, in 1799, he was elected an Associate of the Royal Academy, and in 1803 painted his picture of Calais Pier, proving his amazing power of depicting rough seas and stormy skies. Of this picture Ruskin says it is. "The first which bears the sign manual and sign mental of Turner's colossal power." From this time onwards Turner began to travel abroad, visiting France, Italy, Switzerland and parts of Germany. He became famous for his power of depicting the glories of the sky, especially the splendour of sunrise and sunset. His "Sun Rising

Through Vapour," painted in 1807, was his favourite picture. He sold it, but twenty years later bought it back in order to bequeath it to the nation.

To Greater Glories

Turner was never content to stand still. From year to year he advanced to greater and greater glories. He was able to see and reproduce Nature's own colouring in a way which no painter before or since has equalled. He was not without his critics. The novelist, Thackeray, accused him of "flinging a pot of paint in the public's face." Fortunately for the world, Turner was by that time independent of critics. He had made a comfortable fortune, for he was a good business man, and did not waste his money, so he painted as he liked.

In 1840, when Turner was sixty-five, he first met John Ruskin, then fresh from Oxford. Two years later Ruskin published his first volume of "Modern Painters," the real subject of which was Turner's superiority to all other painters, ancient and modern.

When Turner died in 1851 he left a fortune of £140,000, the bulk of which

he willed for the benefit of arts and artists. But his most magnificent bequest was to the National Gallery. It consisted of 362 oil paintings, 135 water colours, 1,757 studies in colour and thousands of sketches.

It is difficult to say which was Turner's greatest picture. In Mr B. W. Leader's opinion, "Ulysses Deriding Polyphemus" is the finest. Turner chose for his subject the moment when Ulysses, having escaped from the monster by intoxicating him and destroying his one eye, has embarked in his ship and is mocking the impotent rage of the giant on the high cliffs above. The glowing colour of this picture, with its flaming sunrise, is beyond description.

Turner was not popular with his brother artists. He had a habit of

visiting the Academy on Varnishing Day, and if his picture happened to be challenged by those hung near it he would put on a few extra touches of colour to heighten its effect. In so doing he simply "killed" the adjacent pictures. Yet he could be kindly. He had a great admiration for Sir Thomas Lawrence, and once, when a landscape of his was hung between two of Lawrence's pictures, he deliberately darkened his own painting so that it should not clash with those of his friend.

Turner's Fellow Student

Though Peter de Wint's name is Dutch, and he was son of a Dutchman, he was born at Stone, in Staffordshire, in 1784. He must have inherited his love of painting from some old Dutch



"A WINDY DAY," BY DAVID COX

W. F. Mansell

Here is another beautiful picture, the original of which hangs in the National Gallery. As one peers into the painting one can almost feel the wind sweeping across the common into the faces of the woman and her dog. David Cox (1783-1859) was one of the most remarkable landscape artists of his day and was an adept at portraying stormy weather. He was born near Birmingham, and was the son of a blacksmith.

LANDSCAPES BY JOHN CONSTABLE



This perfectly composed landscape painting, "The Hay Wain," came from the brush of John Constable, R.A. It was first exhibited at the Academy in 1821, where it occasioned no particular comment. Three years later, however, at the Paris Salon, it created a sensation and the artist was awarded a Gold Medal. Constable was born at East Bergholt in Suffolk, in 1776.



Photos W F Mansell

John Constable's father was a Suffolk miller. This famous picture shows us "Flatford Mill." It was whilst assisting his father as a boy at this very mill that the artist acquired all his knowledge of and love for Nature. Nearly all Constable's pictures are representative of real places.

ancestor, for though his father wanted him to be a doctor he cared for nothing but pencil and brush. He was sent to the engraver, John Raphael Smith, as pupil, and was for a time a fellow-student at the Academy School with the great Turner, and by the time he was twenty-three was exhibiting at the Academy.

Stormy Skies.

He painted direct from Nature and was most successful in river scenes. His "Trent near Burton," a beautiful picture of typical English scenery, is at South Kensington.

While de Wint painted soft, quiet landscapes, David Cox, who lived and

painted at the same time as de Wint, was best in depicting stormy skies and wind-riven clouds. David was the son of a Birmingham blacksmith, and born in 1783. While quite a small boy he had a fall and broke his leg. Some kind person gave him a box of paints to amuse himself with while he lay in bed. He made such good use of them that when he got well again his parents apprenticed him to a painter of miniatures. This man committed suicide, and young Cox got a job with a scene-painter and went to London, where he painted scenes at 4s a square yard at the Surrey Theatre. In his spare time he made sketches and sold them.

A clever water-colour painter named Varley was so taken with one of these sketches that he gave the boy free lessons. Cox improved so rapidly that he was able to give up his drudgery at the theatre and himself earn money by giving lessons. In 1805 he went to Wales, where he fell in love with the scenery, and this was the first of many visits to the country of mountains and passes. Almost every year of his life he visited Bettws-y-Coed and painted there.

Up to the age of fifty-six he painted in water-colours. Then a meeting with William Muller, a clever painter in oils, turned Cox's attention to that medium, and during the last years of his life he did almost all his work in oils.

One of his most celebrated pictures represents an old woman and



W. F. Mansell

A WINDMILL ON MOUSEHOLD HEATH

The work of John Crome (1768-1821), this picture shows us a truly noble landscape. The artist devoted all his life to painting the beauties of East Anglia. He was born at Norwich, the son of a poor weaver, and began life as errand-boy to a doctor, afterwards obtaining a post with a sign-writer.



"GRETA BRIDGE," BY COTMAN

W. F. Mansell

Greta Bridge, in the English Lake District, near Keswick, is here seen in what is considered to be the masterpiece in water-colour of the artist John Cotman, who was equally effective in oils, and did fine etchings as well. Cotman was the son of a Norwich draper. His pictures command high prices, but the artist enjoyed neither fame nor honour during his lifetime.

a dog struggling across an open common in the teeth of a strong breeze. The sky is full of wind, and looking at this painting you can almost feel the gale in your face.

Art from the East of England.

At the time of Turner's birth a miller named Constable lived at East Bergholt, in Suffolk, where he owned two large windmills. In 1776 a son was born to him, named John, who was destined to take very high place among English painters.

His father wanted the boy to become a parson, but young Constable cared for nothing but brush and palette. Sir George Beaumont, a landowner in the neighbourhood, who was himself something of an artist, saw and liked the boy's sketches and was good to him. Through his advice and help John Constable was sent to London at the

age of nineteen to study art, and was admitted to the Royal Academy Schools. He got on steadily, and in 1802 had a picture in the Academy.

He began as a portrait painter, but all his love was for Nature, and presently he went back to Suffolk and began to paint the flats around his old home at Dedham. His pictures represent actual scenes, but they were so much in advance of his time that they did not meet with the appreciation they deserved. Constable made little money, but his tastes were simple, and he was not unhappy. It was not until 1819, when he was forty-three, that he was elected an Associate of the Royal Academy. Two years later his famous picture, "The Hay Wain," was exhibited in London, but attracted little attention. It was bought by a French collector, who exhibited it at the Paris Salon, where crowds collected to admire

it. Constable was awarded a gold medal, and all French artists were loud in praise of his brilliant colouring. Although Constable had now a great reputation all through Europe, he was still without honour in his own country, and even after he had been elected an Academician, in 1829, his pictures did not sell.

Luckily his wife's father left Constable a comfortable sum of money, so he and his family were never reduced to the straits that have been the lot of so many great painters. When he died in 1837 his house was full of unsold pictures, yet the breath was hardly out

of his body before the nation seemed to awake to the fact that it had lost one of its greatest sons.

Constable's character was summed up on the day after his death by a London cab-driver. When John Constable's great friend told the man that he would never drive Constable again, the cabby said with emotion "I couldn't be more sorry if he was my own father. He was as nice a man as that, sir."

Old John Crome

Another great painter who arose out of the East of England was John Crome, born at

Norwich in 1769. He was the son of a poor weaver, and began life as a doctor's errand boy, but he was so fond of paint and brushes that he got work with a sign painter. Just as Constable found a backer in Sir George Beaumont, so did Crome in Mr Thomas Harvey, who lived at Catton, where he had a fine picture gallery. It was wonderful luck for the ragged errand boy to be able to study great paintings, and Crome learned much from them.

Presently he fell in with another young-



"THE BELOVED," BY D G ROSSETTI W F. Manzell

This is a poetical illustration of the Bride in the Song of Solomon—"My beloved is mine and I am his." The original hangs in the Tate Gallery and was painted in 1865 by Dante Gabriel Rossetti. He was slim, dark, and the son of an Italian exile, and became one of Cotman's pupils at King's College School.

"THE BLIND GIRL," BY MILLAIS



By permission of the Corporation of Birmingham

W F Mansell

This very moving picture was painted by John Everett Millais. Both the pathetic tenderness of its principal subject and the lovely rendering of Nature are bound to appeal to everyone. When only nine years of age this great painter won the silver medal of the Society of Arts and at sixteen he was earning £100 a year from his work.

ster, Robert Ladbrooke, who was as keen on painting as himself. These two married sisters, and formed a partnership. Ladbrooke painted portraits at 5s apiece, and Crome sold his landscapes for what they would fetch—sometimes not as much as 5s. Luckily Crome was able to get pupils, and the money so earned kept the firm in bread and butter.



KING AND BEGGER-MAID

The full title of this picture, the original of which is in the Tate Gallery, London, is "King Cophetus and the Beggar-Maid". The king is about to lay his crown at the feet of the beggar-maid. This romantic painting is the work of Sir Edward Burne-Jones (1833-1898).

In 1805 Crome managed to form a school of artists in Norwich, and this school flourished greatly. Though Crome was still quite unknown in London, Norfolk appreciated him and bought his pictures. Within a few years Crome was able to rent a good house and keep a couple of horses. In 1806 for the first time one of his pictures was hung on the walls of the Royal Academy. After that about a dozen pictures of his were shown in London, but he himself only occasionally visited the capital.

His work rivalled that of the great Dutch artists, such as Hobbema. His "Mousehold Heath" in the National Gallery is a magnificent piece of work. When he was fifty-three Crome caught a chill from which he died. On the day before his death he said to his son, John, himself a fine painter,

"John, my boy, paint, but paint only for fame. If your subject is only a pigsty, dignify it." And this advice sums up in one sentence the aim and ambition of one of England's greatest artists.

He was called Old Crome to distinguish him from his son, who later became a well-known painter.

A Wonderful Worker

In 1808 John Cotman contributed no fewer than sixty-seven pictures to the exhibition of the Norwich Society of Artists. He worked in oils and water-colours and did fine etchings as well, yet, in spite of his immense industry and the fine character of his work, was forced to give painting lessons in order to make ends meet.

He was son of a Norwich draper, and was, next to Crome, the greatest artist produced by the Norwich School. But, like Crome, he had no honour during his lifetime. The struggle to make a living told on his health and strength. Friends got him the position of drawing master at King's College School, but it was too late, and in 1842 he died.



"THE SCAPEGOAT," BY WILLIAM HOLMAN HUNT

W F Mansell

This fine picture gives us a wonderful idea of distance and atmosphere. Its painter, Holman Hunt, was the brilliant artist who produced "The Light of the World." He was born in the City of London in 1827, and his father was opposed to his wish to become an artist. Yet, when barely sixteen, and at his own risk, the boy took up art as his life's profession and bravely struggled through the trials of his early years.

When his pictures were sold the best price obtained for one was £8 15s, but that picture has since brought nearly £1,000, while his water-colours fetch large sums of money in any auction room.

The Pre-Raphaelites

One of Cotman's pupils at King's College School was a slim, dark lad, son of an Italian exile. His name was Dante Gabriel Rossetti, and though no one could have guessed it at the time, this foreign-looking boy was destined to work a great revolution in English art, for later he joined with the famous Millais and Holman Hunt to found what they called the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood.

After the death of Constable and Turner, English art, which had been so great for a period, fell on bad days. Constable himself prophesied that within thirty years it would cease to exist. The cause of the temporary

failure of English art was that her painters had become creatures of an orthodox rule, line and system. There was no chance for a painter to get a picture into the Academy unless he complied with these rules. In a sentence, originality was not wanted.

Rossetti realised this, so did Holman Hunt, so did Millais, who, at the age of only seventeen, had already won a gold medal of the Royal Academy. The three young painters consulted together, and decided that the only road back to greatness was a patient study of Nature.

Rossetti was at that time rather a poet than a painter, but he had all the driving force of a reformer. In spite of his hot temper, he was clear-headed and had great power of concentration. Though never so accomplished a painter as either of his associates, he was perhaps the greatest force of the three in bringing about a revolution in English art.

His painting began under the training of his friend, Ford Madox Brown, the historical painter, but though his work shows great beauty and richness of colouring, he never became a master of draughtmanship. His paintings were all of a religious or classical type. "Beata Beatrix," in the National Gallery, and "Dante's Dream," in the Walker Gallery, Liverpool, are good examples of his work.

His life was not a very happy one. In 1851 he fell in love with a very beautiful girl named Elizabeth Siddal and married her. Only two years later she died of a chill, and the blow was too much for him. He became morbidly sensitive, his health suffered, and his eyesight was so bad that he was terrified of blindness. Yet he struggled

bravely against his troubles and lived until 1882.

Holman Hunt

Born in the City of London in 1827, Holman Hunt was the eldest of the Brotherhood. At twelve he was placed in the office of an estate agent, but his one idea was to paint, and he spent all his pocket money on taking lessons. At sixteen he was already making a living by painting portraits, and presently he managed to get into the Academy Schools, where he met Millais. At nineteen he had a picture in the Academy, a simple little thing of a child holding a watch to its ear.

His first pre-Raphaelite picture was painted three years later, and is called "Rienzi vowing to avenge the death of his Brother." In this the principal figure is a portrait of Rossetti. "Strayed Sheep," painted in 1853, gives a wonderful sense of distance and atmosphere, but his most famous picture is "The Light of the World." He painted this subject twice, and the original picture, which is now in Keble College Chapel, Oxford, ranks as one of the finest works of its kind painted during the nineteenth century. Hunt survived both his great associates and died in 1910 at the great age of eighty-three.

A Medal at Nine!

The extraordinary talent of John Everett Millais may be gathered from the fact that he was only nine years old when he won



THE LAST OF ENGLAND

W. F. Mansell

In this picture, by Ford Madox Brown (1821-93), we see emigrants taking their last look at the "Old Country," as they leave to seek fortune overseas. It is a sad theme and the artist has brought out wonderfully the serious thoughtfulness of expression. Ford Madox Brown was born at Calais.

the silver medal of the Society of Arts. He came from Jersey and was two years younger than his friend, Holman Hunt. When he was twelve he painted his first picture in oils and at sixteen was earning £100 a year by his work.

In the Victoria and Albert Museum may be seen his first large picture, called "Pizarro seizing the Inca of Peru." It is difficult to believe that this was painted by a boy of seventeen, yet such is the fact. In the following year he was awarded a gold medal from the Academy.

We have spoken of his meeting with Hunt, but it was not until Rossetti joined these two that the Brotherhood was formed. It is said that the three young friends first met at the house of Millais' parents, where they spent the evening examining engravings of early Italian painters. The term "pre-Raphaelite" originated as a nickname because the three declared that they preferred the painters before Raphael to those who came after him.

Denounced by Dickens

"Christ in the House of His Parents" was Millais' first great picture under the influence of the Brotherhood. In order to get his details absolutely correct, Millais took his canvas to a carpenter's shop and painted the figure of Joseph from the carpenter, to get the muscles absolutely right. He purchased sheep's heads from a butcher. This wonderful



W. F. ManSELL

DIGNITY AND IMPUDENCE

Everyone knows this picture, which has been reproduced again and again. One does not need to be a student of art to appreciate the stateliness of the bloodhound and the cheekiness of the little Scotch terrier. The painting was done by Sir Edwin Landseer, R.A. (1802-73). He was Queen Victoria's favourite painter.

picture, now in the Tate Gallery, provoked a storm of abuse. "Mean, odious, revolting, repulsive," were adjectives showered on it. Charles Dickens denounced it in "Household Words." The Brotherhood suffered bitterly, and Hunt himself was left so badly off that he was forced to take on the work of restoring the wall paintings in Trinity House. Millais suffered least, for he found a dealer brave enough to give him £150 for the picture.

Ruskin came to the rescue, saying that the pictures of the Brotherhood gave him hope that they might become

the foundation of "a more earnest and able school of art than we have seen for centuries" Hunt, however, was unable to sell his pictures, but Millais came to his help. Then followed the news that the Liverpool Academy had awarded Hunt their £50 prize for his picture, "Two Gentlemen of Verona." The tide turned, and in 1853 Millais was elected an Associate of the Royal Academy.

Hunt always remained faithful to the tradition of the Brotherhood, but Millais drifted away. "Bubbles," that

picture so well known as an advertisement of a famous brand of soap, is an example of his later style. In 1863 Millais was elected Royal Academician, and in 1896, after the death of Lord Leighton, he became President of the august body. He died in the same year, and his body was buried in St. Paul's by the side of his great predecessor, Sir Joshua Reynolds.

Rossetti's Pupil.

Edward Burne-Jones had meant to become a clergyman, but after meeting

Rossetti at Oxford, felt he must turn to art, and under Rossetti's teaching rose to greatness. His favourite subjects were taken from the legends surrounding King Arthur, and the best description of his paintings is that they are dream pictures. They are very beautiful, but his women are so tall and slender they have the appearance of being half starved.

In 1884 he exhibited his most famous picture, "King Cophetua and the Beggar-Maid," and a little later was elected Associate of the Royal Academy; but he seldom exhibited, and afterwards resigned his associateship. He designed beautiful tapestries and stained glass windows, and was the originator of the Arts and Crafts Society, to which we owe so much fine printing and so great an improvement in furniture, pottery and household decoration.



By permission of the Corporation of Leeds

W. F. Mansell

THE RETURN OF PERSEPHONE

Here is a splendid example of the work of Lord Leighton, who was born at Scarborough in 1830. He was particularly fond of illustrating stories from Greek history and legend. In this story Persephone was gathering wild flowers when she was carried off to the underworld by Pluto. The picture shows her being restored to her mother, Demeter, by Hermes, the messenger of the Gods.



W F Manzell

"OUTWARD BOUND," BY POYNTER

Sir Edward John Poynter, who gave the world this beautiful picture (now in the Tate Gallery), was one of the best-known artists of the Victorian Age. He painted in water colours and in oils, did illustrations for magazines, and designed mosaics for the Houses of Parliament. In 1902 he was made a baronet.

The First of Animal Painters.

Edwin Henry Landseer came of an artistic family, for his father, John Landseer, was a well-known painter and engraver, and two of his brothers were also painters and engravers. Edwin Landseer had a great love of animals, and his earliest pictures were of the wild animals kept in the Menagerie at Exeter Exchange, on the very spot where the Strand Palace Hotel now stands.

The first picture he exhibited was the heads of two dogs. He was only fourteen at the time. His "Prowling Lion" was in the Academy of 1821, and created quite a sensation, for pictures of animals were still extremely rare at that date.

Landseer took his work very seriously, and carefully studied the anatomy of animals. When he was twenty-two he visited Scotland, stayed with Sir Walter Scott at Abbotsford, and for the first

time saw wild stags. After that "The Monarch of the Glen" became his favourite subject. He loved dogs, and his "Dignity and Impudence" is one of the finest of all dog pictures.

The Man who Revived Greek Art

Queen Victoria was very fond of him, and he taught her to paint. He was sculptor as well as painter, and the great lions at the base of the Nelson Monument in Trafalgar Square are his work. They are made of gun-metal from captured cannon. He was knighted and offered the Presidency of the Royal Academy, but refused the latter honour on grounds of ill-health. He had a terrible blow on the head in a railway accident in 1868 which affected his memory and indirectly caused his death in 1873.

Frederick Leighton, born at Scarborough in 1830, had a great advantage over most artists of his time in that he went to Italy when but ten years old and studied there. He was only twenty-five when he exhibited his first picture in the Royal Academy. It was called "Cimabue's Madonna carried in Procession through the streets of Florence." Design, drawing and colour were all so fine that this painting created a great sensation. Queen Victoria herself greatly admired it, and at a bound the young painter's reputation was made.

"Faithful unto Death."

His career was one of unbroken success, and he not only became president of the Royal Academy, but was the first British artist to receive a peerage. One of his most beautiful and popular pictures is "The Bath of Psyche." He painted many pictures illustrating Greek legends, and is considered to have recaptured the true spirit of Greek art more nearly than any artist since Raphael.

One of the finest of what may be called "story" pictures is that of a Roman sentinel standing steadfastly

at his post in the gateway of Pompeii while the fiery mountain above rains death upon the doomed city. He has not been relieved; he has no orders to go, therefore he remains. This picture, now in the Walker Gallery at Liverpool, was painted by Sir Edward John Poynter, who was the son of an architect and born in 1836.

One of the best-known artists of the Victorian age, Poynter was a many-sided man who painted in water-colours and oils, designed mosaics for the Houses of Parliament and did illustrations for magazines. He was Director of the Royal College of Art at South Kensington and Director of the National Gallery. In 1902 he was made a baronet.

A Dutch-English Painter

Another painter of the story picture was Lawrence Alma-Tadema, who, though born in Holland in 1836, became an English knight in 1899, and in 1905 gained the great distinction of the Order of Merit. A typical picture of his is "A Silent Greeting" in the Tate Gallery, in which you see a Roman warrior placing a bunch of roses in the lap of a sleeping lady.

Sir Lawrence had a wonderful store of knowledge about Greek and Roman antiquities, and great actor-managers such as Sir Henry Irving often consulted him when producing historical plays. No man ever painted marble more wonderfully than this artist.

Father and Son.

George Frederick Watts was a Welsh boy who had the good fortune to have a father who did all in his power to help his son to become a great painter. Young Watts' first great success was a prize of £300 for a design for a fresco to decorate the House of Lords. In 1847 he won a second prize—this time of £500—for another similar design. He was employed for years on decorating the walls of public buildings. Then, when he grew older, he took to painting

"HOPE," BY G. F. WATTS



W F Mansell

We should regard this famous picture as an "allegory," for it is a representation of the idea expressed in the title. The picture shows us a girl sitting blindfolded, lyre in hand, on the globe in the dim twilight of the world. She forms the figure of "Hope," which "strives to get all the music possible out of the last remaining string." George Frederick Watts was a Welsh boy whose father did all in his power to help his son along the hard road to success.

allegorical pictures such as "Love and Life," which is in the Tate Gallery, and "Mammon," in the same collection

"Mammon" represents the God of Riches on a blood-red throne surrounded with skulls. With one huge, heavy hand he crushes a woman while a man lies prostrate beneath his feet. Watts lived to be full of years and honours. He refused a baronetcy, but accepted the Order of Merit. He died in 1904 at the age of eighty-seven.

"Every picture ought to tell a story" had become a sort of motto in art circles in England when James



W F Mansell

SIR GALAHAD

This is another charming picture by G F Watts giving us a perfect representation of both knight and horse. Watts died so recently as 1904, at the ripe old age of eighty-seven. He was most successful in decorating the walls of public buildings and in painting frescoes.

McNeill Whistler arrived in Europe and revised this saying into "Every picture ought to sing a tune."

The First Great American Painter.

Whistler was born at Lowell, Massachusetts, in 1834, but his father, a railway engineer, migrated to Russia when his boy was eight, and James learnt to speak French fluently in Petrograd. In 1849 the elder Whistler died and his widow returned to America, where her son was sent to West Point, the Woolwich of the United States. But James failed to pass his examination. Chemistry floored him. As he used to say, "If silicon had only been a gas I might have been a general in the United States Army."

Fate had better things in store for him. He learned to engrave and etch, and went to Paris as an art student. Whistler delighted in the crazy student life of Paris, and it made of him a "quaint original who could not fail to be remarked." Listen to the way in which a friend describes him later in life:

"His face is a remarkable one. It is covered with countless wrinkles, but is clear of complexion. He wears a well-curled grey moustache and imperial. His eyebrows are bushy and his brown eyes glisten under them. His hair is all arranged in separate curls. They are dyed black with the exception of one which remains quite white and is sometimes tied with a small ribbon. He wears a very long black overcoat and a French top hat with a straight brim. He carries a kind of wand 4 feet long. When he walks in the streets of London small boys follow and nearly everyone turns to look at him as he passes."

Whistler's art was based on that of Japan. It was wonderful but so revolutionary that the critics and the Royal Academy were extremely hostile to him. Whistler cared nothing for criticism and gave as good as he received. One critic mentioned that there was a



"THE ARTIST'S MOTHER," BY WHISTLER B. F. Mansell

It must be a wonderful thing to be one of the world's great artists and to be able to paint a living picture of one's mother. We have above a reproduction of such a painting, done by James McNeill Whistler. When a representative of the French nation wished to buy the picture, Whistler replied that the painting was the one he could "most earnestly wish to see become the object of so solemn a consecration."

deal of colour in his "Symphony in White." To this Whistler retorted

"Did this wise person expect white hair and chalked faces? Does he then believe that a Symphony in F contains no other note, but shall be a continued repetition of F—F—F—Fool!"

Maps on Copper.

Whistler's masterpiece is his portrait of his mother, now in the Luxembourg at Paris. It is one of the great pictures of the world, and long ago confounded the critics. Before he died, in 1903, almost every country except his own had recognised his art.

Many amusing stories are told of Whistler. As a lad he was apprenticed to a firm who etched maps on copper. Whistler had finished a very fine map, and having nothing to do amused himself by etching in around the border some sketches of the different members of the firm, including an unkind caricature of the chief. Then he went away for a holiday and forgot all about it. Meanwhile the plate was bitten-in and printed, with all the horrid little caricatures which Whistler had forgotten to stop out.

Result, when Whistler returned he was promptly dismissed. Just as he

was leaving the office he happened to catch sight of the chief's huge magnifying glass lying on his desk. It was the "old man's" most sacred possession. Whistler stopped just long enough to paint a sprightly little red demon in its centre and passed on his way with a smile.

Next day, when the great man lifted his glass to inspect something, he dropped it with a howl plainly heard in the outer office.

Seeing Beneath the Surface.

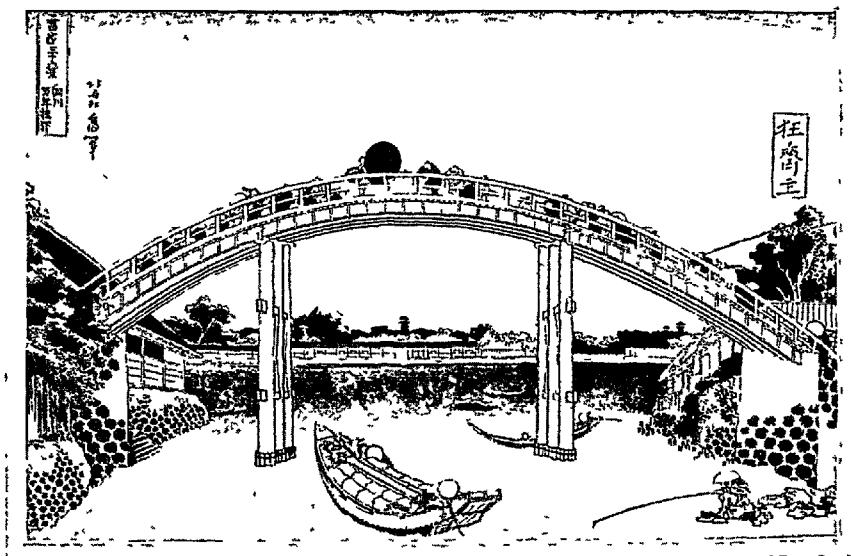
Of Sargent's work the "Outline of Art" says. "Some of his male portraits have 'been merciless in their unmasking of the real minds of the sitters'" John Singer Sargent, one of the greatest portrait painters of modern times, was American-born, but learned his painting under Carolus Duran in Paris, and finally settled in England.

His finest picture is the full-length portrait of Lord Ribblesdale, painted in 1902, and now in the National Gallery. Sargent's power of setting before us the real personality of his sitter is almost unequalled in the history of portrait painting.

"The Last Muster."

Hubert Herkomer was another fine artist who, born abroad, became naturalised and painted in England. He was born in Bavaria and was brought to England when he was eight. His parents were desperately poor, and he himself had a terrible struggle to get a start. He sold his first picture for two guineas and afterwards lived on £2 a week earned by doing woodcuts for a comic paper. Then he was driven to design carpets.

Yet later Herkomer painted many famous pictures, the best of which is

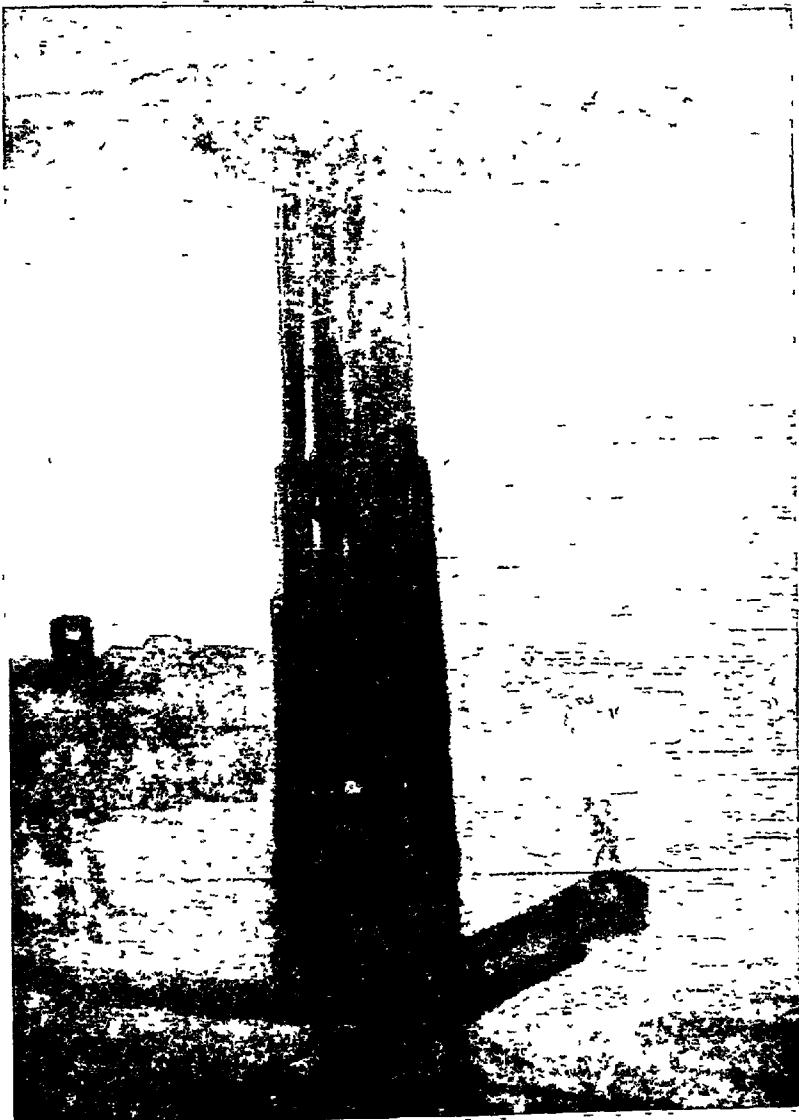


A PICTURE FROM JAPAN

W. F. Mansell

Painted by one of the greatest artists of Japan, Hokusai (1760-1849), this is regarded as an impressive example of the natural and highly-decorative style of Japanese colour-work. The title is "River-Scene with Bridge, and Fujiyama in the Distance," and the print is in the British Museum, London. Fujiyama, as we read in our geography, is an object of adoration to every person in Japan.

OLD BATTERSEA BRIDGE



H. F. Mansell

This picture is described as a "nocturne in blue and gold," the word "nocturne" is in an art sense meaning simply a picture of a night scene. The subject is old Battersea Bridge, London, and the artist Whistler. The painting was purchased for the National Gallery for 2,000 guineas. It is interesting to compare the above picture with the Japanese reproduction on the left because, according to experts, Whistler was influenced by the methods of Japanese artists.

that of Chelsea pensioners called "The Last Muster," and became a very rich man. He set up an art school at Bushey, where he built a most beautiful house worth, with its contents, £100,000.

Seen at Sea.

No living British artist has a wider fame than Frank Brangwyn, who was born in 1867 and is of Welsh descent. His early paintings are all of the sea—"Burial at Sea," "Salvage," and "The Convict Ship" are famous examples. Then by degrees he turned to decorative art. His splendid panel "Commerce" is in the Royal Exchange, the Skinners' Hall was de-

corated by him; and he has been in great request in America, where his work is highly valued. His colour is splendid, and all his designs glow with rich and opulent tints.

It is an interesting fact that Whistler found favour in Scotland long before he was appreciated in England. And during the past fifty years Scotland has produced more than her share of fine artists. Sir James Guthrie, who became President of the Royal Scottish Academy in 1902, has the strength of the great Raeburn in his work.

Then there is Sir John Lavery, who, though born in Belfast, belongs to the Glasgow school. He is a famous portrait painter with a very dainty style.



THE CHILDREN OF MR. ASHER WERTHEIMER

W. F. Mansell

portraits included in this picture are those of the children of Mr. Asher Wertheimer, the art dealer. The artist was John Singer Sargent, R.A., who was born at Florence in 1856, the son of American parents. He was one of the greatest portrait painters of modern times, and his power of setting before us the real personality of his sitter is almost unequalled in the history of portrait painting. Sargent died in 1925.

MODERN BRITISH ART



W. F. Manell.

In this picture, painted by Sir William Orpen, R.A., and hung in the Diploma Gallery of the Royal Academy, we have a brilliant portrait of the chef in the Hotel Chatham, Paris. There is real life, rich humanity and great technical brilliance in this painting, which would pair admirably with the famous Portrait of a Tailor by Moroni, reproduced on page 29.

STILL LIFE AND VIGOROUS ACTION



W F Mansell

There is a wonderful wealth of colour and design in this homely subject, and the fruit, vegetables and dead birds are portrayed almost as a glowing pageant. The picture is named "The Poulterer's Shop" and was exhibited in the Royal Academy in 1916. It was painted by Frank Brangwyn, R.A., who was born in 1867 and is of Welsh descent.



W F Mansell

All lovers of spirited horses and of open, rolling country will appreciate this fine painting. It is called "Kilkenny Horse Fair" and was a Diploma picture in the Royal Academy in 1925. It was painted by Alfred James Munnings, R.A., and the busy, bustling scene blends wonderfully with a typical Irish background.

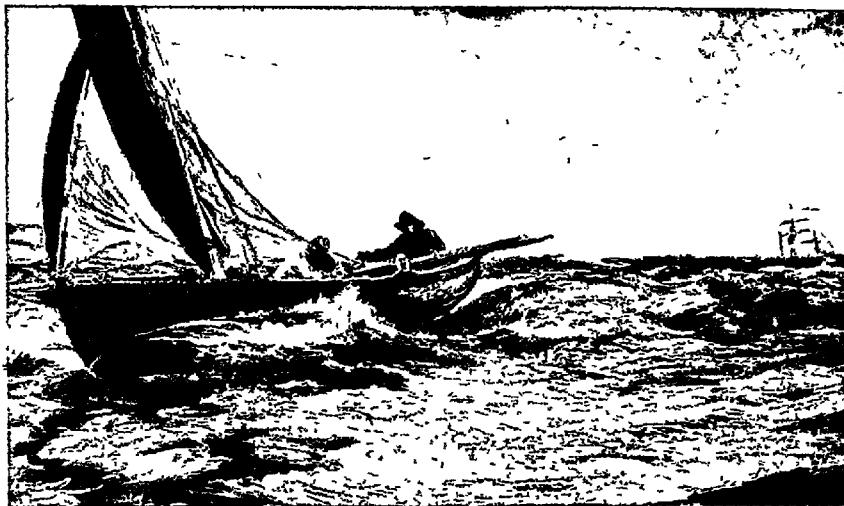
MADAME SUGGIA THE 'CELLIST



W F Manell

The figure in this picture is wonderfully alive and full of action, seeming to stand out with striking reality against the simple background. The subject of this portrait is Mme Suggia, the distinguished 'cellist. The painting is the work of Augustus L. John, A.R.A., a Welshman by birth and descent, who once loved to paint gypsies and knew the Romances well.

TWO SCENES IN BRITISH WATERS



Seeing that we belong to a great sea-faring nation, good pictures of the sea must always appeal to us. The painting reproduced above is entitled "A Plymouth Hooker," and was a Diploma canvas in the Royal Academy of 1910. It was the work of Charles Napier Hemy, who was born in 1841 and died in 1917.



This calm seascape is a contrast to the rougher one above. Its title is "The Breeze Falls Light" and it affords us a glimpse of the Portsmouth fishing fleet. The artist was William Lionel Wyllie, R.A., who made a great name for his sea pictures. He died in 1931.

BY THE PAINTER OF "GREEN PASTURES"



B. F. Manell

The canvas which admits artists to the ranks of Royal Academicians is called their "Diploma painting" and the original of the above reproduction was such a work exhibited by Sir Ernest Waterlow in 1903. It is called "The Banks of the Loing," and is a lovely study of homeland scenery. Sir Ernest was born in 1850 and knighted in 1902. He was a Londoner by birth, and died in 1919.

A QUARTET OF LOVELY PAINTINGS



Here is an example of the work of Stanhope Alexander Forbes, R A. The picture is called "The Harbour Window" and we can imagine that the woman's thoughts are with loved ones at sea



This is another "Diploma picture," from the Royal Academy. It is a lifelike and wonderfully natural portrait of Miss Anne Harcourt. This picture was painted by George Harcourt, R A



The title of this picture is "Diana of the Uplands." It is an open-air portrait of his wife by Charles Wellington Furse, who was born at Staines in 1868 and died in 1904



Photo W F Mansell
The original painting of "The Girl at the Gate" is in the Tate Gallery, London. It is a picture of true rural simplicity and was the work of George Clausen, R A

THE ARTIST'S MODEL IN REAL LIFE



Copyright reserved for Artist or Owner by Walter Judd, Ltd., publishers of "Royal Academy Illustrated"
The subject of this portrait is Mr. Minney, a professional artist's model arrayed in his best clothes
It was one of the most discussed pictures in the Royal Academy of 1920 and may now be seen in
the Tate Gallery The artist is W. W. Russell, A.R.A., who has for many years been a member
of the teaching staff at the Slade School of Art.

"BANK HOLIDAY"



W. F. Manell

The work of William Strang, R.A. (1859-1921), this picture is intensely human and by no means without humour. It shows us a young couple out together on Bank Holiday and both puzzled by the wine list and the ways of a restaurant to which neither of them is accustomed. There is nothing unkind or unsympathetic towards the lovers, and the expression on the waiter's face is a study in itself.



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Revol. 512

CAPTIVE ANDROMACHE

The central figure of this fine picture by the late Lord Leighton, the original of which is in the Manchester Gallery, is Andromache, the widow of Hector, chief defender of Troy against the Greeks. Homer's descriptions of her parting with her husband when he went out to fight Achilles, and of her grief over his death, are perhaps the most pathetic passages in all poetry. After the fall of Troy she was taken as a captive to Greece by Neoptolemus son of Achilles.

One of Euripides' plays has her name as its title, and her story as its subject.

IN GREECE AND ROME

ARISTOPHANES described Homer as the "Bard of Battles," and a worse description could hardly be imagined, for Homer's two great works, the "Iliad" and "Odyssey," throw a bright light on an age when civilisation was just dawning and when life was far more vivid and interesting than it is to-day.

Troy's Wooden Horse.

Tribal life was ending and mankind settling itself into little nations, they were beginning to explore a world of which they knew practically nothing. Yet Homer gathered much knowledge from the old Phoenician traders.

Homer was of all poets the most simple and direct, he drew the charac-

ters of his heroes as no living man, with the one exception of Shakespeare, has ever been able to do, making them stand out before us with all their faults and virtues. It is true that in those days fighting was considered the highest form of employment for men, but the fighting described by Homer is only a small part of his wonderful work. Read and see how he describes the purity and loyalty of Penelope and the penitence of Helen, and you will realise how poor a description is "Bard of Battles." And his language is always so fine, direct and simple. You can almost see the scene as the Wooden Horse is drawn into Troy.

Is it not strange and sad that we know nothing of Homer as a man,

except the legend that he was blind? We do not even know when he lived or where. The historian Herodotus places the date of Homer as 400 years before his own time—that is, in the ninth century before Christ—but it is fairly certain that the fall of Troy occurred not later than 1250 B.C., and it would seem likely that Homer lived not long after that date.

Actually we are fortunate to possess Homer's great poems, for it has to be remembered that for centuries these poems were not even written, but handed down from one generation to the next by word of mouth. Stranger still it is that, even after they were written, his works lay for at least 1,000 years unnoticed in dusty libraries

All that is changed, and many of the greatest writers of English—Pope, Cowper, Chapman, William Morris, and others—have used their best efforts to translate Homer's flowing Greek into our own language, so that we all can read and appreciate the works of one of the very greatest and most gifted poets who ever lived.

A Passion for Poetry.

The works of Sappho were divided by the scholars of Alexandria into nine books, but all of her poems that have come down to us are two odes and a few fragments. Yet even these are enough to prove that Sappho was one of the world's greatest poets.

Of this Greek woman of genius we



THE DEIFICATION OF HOMER

W. F. Mansell

This allegorical picture, painted in 1827 by the great French artist, Jean-Auguste-Dominique Ingres, and now to be seen in the Louvre, Paris, shows us Homer surrounded by the great poets of all ages while a winged figure crowns him with a wreath of olive. The sword below his feet symbolises the battles of the Iliad, and the car near it the sea-wanderings of the Odyssey. On the second step is a Greek inscription meaning "If Homer be a god, I reverence him as one of the immortals, if he be not a god, then I pronounce him to be one." On Homer's right are figures presenting the lyre of the musician, and the mallet of the sculptor, and Minerva, the goddess of art.



CIRCE AND THE SWINE

Richter

An English painter, Briton Rivière, illustrates in this famous picture an episode from Homer's "Odyssey." During his wanderings Odysseus (Ulysses) came to the mysterious isle of Aeaea, where lived Circe, an enchantress. His companions whom he sent first to her house, were changed by her into swine, as the picture shows. Their leader, however, who had not gone with them, was able to resist her spells, thanks to a magic herb given him by the god Hermes, and to compel her to restore them to human form.

know hardly anything, except that she lived at the end of the seventh century before Christ and that she had a daughter called Cleis. It is said that she left her home in the island of Mitylene for Sicily, but returned and became the centre of a group of women with a passion for poetry. Hard things have been said about her character, but there is little foundation for these stories or for the legend that she flung herself into the sea.

The Greatest of Greek Tragic Poets

"Fortunate Sophocles! With wealth and wit
Together blessed he lived and full
of days
He died—"

So wrote a friendly poet of the same date as that of the great Sophocles, and very true his words were. Sophocles, an Athenian, was born in 496 B.C., and lived to the great age of ninety-one years. He had the very best education of the time, and when only sixteen was

chosen to lead the chorus of youths who celebrated the great naval victory of Salamis.

Sophocles rose to be a man of note in Athens and was sent as ambassador to other States, and in 440 was actually chosen as general in joint command with Pericles.

Of his many works only seven remain to us, but these are enough to put Sophocles among the world's great poets. His "Œdipus Tyrannus" is so terrible a tragedy that it makes one shiver to read it. There is far more plot in his plays than in any written before his time, the construction is almost faultless, and he has a wonderful way of contrasting characters who are intensely different.

The Slave who was Boiled

Of all the old Greek poets, Aristophanes is the favourite of most young folk, and of a good many older people as well. In his plays he pokes such delightful fun at the stupid and unpleasant people of his day.

His pet aversion was Cleon the Tanner, a cross, dull-witted old fellow who led the Athenian mob. In "The Knights" Aristophanes makes him a bullying slave who runs the whole household. Of course he is brought to grief and is renovated by being "boiled," after which he becomes quite youthful and sensible.

Another play of Aristophanes, "The Wasps," makes fun of the way in which the Athenians were always going to law about trifles, while in "The Birds" he ridicules the ease with which they are gulled by any impostor. But "The Birds" is much more than a mere comedy. Some of it is lovely lyric writing with a wild sweetness hardly equalled by any other poet except, perhaps, Shakespeare. In "The Peace," too, there are charming descriptions of country life.

"Lysistrata," or "The Strike of the Wives," is most amusing, and in "Plutus" Aristophanes writes in the most modern way of the unjust distribution of wealth.

Virgil, the Magician

The schoolboy best knows this greatest of Latin poets by his "Æneid," the story of "Æneas the Trojan" who is supposed to have been the founder of Rome. That was his last and, in some respects, his most wonderful work, but it was not the one he liked best. He preferred the "Georgics," those four books which set out the whole art of farming, the cultivation of trees and plants, such as olives and vines, and the breeding of horses and cattle.

This great poem occupied him for seven years and raised him to the position of the greatest poet of his age. As for the "Æneid," he was so dissatisfied with it that he wished to burn it and left this order in his will, but, fortunately, the Emperor Augustus disobeyed his directions and we still have the wonderful epic.

Virgil was born near Mantua, 70 B.C., and was partly of Celtic descent. He

was tall, dark, quiet and not given to much talking. We know that he was always delicate. While he was still a boy his father's land was confiscated, but the governor of the province, Asinius Pollio, was a man of letters and had read some of young Virgil's verse, so he sent the boy to Rome with a letter to the Emperor. Though the property was not restored, a sum of money was given in compensation, and within a very short time Virgil was comfortably off. He had a villa at Naples, and was able to work in comfort.

Driven by Poverty

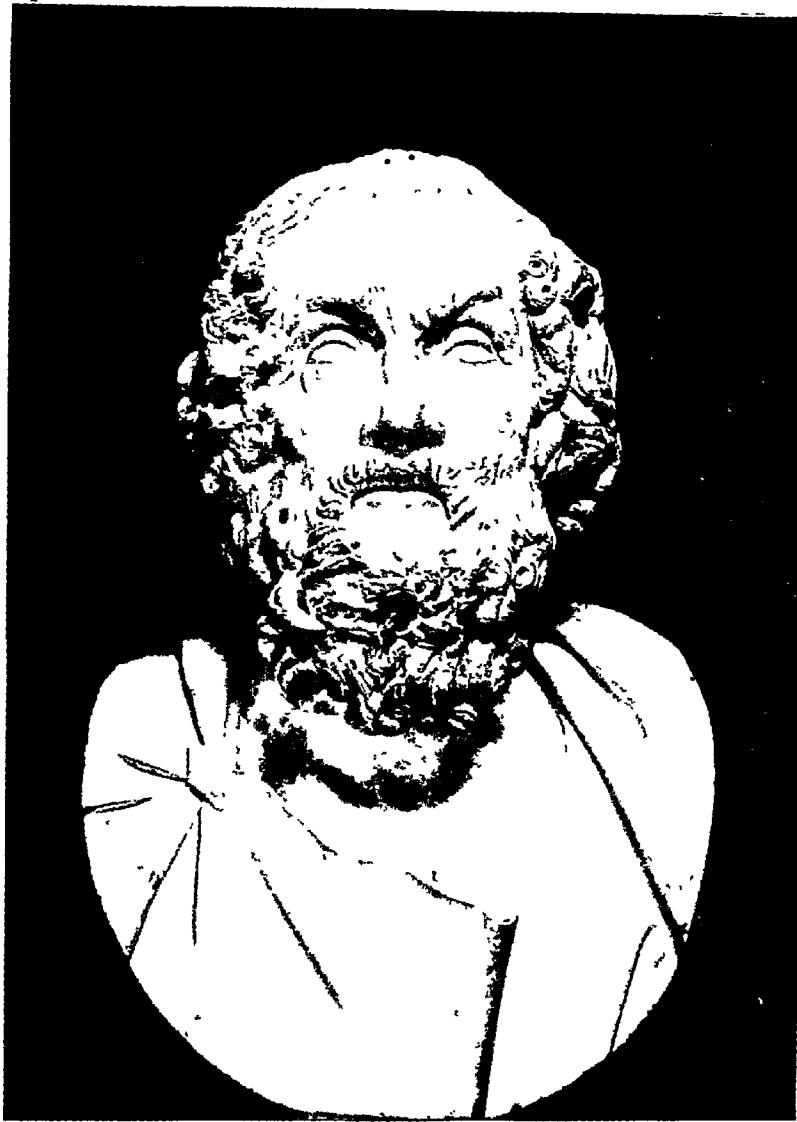
The Latin language is not nearly so suitable for poetry as is classic Greek, yet Virgil succeeded in writing in Latin some of the world's greatest poetry. He was a man of such goodness and character that the early Christians called him the Prophet of Christ among the Gentiles, and his works ranked as sacred books. They were actually introduced into the Liturgy of the early Church.

It was the fashion for Roman aristocrats to release slaves who could purchase their freedom. The father of Quintus Horatius Flaccus was a released slave, and he gave to Horace, his only child, an education such as few but the sons of rich men obtained. He finished at Athens, and was still there when the murder of Julius Cæsar caused civil war to break out in Italy.

Horace came back and joined up with Brutus and the Republicans. Though only twenty-one, he was made an officer. The Republicans were badly beaten, and although Horace got off unhurt, all his property was confiscated and he was left without a penny. He managed to get work in the Civil Service, but it was so poorly paid that, as he says himself, he was driven to make verses in order to live.

These verses attracted the notice of Mæcenas, the rich and powerful Roman,

THE FIRST OF THE GREAT POETS



Anderson

This bust, the original of which stands in the Capitoline Museum, Rome, is a presentation of the head of Homer, the earliest poet whose works have come down to us. The portraiture is the fruit of the sculptor's imagination, for practically nothing is known about the poet himself, and even the period at which he lived is the subject of dispute. But his poems, the "Iliad" and "Odyssey," render his name as famous to-day as it was twenty-four centuries ago.

who was also a friend of Virgil. Mæcenas was never one to let a poet starve, and after this meeting, Horace's life became a pleasant one. He ripened slowly, and all his best work was done after the age of thirty-five.

Though it has none of the romantic greatness of Virgil's, it is beautifully and very carefully finished. His "Odes" are his finest poetry, and though they show a rather melancholy temper, yet Horace was capable of touches of bright and flashing humour.

The Exiled Poet

The first verse that the Latin scholar learns is usually Ovid's lament for his dead parrot, "imitatrix ales ab Indis," the talking bird from the East Indies. Publius Ovidius Naso was a many-sided genius who wrote verse about a

variety of different subjects. One of his works is a practical poem on artificial aids to beauty, while another seeks to awaken his countrymen to a sense of their religious duties.

Ovid came of good family, for his father was an "Eques," or knight. He had a first-class education, and while quite young became a public speaker. But poetry claimed him, and soon he gave all his time to it. For years he lived and worked in the best Roman society and was a favourite at Court, then all of a sudden came disaster. Ovid was banished to the shores of the Black Sea which, in those days, was on the very edge of the known world. What his offence was we do not know, but he himself admits that his punishment was deserved. He died in that desolate country.



ODYSSEUS RETURNS TO PENELOPE

Rischgitz

This picture was painted more than 400 years ago by Bernardino Pinturicchio, an Italian artist. It records the moment when, after ten years' wandering during his return from Troy, Odysseus at last reached home again, to find his wife Penelope working on her tapestry, the never ending weaving of which had kept her many suitors at bay. The figures are clad in the costumes of Pinturicchio's own day, and the ship seen in the background would have seemed strange indeed to old Homer, whose "Odyssey" contains the incident illustrated.

DANTE AND CHAUCER



By permission of the Corporation of Liverpool

DANTE AND BEATRICE

When the great Italian poet Dante was only a boy, he fell deeply in love with a beautiful girl, Beatrice Portinari, who did not return his affection, to his great grief. Dante, nevertheless, made her an important character in his "Divina Commedia," the greatest epic poem of Christendom. This well-known picture, by Henry Holiday, shows us Dante gazing intently at Beatrice as she passes, accompanied by a friend.

ALL arts died in the Western world during those terrible centuries after the fall of Rome. There was no painting or sculpture worthy of note, and if there were poets, their writings have perished as well as their names. Almost the only exceptions are two British bards, Caedmon, who lived in the seventh, and Beowulf, in the eighth century.

France had Roland in the eleventh century, a maker of songs, of whom we know very little indeed. It was not until Dante was born in the year 1265 that Europe could once more boast of a great poet. The house in Florence where he was born still stands. He was the son of a lawyer, and was baptised by the name of Durante, afterwards shortened to Dante.

The Maker of the Italian Language.

Dante is famous for his devotion to the beautiful Beatrice, whom he first met when he was only nine years old. He loved her intensely, but she was married to a man named Simone di Bardi, and died at the age of only twenty-four. Dante himself afterwards married Gemma Donati, daughter of one of the great Guelph faction in Florence. The Guelphs and Ghibellines were fighting fiercely, and Dante was drawn into the savage feud and was present at the Battle of Campaldino. Part of this is magnificently described in his wonderful "Divina Commedia." Dante himself rose to the high state of being one of the six Priors of Florence, and as soon as he was in power, banished the heads of the warring factions.

In the next year, 1301, Dante was sent on an embassy to the Pope at Rome, and while he was away Charles of Valois descended on his native city, and Dante's friends were destroyed or banished. Dante himself was banished and condemned to be burned alive if he ever returned. So for the last twenty years of his life he was an unhappy wanderer. He lived in Verona, Ravenna and other towns, and some say that he visited France and England. He died in Ravenna in 1321, and his body was buried with honour by his friend, Guido Novello da Polenta. A cast of his face was taken after death, so we know exactly what this great man looked like.

His "Divina Commedia" is the greatest work in the Italian language and one of the greatest in any language. It may be truly said to have been the



REEVE, FRIAR AND PARSON

These quaint, but spirited, drawings are some of the many illustrations in the Ellesmere MS of Geoffrey Chaucer's "Canterbury Tales," which were written during the third quarter of the fourteenth century. The drawings represent three of the many characters who each told his Tale



Photos Rischgitz

FOUR MORE CHARACTERS

Here you see the Shriman, the Doctor of Physic, the Miller, and the Cook, who took part in the famous pilgrimage to Canterbury described so amusingly by Chaucer, the Father of English literature. The Doctor carries a phial of medicine, the Cook a spit

making of Italian. The "Commedia" gives us an insight into the whole knowledge of Dante's age, including morals, science and theology, and no work ever published, except the Bible, has been so widely translated, so frequently published in different editions, or been the subject of so many books.

A Poet Laureate.

There is a curious resemblance between the careers of Italy's two greatest poets, Dante and Petrarch. Both belonged to Florence; Dante was driven from his home by his enemies, while Petrarch's father shared the same fate at the same time. Each, again, loved deeply a beautiful lady whom he was never able to marry, for Petrarch's Laura is only less famous than Dante's Beatrice.

CHAUCER AND HIS KING



If you visit the Tate Gallery, at Millbank, London, you will see the original of this picture, which was painted by Ford Madox Brown (1821-1893). Its subject is the reading by Chaucer of his poems to King Edward III. Chaucer looks, as he probably felt, quite at home in such surroundings, for besides being a poet and scholar, he was also a soldier and courtier, and had been entrusted with important missions by his sovereign.

But there the resemblance ends, for, while the great Dante's last years were passed in exile and misery, Petrarch rose to great fame. The climax of his career was on Easter Sunday, 1341, when he ascended the capitol at Rome, clad in robes of his friend, the King of Naples, and was acclaimed Poet Laureate.

Petrarch's father was a lawyer. The boy was well educated, and afterwards travelled in France, Germany and Flanders. He was a friend of the Pope and of many kings and great nobles. He was actually offered the high post of Papal Secretary, but refused it. He had good looks and fine manners, and was immensely popular.

Petrarch's fame rests chiefly on his *Canzoniere*, sonnets and songs, which were inspired by his love for the beautiful Laura. Yet Laura married another man.

"A Merry Heart."

Petrarch was born in 1304. Thirty-six years later a boy was born in England called Geoffrey Chaucer, who was destined to make an undying name as England's first great poet.

When Chaucer was born England was so much under the foreign yoke that French was still the official language. But the change was coming, for in 1362 it was ordered that English should be used in Courts of Law, and in the next year Parliament was for the first time opened by an English speech. England was changing, and it was into

this changing England that Chaucer was born.

He was the son of an innkeeper, but we know nothing of his boyhood until 1357, when we find him as page in the service of the Duchess of Clarence. Two years later he was in France, fighting

Truth and Honour

Again we lose sight of our poet, but eight years later find him not only writing verse, but becoming a very important personage, being sent on missions by the King to Italy, Flanders and France, and rising to be Comptroller of Customs for the Port of London. Later, in 1386, he lost his high position, and his last years were spent as a pensioner. But he never repined:

"A merry heart goes all the day,
Your sad tires in a mile—a"

These lines seem to have been his motto. There was something very fine in Chaucer's character which shines out all through his writings. The age of chivalry had not yet passed away and you see it reflected among his pilgrims.

His knight, for instance.

" . . . he loved chevalrie,
Trouthe and honour, freedom and courtesie "

One feels that these were the traits that Chaucer himself most admired.

His writings are coloured by the Troubadour literature of France, which he knew well. He was also well acquainted with the works of Dante.



SHAKESPEARE AND MILTON



SPENSER AND SIR WALTER RALEIGH

Rutchgut

Like Chaucer, Edmund Spenser was a courtier and moved in high places. In 1580 he was sent by Queen Elizabeth to Ireland, and while there had among his neighbours Sir Walter Raleigh, himself a poet of no mean order. This picture, from the brush of John Claxton, shows us Spenser reading his most famous poem, "The Faerie Queene," to Raleigh. Sir Walter persuaded Spenser to return with him to London and publish his poem. He did so, and at once became famous.

FOR a century and a half after the death of Chaucer no great poet arose in England. Then dawned the Elizabethan age.

Edmund Spenser

Men's imaginations were stimulated by wider travel and tales of the new world in the West; the master works of classical times were for the first time printed and spread abroad; and there arose a number of great writers, among whom was Edmund Spenser, who was the first to reveal the marvellous resources of the English language. His verses have been called "A labyrinth of sweet sounds that would cloy by their sweetness, but that the ear is constantly relieved and enchanted by their continued variety of modulation."

Spenser was a Londoner, born in Smithfield. He came from a noble family, "of which," he says, "I

meanest boast myself to be." In spite of his genius, he lived and died in poor circumstances. He was one of the six poor scholars of Merchant Taylors' School and later went to Cambridge. His "Shephearde Calender," published in 1579, was his first work and opened a new epoch in English literature. For a time he was secretary to the Lord Deputy of Ireland and was granted land in Ireland.

Much of his life was lived in Ireland, but his house was burned in Hugh O'Neil's insurrection and he ended his life in poverty. Yet even in his lifetime great fame was his, and after his death his body was laid in Westminster Abbey.

The Greatest of Poets

While opinions differ as to who was the greatest painter, there can be no doubt on the question of the greatest

poet Even Germans admit that Shakespeare has no rival The more we read and learn about the early life of William Shakespeare the more amazing it appears that a boy brought up as he was, educated at the Free School at Stratford with "small Latin and less Greek," could have produced the mighty works we all know so well

For Fear of Arrest.

His father, well off at first, fell upon hard times when William was only fourteen, and we know that he did not attend church for fear of being arrested for debt. William himself fell into bad company and got into trouble for deer-stealing.

We know he went to London somewhere about the year 1585, but of what he did there we have no record. It is said that he held horses at the play-house door. We have to skip seven years to 1592, when we know that he was already both an actor and a writer of plays.

In the following year, 1593, his

"Venus and Adonis" was published. This he calls "the first heir of his invention." It is doubtful which of his plays came first. There is some evidence that it was the first part of "Henry VI." We know, however, that "Love's Labour's Lost," "The Comedy of Errors" and "Two Gentlemen of Verona" are among the first he wrote.

In 1593-94 came the wonderful "Midsummer Night's Dream," with its lovely fairy poetry. In that year Shakespeare himself acted before Queen Elizabeth. He became a shareholder in the Globe Theatre, which was on the south side of London Bridge, and made enough money to buy the house, New Place, in his native town. Later he bought land near Stratford for £320, then a much larger sum than now.

It is said that it was by Queen Elizabeth's own desire that he wrote "The Merry Wives of Windsor," all done in fourteen days.

In or about 1600 his method of



SHYLOCK IN VENICE

W. F. Mansell

Shakespeare's plays have provided themes for many pictures. This reproduction of a painting by Sir John Gilbert, R.A. (1817-1897), illustrates the opening of the third Act in "The Merchant of Venice," where Shylock falls in with Solanio and Salarino in the street and accuses them of complicity in the flight of his daughter Jessica.



FALSTAFF AND HIS TWO LADIES

H. Dixon and Son

Much of the fun of Shakespeare's "Merry Wives of Windsor" concerns the love affairs of the swashbuckling Sir John Falstaff with Mistress Page and Mistress Ford, and his escape from an awkward predicament by hiding in a basket of dirty linen. In this picture Sir John is literally in the hands of the two ladies, while in the background is seen the famous clothes-basket

writing changed, and from comedy he turned to tragedy. "Hamlet" was written in 1602, "King Lear" in 1607. All through his life his work ripens and improves until it reaches heights hitherto untouched and never since equalled.

In March, 1616, Shakespeare fell ill of a fever, and on April 23rd his great spirit passed.

Thomas Carlyle has said, "The genius of Shakespeare is more potent than any other agency in binding together the scattered members of the British Empire."

"O Rare Ben Jonson!"

These words are cut in the slab which lies over the grave of this great poet in Westminster Abbey. We might easily fill the whole space allotted to poets in this volume with records of the great

Elizabethans, and it is difficult to pick and choose among so many. We cannot, however, leave out Ben Jonson, in one of whose plays Shakespeare himself acted. Like Shakespeare, he was both actor and dramatist, and in 1598 Meres wrote of him that he is "our best for Tragedie."

He was educated at Westminster School and became a soldier. He fought in the Low Countries, where he distinguished himself by killing one of the enemy in single combat. He married, but says of his wife "She was a shrew but honest." Once he went away from her on a visit to a friend and stayed seven years. He had a duel with another actor and killed him, for which he was tried and branded in the thumb. In 1598 his play, "Every Man in his Humour," was produced. This

FROM "MACBETH" AND "OTHELLO"



Foulsham and Banfield

Macbeth and Banquo here meet the three Witches on the heath, and Macbeth is hailed by them as future King of Scotland—which, made ambitious by their prophecies, he became after murdering his sovereign Duncan while he was asleep Banquo later shared a similar fate



W. F. Mansell

Othello the Moor is here relating the story of his life and adventures to Desdemona and her father, the Venetian senator Brabantio. "She loved me for the dangers I had passed, And I loved her that she did pity them" (Act I, Sc 3) The artist, E. Becker, represents the recital

MISS ELLEN TERRY AS "LADY MACBETH"



W F Mansell

The original of this picture hangs in the National Gallery, London. It was painted by John S Sargent, R A, and shows the late Dame Ellen Terry in one of her most powerful and also most successful parts as Lady Macbeth, wife of Macbeth. This is one of the greatest of Shakespeare's plays and was probably written in 1606.

THE TRAGEDY OF KING LEAR



Ritschitz

"King Lear" is one of the noblest, and the saddest, of Shakespeare's tragedies. Lear, King of Britain, decides to abdicate in favour of his three daughters. Cordelia, the youngest, professes daughterly affection, but is disinherited by him, her portion going to her two sisters. This picture, by Ford Madox Brown, shows us Lear passing sentence on his daughter.



W F. Mawson

While her two sisters treat their father most cruelly, Cordelia remains faithful to him. She brings an army, entrusted to her by her husband, the King of France, to his aid. The same artist here depicts Lear asleep in his daughter's camp, and Cordelia pitying his fallen condition. Virtue in this case is not rewarded. Cordelia is murdered, and Lear dies of grief.

TWO FAMOUS COMEDIES



By permission of the Corporation of Birmingham
Shakespeare was a master of comedy as well as of tragedy. This picture by Sir John Gilbert represents a scene in "Taming of the Shrew," probably one of the great poet's earlier plays. We see before us Petruchio, a gentleman of Verona, and his recently-wedded, shrewish wife Katharina whom he has just brought home to undergo a course of 'taming.'



Photos Rischgitz

This is a scene in the Third Act of *Twelfth Night*. Malvolio, the Countess Olivia's steward, is making himself ridiculous before his mistress and her maid Maria, in order to win Olivia's favour. He has been hoaxed by a letter concocted by Maria, but purporting to come from the Countess, in which yellow hose, cross-gartered, and a jaunty demeanour are admired—though really detested by Olivia. As a result of his prank he is locked up for a time.

is the one in which Shakespeare acted

But he was greatest as a writer of songs. He wrote "Drink to Me Only With Thine Eyes," which has remained popular for more than 300 years.

The Blind Poet.

Second only to Shakespeare in the roll of English poets is John Milton, born while Shakespeare was still alive, in the year 1608. His father, a Puritan, was a man of property and a clever musician. Young Milton had a thoroughly good education at St Paul's School and at Cambridge. He took his M.A. degree in 1632, but instead of taking Holy Orders, went to live with his father at Horton, in Buckinghamshire, where he settled down and began to study with the object of becoming a poet. His is perhaps the only instance of a man deliberately dedicating his life to poetry.

There he wrote the "L'Allegro" and "Il Penseroso," and, later, "Comus"

and "Lycidas." This last resulted from the news of the death of his great friend, Edward King, drowned at sea.

He went to Italy and was made very welcome. Since his Italian friends could not, of course, appreciate his English verse, it would seem that he must have appealed to them as a man rather than as a writer. He married, but his wife left him. She could not stand the severe Puritanism of Milton's character and home.

When the Civil War broke out Milton's pen defended the actions of the Puritans. The Restoration and accession of Charles II drove him into retirement, but presently he was able to live in London, where he wrote his noble "Paradise Lost," the copyright of which he sold for £5.

Later in life he married again, this time more happily, and in spite of his blindness and the fact that the Great Fire of London nearly ruined him, his last years were not unhappy. He died November 8th, 1674.



THE MEETING OF MILTON AND MARVELL

Risalgitz

This reproduction of a picture by the celebrated English painter, George Henry Boughton (1833-1905), shows us Andrew Marvell, the poet and politician, visiting the much greater poet, John Milton, at his country home. Though Marvell served Cromwell, he, unlike Milton, was a monarchist at heart, and after the Restoration was able to protect the author of "Paradise Lost" from reprisals by the royalists.

THE BLIND POET AT WORK



Rischgitz

At the age of forty-four Milton became totally blind, and had to dictate his poems. The painter of this picture John Calcott Horsley (1817-1903), has chosen for his subject the blind poet composing one of his latest works, "Samson Agonistes," a tragedy. It is thought that Milton used the story of Samson because it had strong resemblances to his own, which included much unhappiness and ended in blindness. Behind him is his Quaker secretary, Thomas Ellwood.

FROM DRYDEN TO BURNS



POPE'S INTRODUCTION TO DRYDEN

Rischgitz

When John Dryden was sixty-nine years old he made the acquaintance of Alexander Pope, destined to succeed him as England's leading poet. This picture by Eyre Crowe records the incident of Pope, then a lad of twelve, being brought to the old poet as he sat in the seat of honour in Will's Coffee House, London. From the kindly reception given him by the veteran dated Pope's staunch admiration of Dryden and his works.

LIKE Milton, John Dryden was educated at Cambridge. He was at Trinity College, and in the records we find that he was punished for an offence against discipline on October 19th, 1652. His father died in 1654 and left him fairly well off, and the next thing we know of him is his marriage to Lady Elizabeth Howard, daughter of the Duke of Berkshire.

When or how he began to write is not known, but in 1670 he became Poet Laureate. For fourteen years he wrote only plays, and it was not until he was fifty years old that his full powers showed themselves. Then he wrote "Absalom and Achitophel" and "The Hind and the Panther." His rhymed translations of Virgil and Juvenal are very well known. He had a great power of writing splendid, if somewhat ungraceful, verse, and deserves to rank among great poets.

A Brilliant Wit.

If Dryden's poetry can be compared to a broadsword, that of Pope resembles the flashing play of a light rapier. Alexander Pope had a brilliant wit and a command of English such as no Englishman had before and few have equalled since his day. It has been said of him that he was without rival as an artist in words. As a man he was not as great as in his art, for he was both vain and vindictive. On the other hand, he had lovable qualities, made many friends, and was always kind to those who were in want. In excuse of his less amiable qualities, it must be remembered that his health was wretched, and that he was somewhat deformed.

His father, a linen-draper, gave him a poor education, yet the boy showed his talent early and was only twelve when he wrote his "Ode on Solitude," a marvellous production for one so

young. His "Essay on Criticism" brought him into the front rank, but it was his great translation of the Iliad that won for him not only fame, but a comfortable fortune, and he became the literary lion of London. He died in 1744 of dropsy.

Pope's Successor

While Pope was still alive a revolt had begun against the classical style of poetry, which aimed at perfection of form but failed in spirit or inspiration. James Thomson, a Scot, published his famous "Seasons" in 1730, in which, for the first time, we get descriptions of rural life done into charming verse.

Then came Gray, whose "Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard" has brought him imperishable fame.

Thomas Gray was at school at Eton, and a friend of Horace Walpole, son of the Prime Minister. He was a shy, studious man, who loved books, pictures, china and flowers. He was, perhaps, the first Englishman to realise the true beauty of the mountains of Scotland. He wrote little, yet his verse ranks very high among English poetry.

A third poet born in an age remarkable for its scarcity of poets was Oliver Goldsmith, born in Ireland in 1728. Young Goldsmith was sent to Trinity College, Dublin, where he got involved in a riot and fell into all sorts of dis-



DOCTOR JOHNSON AND OLIVER GOLDSMITH

Rischgitz

Oliver Goldsmith was often in dire straits for money. One day his landlady called in the sheriff's officer to compel him to pay arrears of rent. At his wits' end, Goldsmith sent a messenger to Dr. Johnson, who had himself known the miseries of dire poverty and at once came to see him. Goldsmith had just finished a manuscript, and the Doctor, after glancing at it, saw that there was good material in it. He sold it for £60 to a publisher, who for this small sum became owner of the famous "Vicar of Wakefield". This picture was painted by E. M. Ward, R.A.

grace. In the end he *ran away*, but his elder brother patched things up and Oliver returned and took his degree.

"The Vicar of Wakefield."

No poet had a more adventurous youth than Goldsmith. He visited Scotland, Holland, France, Germany and Italy, wandering on foot and living goodness knows how. It was 1756 before he returned to England and became assistant to an apothecary. Then he turned proof-reader and finally became editor of the *Monthly Review*. He lost that work and was so hard up that he had to pawn his clothes to pay his landlady. But his essays had attracted the attention of booksellers and he began to write steadily. In 1766 "The Vicar of Wakefield" was published, and his reputation was made. In 1774 he wrote the famous play, "She Stoops to Conquer," and in the same year died of a fever. Of Goldsmith the great Dr Johnson said: "He touched nothing that he did not adorn."

William Cowper, famous as author of "The Task," was born in 1731 and was sent to Westminster School, which he hated. He was a sensitive man and rather delicate. He was very fond of the country and animals, and in his letters there is a delightful description

of the hares which he tamed and which roved round his study like cats or dogs.

The odd thing is that Cowper was middle-aged before he began to write, and nearly fifty when his friend, Lady Austen, persuaded him to write blank verse. No doubt he took Milton as his model, and though he had none of Milton's grandeur, his verse is charmingly sweet and serious. In 1794, a pension of £300 a year was granted him, but he did not live long to enjoy it, for he died in the year 1800.

Cowper was far in advance of his age. In a century when dumb animals had no rights under the law, and when bull-baiting and bear-baiting were common, he wrote:

"I would not enter on my list of friends,
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense
Yet wanting sensibility, the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm."

Scotland's National Poet

"Is not 'The Task' a glorious poem?" wrote Robert Burns. "The religion of 'The Task' . . . is the religion of God and Nature, the religion that exalts and ennobles man."



JOHN GILPIN'S FAMOUS RIDE

Rischgitz

A certain haberdasher of Paternoster Row is said to have been the original of John Gilpin. The story of his adventures amused the serious-minded Cowper so much that he spent a restless night laughing and turning it into rhyme. His ballad appeared anonymously in a newspaper, was recited by a popular actor, and at once achieved an enormous success. The artist, Thomas Stothard, here depicts Gilpin riding at full gallop past the house in Edmonton where he was to dine with his wife, who is waving frantically to him from the balcony above.

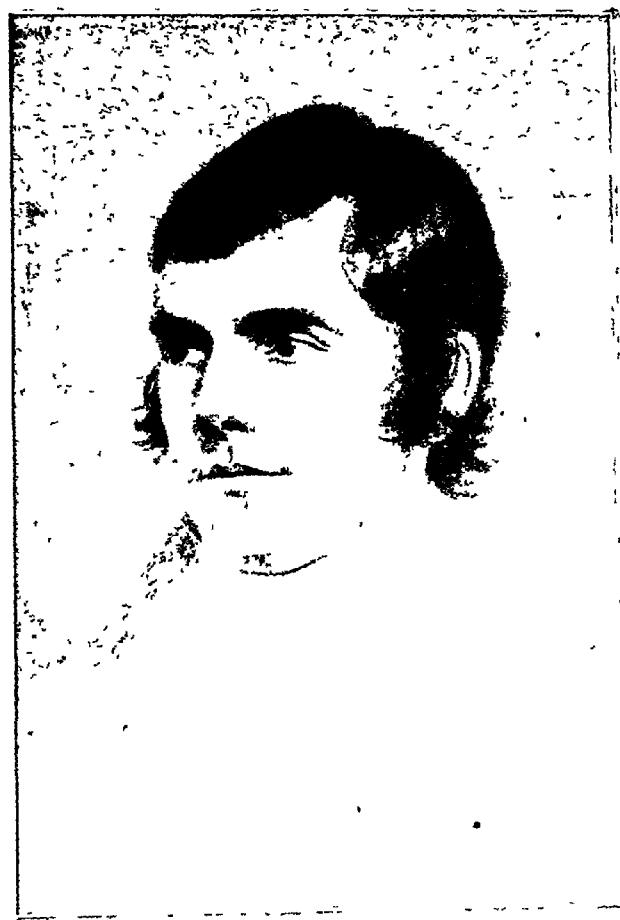
Though Burns and Cowper never met, each enjoyed the work of the other. Burns was born in 1759, the son of a small farmer, who in spite of his poverty gave his son a good education. True, he had little Latin and no Greek, but he knew French and was well read for his day.

Verses of 1785.

In 1784 his father died, and Burns had to try to farm for himself. He made a mess of it and turned to writing. "If," says a critic, "we had only the verses of 1785, Burns would remain the greatest of popular poets."

He wrote of what he knew, sketches of what he saw around him. "The Cottar's Saturday Night," "The Twa Herds," "The Jolly Beggars." Burns had a passionate love of the beautiful, a keen sense of humour and a deep sympathy with all those around him. Many of his poems are songs, beautiful, tender and passionate. His work is the very essence of poetry, and could rise to great heights.

He proved that when in 1795 he



THE NATIONAL POET OF SCOTLAND

Rischgitz

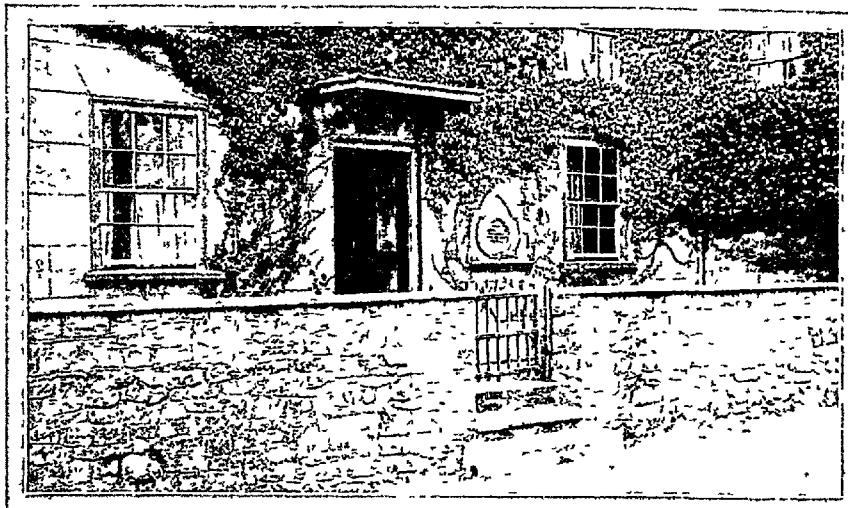
No writer is closer to the hearts of Scotsmen than Robert Burns, who has never been equalled as a poet in the use of the Scots dialect. Had he written nothing but "Auld Lang Syne," his name would still be a household word among English-speaking people.

wrote "A Man's a Man for a' that," two lines of which have been quoted perhaps more often than any other:

"The rank is but the guinea's stamp,
The man's the gowd for a' that"

Burns is by far the greatest of Scottish poets and one of the greatest of British

FIVE GREAT ENGLISH POETS



THE HOME OF COLERIDGE

J. Dixon Scott

In 1909 the National Trust acquired this house at Nether Stowey, in Somerset, a few miles from Bridgwater, because for three years (1797-1800) it was occupied by the poet Samuel Taylor Coleridge, who wrote in it some of his best-known works, including "Kubla Khan" and "The Ancient Mariner". While at Stowey Coleridge had as a neighbour William Wordsworth, with whom he was great friends.

IT was within sight of Derwent, "fairest of all rivers" in the poet's eyes, that William Wordsworth was born in the year 1770. He was educated at Hawkshead School and at Cambridge. In 1790 and again in the following year he visited France, and at first rejoiced in the liberation of France from its ancient tyranny. But the hideous anarchy and murderings that followed saddened him and turned his mind back to his own country. Of all our poets none had a more passionate devotion to England than William Wordsworth.

Although he was so entirely different from Burns, Wordsworth dearly loved his poetry and wrote of him.

"As him who walked in glory and in joy

Following his plough along the mountain side"

For a time Wordsworth was badly off, but in 1795 a friend left him £900, a

sum which was a small fortune to a man of Wordsworth's simple tastes. In 1802 he married Mary Hutchinson, whom he had known since they were both children together, and from then on lived a very happy and peaceful life in his much-loved dales. In 1839 Oxford gave him an honorary degree and in 1843 he became Poet Laureate. On his visit to London he met Tennyson, of whom he said: "He is the first of our living poets, and I hope will live to give the world still better things."

He lived to be eighty, was buried at Grasmere in the dales which he praised so often in beautiful verse. Of all our great poets Wordsworth's life was the happiest and that because his whole heart was full of love for God, for beauty and for his fellow men.

"Sils Tomkyn Comberbacke."

What possessed Samuel Taylor Coleridge to give himself such an amazing name as this, under which he

enlisted in the 15th Dragoons he only could have told. In any case his enlistment was a crazy business, for he never learned to ride or manage a horse. Luckily some of his friends found him and bought him out.

Coleridge, son of a Devonshire parson, was an eccentric genius who read the "Arabian Nights" when he was four years old, and a little later was reading Homer in the Greek for the mere pleasure of reading it. At school he used to swim in the river in his clothes and let them dry on him, with the natural result that he got rheumatic fever. Later he and others formed a plan for going to America and starting a sort of Socialist colony, but luckily that fell through.

"The Ancient Mariner."

He sold a volume of poems for thirty guineas, and on the strength of this got married. He met Wordsworth, and the two became friends. Wordsworth came all the way down to Somerset to stay with him. He wrote prose and verse for the *Morning Post*.

Coleridge was a brilliant genius, but eccentric and unpredictable, and in the course of his wanderings he acquired the habit of taking opium, which very nearly wrecked both his health and mind. Friends were good to him, especially Wordsworth, and by degrees weaned him from the drug habit, so that in his old age he did some fine writing.

That fragment of a poem, "Kubla Khan," is perhaps his best known work. It is said that he conceived it in a dream, and was writing it down when interrupted, and that then the rest of



W. F. Mansell
ENGLAND'S GREATEST PHILOSOPHICAL
POET

This is a portrait, by F. R. Pickersgill (1820-1900), of William Wordsworth, who wrote so beautifully about Nature and simple things of everyday life. His poems teach us that beauty is not confined to what is rare or new, but lies all round us for us to see, if we trouble to look for it.

it passed from his mind. "The Ancient Mariner" is another of his works that will never be forgotten. Coleridge loved Nature, and wrote:

"No waste so vacant, but may well
employ

Each faculty of sense, and keep the heart
Awake to love and beauty."

Peer and Poet.

Lord Byron was another of the great school of English poets who, like Wordsworth, Coleridge and Shelley, came under the spell of the French Revolution, and hoped that it augured a new dawn for humanity

Of Byron, says his biographer, Professor Nicholls: "This scion of a long line of lawless bloods . . . was specially created to . . . smite the conventionality, which is the tyrant of England, with the hammer of Thor and to sear . . . the hollow hypocrisy, sham taste, sham morals, sham religion of the society by which he was surrounded"

Byron's life was a tragedy. Captain Byron, his father, was a bad man, and the boy's youth was made miserable by quarrels between his father and mother. Also he had a club foot, which was a constant torture to him. He was handicapped with an irritable vanity, and his life at Harrow and Cambridge was not a happy one.

His first book, "Hours of Idleness," was written in 1807. It was poor stuff and was savagely criticised in the *Edinburgh Review*.

"English Bards and Scottish Reviewers" was Byron's answer, and was better work. His first great success was "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage," in 1812, which ran through seven editions. It is said that he wrote "The Corsair" in ten days and "The Bride of Abydos" in four.

At this date he was the darling of London society, but this brought him little happiness. He went to Italy and lived there and later joined the movement for the independence of Greece. He went to Greece in 1823, struggled hopelessly against all sorts of difficulties, caught rheumatic fever, and died on April 19th, 1824.

Sad Shelley.

Descendant of an old and honourable

family, Percy Bysshe Shelley was educated at Eton and Oxford, but was sent down from the University for publishing a pamphlet called: "The Necessity of Atheism." While still at Eton he had begun to write, but his early efforts are very crude. Then he married Harriet Westbrook. He was nineteen and she only sixteen. She was pretty but foolish, and the marriage was a terrible failure which clouded the whole of Shelley's life. For a long time most of Shelley's work consisted of revolutionary pamphlets. It was not until 1815 that he produced his first work of note, the poem "Alastor." In the following year his wife Harriet was found drowned in the Serpentine, and the shock to Shelley was a heavy one.

Lost in a Storm.

Later, he went to live in Italy, and there his greatest and best work was done. His last great poem, "The Triumph of Life," was written in his boat near Casa Magni, his home close to the Gulf of Spezia. It was never finished, for while still at work he heard that his friend, Leigh Hunt, with his family, was arriving, and he and Lieutenant Williams set sail for Leghorn to meet them. A storm came on, the boat upset, and later the bodies of the poet and his companion were found on the shore.

Like many great poets, Shelley was far ahead of his time. He wrote:

"Never will peace and human nature
meet
Till free and equal man and woman
greet
Domestic peace."

That was a century before women were granted the vote.

A Poet of Beauty.

John Keats' first volume of poems was published in 1817. Only four years after, the poet died at the early age of twenty-five. Yet in his short life he

found time to write so many beautiful things that he will always hold a high place among English poets

John Keats was born in London, at Moorfields, and on leaving school he was apprenticed to a surgeon; but he disliked his work and soon gave it up to devote himself entirely to poetry, and it is our gain that he did so. For although he was to live but a few more years, his genius developed rapidly

Magical Words

Keats was a poet of beauty. To create beauty was his aim, and no one can say that he did not succeed in this. He had no lesson to convey in his writing, unless it was that of the magical power of words. It is this idea of his, that poetry should be written for its own sake, and without any thought of a moral lesson or secondary purpose, that gives his work something in common with the poetry of the Greeks. One of the finest things he has left us is his "On a Grecian Urn"

Keats was a great lover of Nature, and a keen observer, and this is



OUR MOST PICTURESQUE POET *W. F. Mansell*

George Gordon Byron became a peer by inheritance and the writer of romantic poems by genius and inclination. Of a restless nature, he travelled extensively, and he died of disease in Greece, whither he had taken a brig equipped at his own expense to aid the Greeks against the Turks

revealed in such beautiful poems as his odes to a nightingale and to autumn.

"Writ in Water."

At his own request, he had his tombstone inscribed with the words "Here lies one whose name was writ in water." But we may say of Keats, as he said of the nightingale "Thou wast not born for death, immortal Bird!"

John Keats died in Rome in 1821, and was buried there in the old Protestant Cemetery

FAMOUS VICTORIAN POETS



By permission of the Corporation of Liverpool

W. F. Mansell

ON THE ROAD TO CAMELOT

You have at least heard of Tennyson's well-known poem about "The Lady of Shalott," who lived on an island of that name. This picture, by G. H. Boughton, the original of which is in the Walker Art Gallery, Liverpool, illustrates the lines of the poem "Sometimes a troop of damsels glad, Sometimes a curly shepherd-lad, Or long-hair'd page in crimson clad, Goes by to tower'd Camelot."

IT is the fate of many poets to die before the world has roused to the fact that they were great, but, happily, Alfred, Lord Tennyson never suffered in this way. His genius was recognised while he was still a young man, and though many critics pelted him with abuse, at any rate he was never ignored.

"In Memoriam"

Alfred Tennyson was the fourth of seven sons of a Lincolnshire rector, and these brothers seem to have been amazingly fond of one another. To Frederick and Charles, his two elder brothers, Alfred was devoted. It was Charles who, when Alfred was a tiny boy, gave him a slate and told him to write some verses about the flowers in the garden.

"Yes," said Charles, when he read what the little lad had written, "you can write, Alfred."

Alfred went to Cambridge, where he made many friends, among them Arthur

Hallam, who, had he lived, might have been one of the greatest men of the nineteenth century. Tennyson's first poems appeared in 1830 and brought him much praise and some blame. For years the poet worked hard and lived hardly, for he was very poor. It was not until 1847 that his work, "The Princess," written in blank verse, brought him real fame and led to his becoming Poet Laureate in 1850. In the same year he published "In Memoriam," as a tribute to Arthur Hallam. "Maud," with its passion and beauty, was published in 1855. Ten years later appeared the "Idylls of the King."

Some men, once they have secured their fame, slacken off, but Tennyson never did so, and his works are spread out over a period of more than half a century. In 1884 Queen Victoria made him a baron of the United Kingdom. When he died, in 1892, his body found sepulchre in Westminster Abbey.

FAMOUS VICTORIAN POETS



One day the gay Sir
Lancelot rode past on his way to Shalott.
Threatened with a curse if she looked out through her window, the Lady of Shalott
watched passers-by in a mirror, "the curse is come upon me," until the curse was dead.
THE LADY OF SHALOTT
watched window to watch him
through her window, she stepped down the river, but before she reached
Camelot she was dead.
shows her making the useful journey
to Camelot, singing, she floated, sailing
in a boat, she embarked on a Waterhouse, R.A.
Lancelot the Lady of Shalott, picture, painted by J.W.

Tennyson, perhaps more than any other poet, realised the great truth that "Love is the fulfilling of the Law" He wrote.

"And he that shuts out love, in turn
shall be
Shut out from love, and on her
threshold lie
Howling in outer darkness"

He believed, too, in human brotherhood as.

"The one far off divine event
Towards which the whole creation
moves"

The Difficult Poet

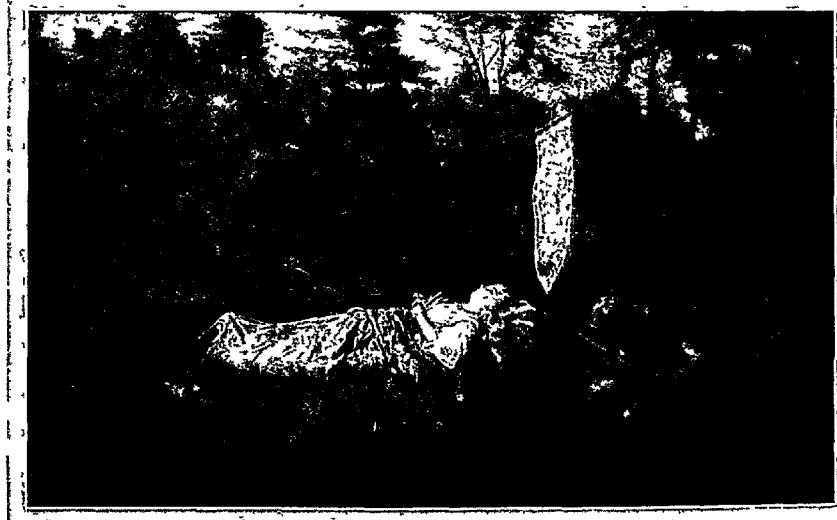
Robert Browning's style is often so obscure and difficult that the ordinary reader turns away from his poems with a feeling that they are too hard to read. Yet few, if any, men ever had more intense human sympathy or greater gifts of imagination than

Browning. "The Ring and the Book," an immense work of more than 21,000 lines, is a marvellous achievement and full of splendid passages.

Browning was born in London in 1812 and was educated by a private tutor. Before he was twenty years old he had a threefold reputation as poet, musician and modeller. In 1846 he married Elizabeth Barrett, herself the most distinguished of modern women poets. The two took up their home in Florence, where they lived in the greatest happiness.

If you want to know what was Browning's belief, you have it in these lines of his.

"But evil on itself shall back recoil
And mix no more with goodness;
if this fail
The pilared firmament is rotten-
ness
And earth's base built on stubble"

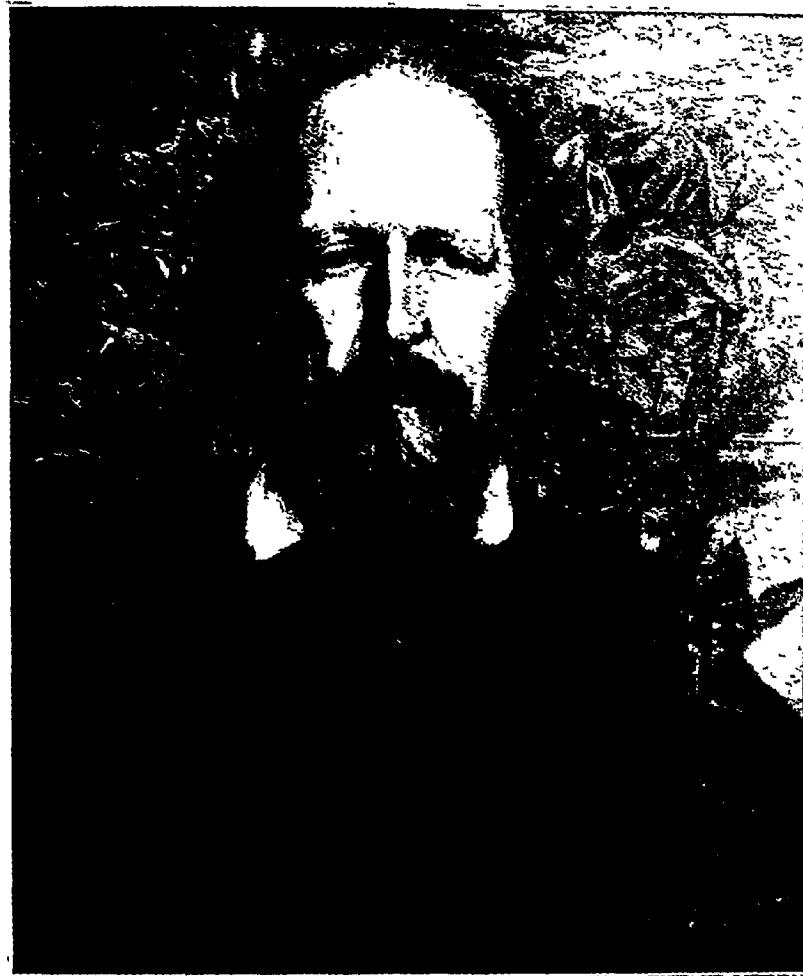


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Rischgits

THE LILY MAID OF ASTOLAT

In one of his Idylls of the King, entitled "Lancelot and Elaine," Tennyson tells the sad story of Elaine, the "Lily Maid of Astolat," who fell deeply in love with Lancelot and died of a broken heart when her love was not returned. Her body was laid on a barge steered by a dumb attendant, and carried down the stream to Camelot, where King Arthur gave it a royal burial. Our illustration is reproduced from a painting by Mrs Sophie Anderson, in the Liverpool Gallery.



THE POET-PEER

Rischgitz

Alfred Tennyson was both the most popular poet of the Victorian era, and a very learned man. He treated an astonishing variety of subjects and adorned most of them with very beautiful language. The author of the splendid "Idylls," the haunting "In Memoriam," the touching "May Queen" and "Enoch Arden," and the stirring "Ulysses" and "Charge of the Light Brigade"—to mention but a few of his works—was a poet indeed. He only of our poet laureates received the honour of a peerage. Our portrait is from a painting by G. F. Watts, R.A.

Browning died on December 12th, 1889, and his body was buried with those of other great poets in Westminster Abbey

The Poet of the Sea.

Born in 1837, Algernon Charles Swinburne belonged to an old North Country family and was educated at

Eton and Oxford He was a great friend of Dante Rossetti, whose story is given in our series of famous painters, and he began writing while still quite young He was only twenty-seven when his "Atalanta in Calydon" was published, a masterpiece which proved that the world was richer by another great poet

Swinburne was, above all writers, the poet of the sea He knew the sea

in every mood and could describe those moods in language which stirs the blood of every sea-lover He wrote plays and prose as well as poetry, but it is as a poet that he will be remembered

Though in his writing a rebel, Swinburne's life was always a quiet one, and the greater part of it he spent in the house of his friend, Theodore Watts Dunton



THE PIED PIPER OF HAMELIN

Rischgitz

Though Robert Browning's poems as a whole can hardly be regarded as popular, most children are acquainted with two of them "How they brought the Good News from Ghent to Aix" and "The Pied Piper of Hamelin". In the second of these Browning versifies the legend of the piper who in 1284 freed Hamelin of a plague of rats, and, when the promised money reward was not paid him, drew away all the children of the town by his piping and led them through an opening in a hill, which closed behind them. This picture of the Piper and his following is reproduced from a painting by J. E. Christie

LONGFELLOW AND EMERSON



THE RETURN OF HIAWATHA

Ruschke

The "Song of Hiawatha," published in 1855, is probably the most popular of the poems written by the American poet, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow (1807-1882). It ran through thirty editions in one year. In it Longfellow describes human character and life and natural objects from the point of view of an Indian minstrel, not from that of a white man. Our illustration, reproduced from a painting in watercolour by Houghton, shows us Hiawatha returning home with Minnehaha, who became his bride.

Of all American poets the most popular among English-speaking people is Longfellow. "The Courtship of Miles Standish," "Evangeline" and "Hiawatha" are read in every school where English is taught, and many young folk who have not much love for poetry will read "Hiawatha" for its story and the delightful word-pictures of Red Indian life.

A Poet of the People

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow was born in the State of Maine in 1807, and his parents, who were well off, gave him a good education. At college he gained such distinction in languages that he was sent to Europe to continue his studies. When he returned he married, but his charming wife did not

live long, and after her death Longfellow became Professor of Modern Languages at Harvard University.

In 1841 appeared his ballads, "The Skeleton in Armour," "The Village Blacksmith," "The Wreck of the Hesperus," and others, and the reading world awoke to the fact that a new and very gifted poet had arisen.

"The Building of the Ship" is, of all his poems, the best loved in America, but "Hiawatha" is most popular on the Eastern side of the Atlantic. Longfellow was a splendid-looking man. With his high forehead, massive head, full beard and silvery hair, he attracted the attention of everyone. And his nature was as fine as his looks, for he was always calm and amiable. Every-

one loved him and when he visited England he was received with the greatest honour

He was charmingly modest. He did not consider himself fit to stand among those whom he describes as:

"The bards sublime
Whose distant footsteps echo
In the corridors of time"

Yet there are poets with greater genius than his whose works we could more easily spare than those of this notable American writer

The Boy in Blue Nankeens

Somewhere about the year 1815 a boy attending the grammar school at Concord, Massachusetts, told his parents that there was a newcomer to the school, "a spiritual-looking boy in blue nankeens," whose looks he liked very much

This boy was Ralph Waldo Emerson, destined to great fame as poet and essayist. He came of a good New England family, and showed his genius early, for at ten years old he was turning Virgil into English verse for his own amusement. He went to Harvard University and afterwards became a schoolmaster. He was much liked by his pupils and, it is said, never had need to punish them. Afterwards he became a minister, but his views on religious matters led to a difference with his church and he left the pulpit and began a new career. He took to lecturing and soon made a name. He visited England and made friends with the great Carlyle, and these two men, utterly different in temper, began a correspondence that lasted for forty years

His Earliest Poems

In 1836 Emerson's first book of poems appeared. It was called very simply "Nature," and it took twelve years to sell 500 copies. But this was followed by "The American Scholar," a lecture delivered at Harvard, the echoes of which rang round the English-speaking world. It was a new event in the history of American literature and made a great reputation for Emerson



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Rischgitz

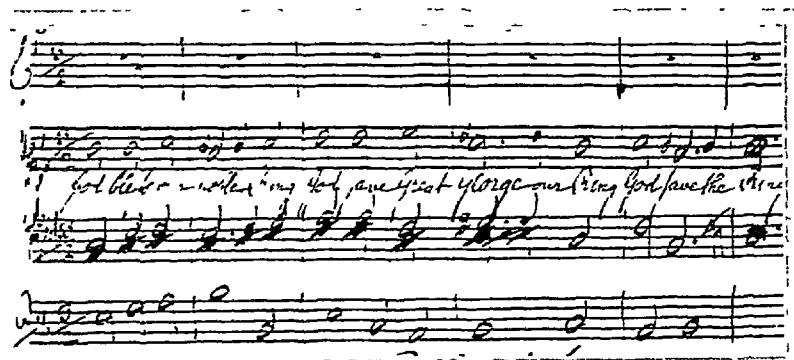
THE COURTSHIP OF MILES STANDISH

This picture illustrates the close of Longfellow's charming poem named above. Priscilla is riding to her new home on a "milk-white steer," holding the hand of her young husband, John Alden, to whom she has just been married. Readers who have not read that poem are advised to read it. The original painting from which this engraving was made is the work of L. J. Pott

The Lives of the Great Composers



A Story of Poverty and Genius



British Museum

AN EARLY VERSION OF OUR NATIONAL ANTHEM

The above reproduction shows us a very early version of our National Anthem, as performed at Drury Lane Theatre, London. It is believed that the air was composed by Dr John Bull (born in 1562), but the above version was written by Dr Thomas Augustine Arne, who was born in 1710, was educated at Eton and died in 1778. He composed "Rule Britannia." The precious score by Dr Arne, from which our illustration is taken, is in the British Museum.

THE MUSICIANS OF MERRY ENGLAND

LONG ago, when there were no smoky towns and crowded cities, this country of ours used to be called "Merry England." Our forefathers in those days lived in villages, and, although they worked hard at their various simple trades, they generally had plenty of time for merry-making.

A Wonderful Song.

English people of long ago had no cinemas and wireless to entertain them; consequently they had to provide their own pleasures. Our forefathers passed many of their evening hours in the singing of songs and in playing their quaint old instruments. Some of the country songs which the good folk of "Merry England" sang have come down to us, and we now call them "Folk-songs."

The very first English song which was ever written down was composed by a monk of Reading Abbey, named John of Fornsete. It was called *Sumer is icumen in*, which, as you can guess, means "Summer is a-coming in." Brother John, as this clever old monk was called, was very proud of his song, and he wrote it down in coloured inks on a sheet of parchment-paper which is preserved to this day in the British Museum, in London. You will see a photograph of this old piece of musical writing on page 148. It is the most interesting sample of old music of which we know.

Old John of Fornsete died in the year 1239, and then nearly 300 years went by before other musicians began to write down songs and music on paper. Then other men started to copy John of

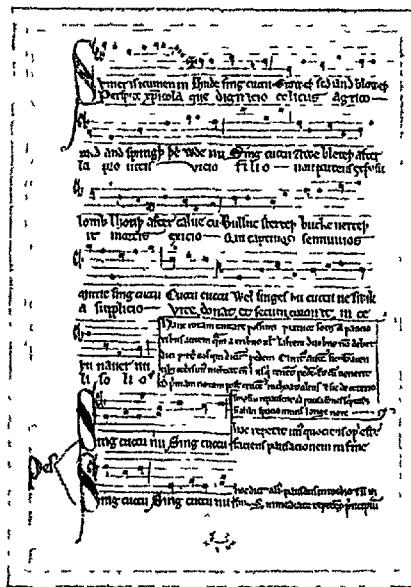
Fornsete's example They found out new ways of writing music on paper for other people to play, and from this time onwards much beautiful music was composed

"God Save the King."

One of the most famous of these old English musicians was Doctor John Bull, who composed "God Save the King."

One summer Doctor Bull went for a holiday in France, and he visited a famous French organist. The organist did not recognise Doctor Bull, but, nevertheless, he showed him a very difficult piece of music which was as yet unfinished.

Doctor Bull offered to finish the music for the organist, and early the



British Museum

SUMMER IS A-COMING IN

Here is the very first English song to be written down. It was composed nearly 700 years ago by a monk of Reading Abbey, who gave it the title "Sumer is icumen in." The music and words were prepared as a "round" for six voices. The parchment on which they are written is still preserved in the British Museum.

preserved in the British Museum

next day he locked himself in his room for three hours, during which time he completed the music. He then showed the finished music to the organist.

" Well," said the organist, " he that completed this music must either be the devil or Doctor John Bull "

This little story lets us see how really very clever Doctor Bull was, and how his fame had travelled abroad before him.

Some more Famous Musicians

Orlando Gibbons, Christopher Simpson, and John Blow, are the names of three famous old English musicians. Still another is Henry Carey, who composed the well-known song, "Sally in our Alley." Another English musician about whom we ought to know something is Doctor Arne, the composer of the stirring "Rule Britannia."

England's Greatest Composer.

Henry Purcell, who lived over 200 years ago, is by many people considered to be England's cleverest musician. He wrote a great deal of splendid music for violins and other instruments, and for orchestras, and he also composed many songs, some of which are sung at the present day.

Purcell was only very young when he showed a liking for music. His father taught him the violin, and afterwards his Uncle Tom gave him lessons also on that instrument.

Since we do not know very much about the life of Purcell, although he was such a clever composer, there are not many stories to tell about him. Indeed, Purcell has been called the "Shakespeare of Music," because, just as we know very little about the life of Shakespeare, so we know practically nothing about the real life of this great English composer.

We are told, however, that young Purcell was sent to a great musician, named John Blow, who, at that time was organist at Westminster

Abbey, in London Doctor Blow had not been Purcell's music master for very long before he realised that his young pupil was even cleverer than he himself. Before long, therefore, Doctor Blow gave up his post as organist at Westminster Abbey in order that young Purcell might become organist in his place. This was, indeed, a very kind action on the worthy doctor's part. From that time onwards Purcell became more and more successful as a composer.

After a time, Purcell thought that he would take a wife, and so he married a lady who had admired his music and his songs. His marriage did not prove a very happy one.

The Story of a Cruel Wife

This is how it came about Purcell had been very busy with his musical composing and teaching, and one night he returned home very late. It so happened that his wife was exceedingly angry on that night, and she refused to let Purcell into the house. The composer, therefore, had



THE "SHAKESPEARE OF MUSIC"

Rischgitz

You can see the original of this fine picture in the National Portrait Gallery, London. The artist was Closterman, and his subject Henry Purcell, who was born in 1658 and died when he was only thirty-six. Purcell wrote a great many anthems and much church music, in addition to operas, and is regarded as the greatest composer England ever had. He was once a chorboy.

to walk about the streets of London for many hours, and in so doing he caught a bad cold, with the result that he took to his bed, and died shortly afterwards.

Such was the sad end of England's great composer. Yet, although Purcell was only thirty-six years of age when he died, he composed an enormous quantity of music during his lifetime. Some of the music which he wrote is only just being discovered again at the present day, but his larger musical works are well-known and they are often played.

FAMOUS COMPOSERS OF OPERAS



Stage Photo Co

A SCENE IN VERDI'S OPERA "IL TROVATORE"

Scene I, Act II, of "Il Trovatore" is set in a gypsy encampment in the Biscayan mountains. The picturesque and colourful surroundings are such as to impress any audience, as can be understood from the above illustration. Giuseppe Verdi was born in 1813, and lived till 1901. "Il Trovatore" was first performed as long ago as 1852.

ONE of the first musicians to compose operas was named Christopher Gluck. Although this composer lived 200 years ago, some of his operas are still performed in our theatres. This shows how good the operas of Gluck are, for if they had been poor ones they would have been forgotten long ago.

Gluck was a very famous composer, but, like many other clever people, he had some strange ways. When he wished to compose a new song for his operas he would go out into the middle of a big field, and would take with him a few sheets of music-paper and one or two bottles of champagne. He would then sit down in the middle of the field in the full glare of the sun, and drink his champagne, and afterwards go to sleep. After he had wakened, he would unroll his music-paper, take his pencil from his pocket, and then write down the song or music which he wanted.

You will think that these were very strange ways of composing music, and you will certainly have reason on your side. Nevertheless, Gluck produced some of his best music under these conditions.

By Strange Methods

Again, when Gluck wanted to compose some music for the dancers in his operas he would arrange all the chairs in his room to represent the scenery of a stage, and then he would get someone to dance between the rows of chairs while he played a tune on some musical instrument. In this way, the tune which he wanted would come into his head, and he would then write it down on paper.

The year before Gluck died, another famous opera composer was born. He was named Carl Maria Friedrich Ernst von Weber, but, as his name is such a long one, we will call him Weber.

Weber was a very clever composer,

and when he was young he obtained a post as a musician to the German King. This King was really half crazy, and he was so enormously fat that a space had to be cut into his dining-table to allow him to sit down comfortably at it. This King treated poor Weber very badly, and once he sent him to prison. However, Weber was not confined for long. On being released he left the service of the King, and began to write operas for the German theatres.

A Musical Fairy Story.

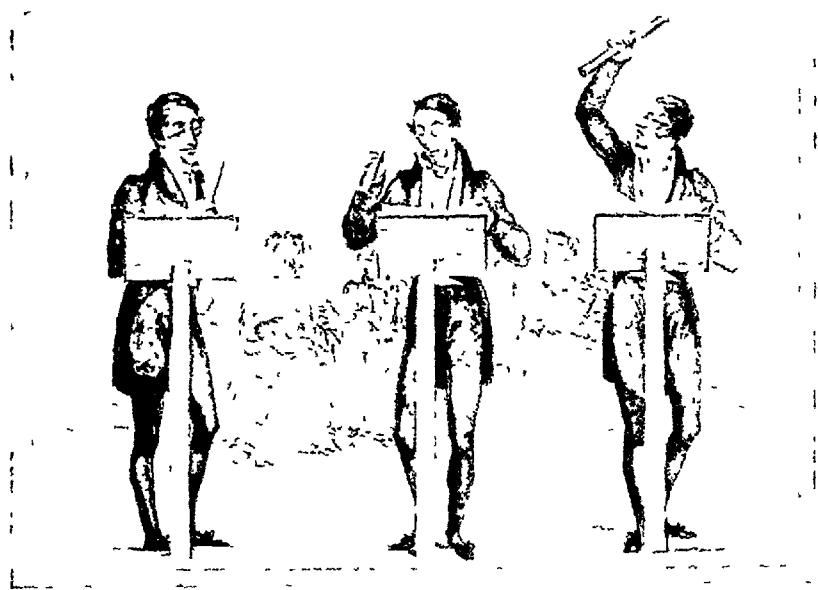
One of the best operas which Weber wrote was called "Oberon," which is really a fairy story set to music. Gluck, as we have seen, would have gone out into the fields with his bottles of champagne to write the tunes of such an opera, but Weber would never

have dreamt of doing such a thing. When Weber was asked to write the opera of "Oberon" the manager of the theatre wanted him to finish it within three months.

"Three months," said Weber. "That will only give me time to read the words."

Weber, you see, composed his music very slowly. Perhaps this was because he was always delicate in health, and so could not work for any length of time without having a rest.

There is one very interesting thing which we should remember about Weber. He was the first composer to use the *baton* or stick for conducting an orchestra. Every conductor of an orchestra uses this little stick to beat time with nowadays, but before Weber's day conductors used to beat the time with their hands. At first



THE FIRST CONDUCTOR WITH A BATON

Rischgitz

Carl Maria Friedrich Ernst von Weber, if not born with a silver spoon in his mouth, at least came of a distinguished family, and we think of him in our day as Weber the Composer. He was the first conductor of an orchestra to use a baton, as is shown in the caricature reproduced above. 1786 was the year of his birth, and he died in London in 1826 after producing "Oberon," for the purposes of which opera he learned to speak the English language.

everybody thought Weber was very strange for using a stick to conduct an orchestra, but in modern times we should all think it rather curious if we saw a conductor who did *not* use his stick or *baton* for that purpose

More Composers of Operas

You could hardly imagine a more thoroughly lazy man than Rossini, the composer of many beautiful operas. Rossini was tremendously fat, and this made him so lazy that he would often stay in bed for days on end. Rossini, however, wrote a great deal of his

music in bed, and, therefore, perhaps was not so lazy as some folks thought him to be

The Lazy Composer.

One morning Rossini was sitting up in bed, busily engaged in composing some songs for a new opera which he was writing. He had just finished a song when the paper on which he had written it slipped from his bed on to the floor. Anybody else would have got out of bed and found the sheet of music, but Rossini was far too lazy to think of doing anything like that. Instead, he immediately composed another song to take the place of that which had fallen from his bed!

Railway trains invariably frightened Rossini, and when he wanted to travel from place to place he always used to ride in a gipsy's caravan, along with his dog, of which he was very fond. This dog must have been a very wonderful one indeed, because Rossini once wrote a piece of music specially for its birthday, although we may be perfectly sure that the dog would have enjoyed a good bone more. However, as we can see from the above stories, Rossini was a very strange man, and therefore people were not very greatly surprised at anything he did.

A still more famous composer of operas was called Giuseppe Verdi. Verdi lived to be a very old man, but even when



OTELLO, ACT II., SCENE I

LEA

Verdi wrote "Othello" in the year 1887. The opera has four acts. The incident shown in the above illustration represents the re-union of Othello and Desdemona on the arrival of the Moor at Cyprus, with Sir H. Beerbohm Tree as Othello and Miss Neilson-Terry as Desdemona.

he was old he still composed operas, and he said that the reason why he lived so long was that he had always worked hard

Verdi's life was at one time very sad, for his two children and his wife died all within a few weeks of each other. This great sorrow made him work all the harder, so that he might try to forget these dreadful happenings. In time Verdi became very rich and famous, but he never forgot the sad times through which he had passed.

For Music's Sake

There is a very interesting story told about Verdi, and it is worth repeating here because it shows us how little the composer cared for himself, and how much he cared about his music.

One day after Verdi had become famous, he walked into the theatre to conduct a rehearsal of a new opera which he had just composed. As soon as he entered the theatre all the musicians and singers cheered him very heartily.

Verdi seemed pleased, but evidently he did not think himself very important, for he said: "I thank you all, but I will thank you more if you do better in your performance of my opera than you did last time!"

Verdi's opera was to him of more importance than Verdi himself, and that is perhaps how matters should have been. Verdi worked hard for the sake of his music, which brought him,



DANCING IS JOLIER THAN WORK! Copyright

The opera "Hansel and Gretel" was the work of a German named Engelbert Humperdinck, and soon became as popular in other countries as it was in Germany. In this picture, from Act I, Scene I, we see Gretel wheedling Hansel into a better humour. Gaily she wrests the broom from him, and offers to teach him a dance. "Brother, come and dance with me!" she says.

As soon as he thanks to its popularity, a large fortune. He left nearly all his money when he died to a home for poor musicians, which he had founded during his lifetime, so that musicians less fortunate than he had been should be well cared for in their old age.

The Greatest of Opera Composers

No composer has ever written greater operas than did Richard Wagner, who lived in Germany years ago. Yet it is surprising that at the time when Wagner wrote his operas very few

'MIDST THE MURMURS OF THE FOREST



Hans Tietgen

This is a scene from the opera "Siegfried," by Richard Wagner. The man who plays the name-part is stretched comfortably under a tree and falls into a reverie, wondering what the father and mother he never knew were like. Sighing gently, he leans still further back, and a deep silence settles upon the scene till the song of a bird in the branches overhead seems to bring to him a message that he understands.

THE TWILIGHT OF THE GODS



Hansjængl

The opera, "The Twilight of the Gods," lasts for close upon five hours if played at its full length. It was written by Richard Wagner. The scene illustrated above shows us the last journey of Siegfried after his death from Hagen's treacherous spear-thrust. Gunther follows the bearers as they carry Siegfried's remains over the rocky heights towards the Hall of the Gibichungs.

people liked them. However, Wagner continued to compose operas, and, in time, people began to see that these "Music-Dramas," as Wagner called his operas, were really better than any operas which had ever been written before.

Wagner was very poor when he was a young man, and he and his wife had often to go without food. But as Wagner became famous he grew richer and richer, until, in the end, he gained so much money that he was able to build a theatre in Germany specially for the playing of his operas.

Wagner's "Composing Costume"

Wagner was rather a strange man, and many true stories are told about his ways. Wagner could not compose music unless he was dressed in very fine apparel. For this reason he used to wear beautiful velvet and satin clothes, and a large velvet hat. He called this

dress his "composing costume," and in these strange clothes would sit for hours composing his mighty operas.

A friend called to see Wagner one day and he was very surprised to find that Wagner was dressed in pink silks, just like a Prince from an old story book would be expected to be dressed. However, the friend made up for this surprise, because, a few days later, when Wagner came to see him, he clad himself in an ordinary dressing-gown around which he placed a cork life-belt, so that he really looked very comical indeed. Wagner certainly did not like this joke, but perhaps he saw the reason for it, because he never dressed like that again for his friend. No doubt it was very vain of Wagner to dress in such costly clothes but, as he explained, he could not compose music without his satins and his silks, and, therefore, he was really forced to wear them.



THE MASTERSINGERS OF NUREMBERG

"Die Meistersinger von Nürnberg" as the title of Richard Wagner's famous opera is usually written, was composed round the lines of the old-time German contests of song, which were conducted on very strict rules. The picture above shows Eva pouring out her heart to the old mastersinger Sachs and Walther stands by her. Magdalena and David, both dressed for the festival, are entering. They join in singing a fine quintet.



RICHARD WAGNER AT HOME

James & Press

In the centre of this group is the great German composer, Wagner, who was born at Leipzig in 1813 and died in Venice in 1883. With him are his wife, Cosima, and the Abbé Liszt. Wagner used to wear beautiful velvet and satin clothes and a large velvet hat, because he could only compose to his satisfaction when dressed in this costume.

One year Wagner came to England from Germany. During the voyage, the sea was so rough that Wagner was in great fear of being shipwrecked. In fact, so rough was the voyage that the ship took nearly a month to reach London. However, Wagner heard many strange stories about the sea from the sailors of the ship, and afterwards he put all these tales together in a new opera which he called "The Flying Dutchman," and which tells of a strange ship doomed to journey over rough seas for ever.

The German King who Helped.

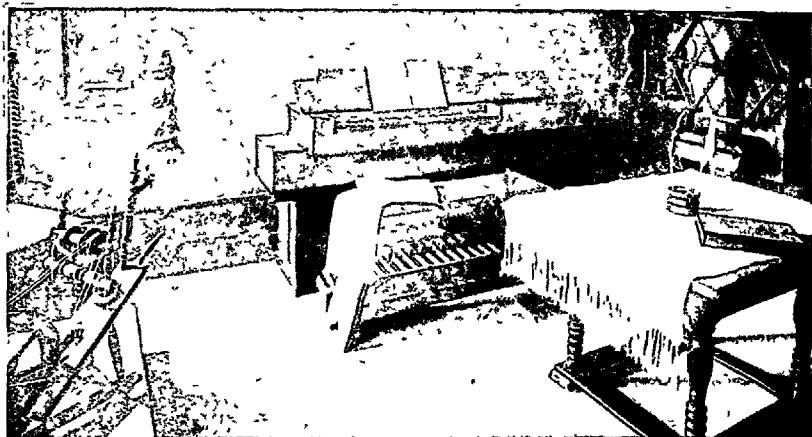
Wagner was always fond of old stories and legends, and, later on, he became known to an old King in Germany who had similar tastes, and lived in a castle perched high up on

the top of a mountain. King Ludwig, such was his name, took a great fancy to Wagner, and helped him to get his new operas performed at theatres.

Writing Music-Dramas

Wagner wrote long books about music. He wrote plays, too, and he did other things which showed him to be a gifted man. However, it is by his wonderful operas, or "Music-Dramas," that Wagner will always be remembered. These are often played in our theatres nowadays, and if you ever have the chance to see and hear one of Wagner's great music-dramas, you should take it. While listening to the music you will perhaps recall to your mind what has been here said about the curious habits of the genius who created it.

THE GRAND OLD MAN OF MUSIC



THE SIMPLE SITTING-ROOM OF BACH

James's Press

Like so many great composers of music, John Sebastian Bach was a German. He was born in 1685, and died at Leipzig in 1750. Bach's pieces are all noble and learned. This photograph shows us the musician's sitting-room, with its clavichord, the instrument used before our present-day piano was perfected. Bach also composed music for the organ.

ALL musicians, players and composers alike, know the music of John Sebastian Bach, who lived in Germany many, many years ago. They call him the "Grand Old Man of Music" because his compositions are so noble and profound. Bach wrote a book of music which he called "Forty-eight Preludes and Fugues," and these compositions are so often played by every musician that this volume is now called "The Musicians' Bible."

Bach's family were all gifted musicians, but although Bach himself was such a clever composer for the organ and for other instruments he always remained very poor, and he was never able to travel about like many other composers did. Still, Bach lived very happily with his wife and family, and all day long he composed beautiful music, taught the organ to pupils, and conducted orchestras.

Bach and Frederick the Great.

The fame of Bach spread through

Germany, and one day the King—Frederick the Great—sent for Bach to play before him at Court. Bach was an old man at this time, but nevertheless undertook the journey to the King's Court immediately. At the time of his arrival the King was at supper. The King, however, sprang up from his table, saying to his courtiers "Gentlemen, Bach is here!"

"Only One Bach!"

Stained as he was with the dust of the road, Bach was taken without delay to play upon one of the new pianos of which the King was very proud. So beautifully did the composer play, weary and tired though he was, that the King exclaimed "There is only one Bach! Only one Bach!"

Even in our own times people often repeat those words of the King, Frederick the Great, and when they say "There is only one Bach," they mean that Bach was one of the greatest musicians who ever lived, and unrivalled in some respects.

BACH AND FREDERICK THE GREAT



This beautiful picture, the original of which was painted by Carl Rohling, shows Bach entertaining Frederick the Great. The fame of the composer at the time had spread all through Germany, and one day Bach was sent for to play at Court upon one of the newly-invented pianos, of which the King was very proud. So delightfully did the composer play, that Frederick exclaimed "There is only one Bach! Only one Bach!"

HANDEL—COMPOSER OF "THE MESSIAH"



HANDEL AND KING GEORGE I

Rischgitz.

George Frederic Handel first saw the light in 1685, in Saxony, and died in 1759, when he was quite blind. In Germany he was in the service of the royal personage who afterwards became King George I of England. When he was about twenty-five years old, Handel came to England, where he stayed for the remainder of his days, and, in the above picture, we see the composer in the company of his patron, George I, in a State barge.

EVERY Christmas-time musicians and singers are very fond of playing a sacred musical work which is called "The Messiah," and which, perhaps, you have heard yourself at that time of the year. A very famous composer wrote this music. His name was George Frederic Handel, and he lived nearly two hundred years ago.

Strangely enough, when Handel was a tiny boy his father wanted to make a great lawyer of him, and he would not hear of his son's learning music. But young George Frederic could think of nothing else but music, and he was determined to become a musician when he grew up.

Handel and his "Clavichord"

What do you think the boy Handel did in order that he might learn music for himself? He got a trusted friend

to drag an old *clavichord* (which is the name of an instrument used before pianos were invented) away up to a dusty old attic at the top of his house, and there, when his father was away on business, or when everybody had gone to bed, young Handel would practise very softly upon his clavichord until his fingers ached and his eyes became dim with sleepiness.

When Handel reached manhood he became very stout indeed. He was so broad and fat, and his hands and feet were so big, that people spoke of him as the "Great Bear." Perhaps, also they called him by this name because of his manner, although at times he could be as jolly and good-tempered as anyone else.

Handel did not like practical jokes, and sometimes his friends used to play such jokes on him just to see him fly in-



Photographische Gesellschaft

THE BOY WHO TRIED TO LEARN MUSIC SECRETLY

Even as a little fellow Handel, composer of "The Messiah," had a perfect passion for music, and was filled with ambition. His father, however, did not encourage his talent, for he wanted George to become a lawyer. Full of determination, the younger had an old musical instrument known as a clavichord secretly placed in a dusty attic at the top of the house, and there he would play long after the family had retired to rest. On one occasion, as is illustrated above, the boy was missed from his bed and discovered in the attic by his father.

to a violent temper. One day Handel was to conduct his orchestra for a rehearsal at the theatre, but before the orchestra began to play some mischievous person managed to un-tune all the instruments. As soon as Handel raised his hand for the orchestra to commence his ears were greeted by a horrible noise instead of the sweet and smooth music which he had expected.

Immediately Handel flew into so towering a rage that he tore off the fashionable wig which he was wearing and flung it at the player who was unfortunate enough to be nearest to him. Not satisfied with this, Handel next jumped on to one of the big drums of the orchestra, smashing it completely, and, at the same time, shouting at the

top of his voice to everybody present. No ordinary person, of course, would have acted in this way. In fact, such behaviour was quite inexcusable, even in a man like Handel, yet he was so great a musical genius that he simply had to be forgiven for his act.

A Story about Handel.

However, as has been mentioned, Handel could be very good-humoured when he wanted to. One day, during a rehearsal, the composer was accompanying a famous singer upon a *harpsichord*—an instrument which, like the clavichord, was a forerunner of the piano.

The singer did not like Handel's manner of playing and said "Sir, if you do not change your style of accompaniment I will jump upon your harpsichord and smash it!"

Handel had a ready answer for the angry singer. "Let me know," he said, "when you will do that, and I will advertise the fact, for I am sure that more people will come to see you jump than will come to hear you sing!"

The Hallelujah Chorus

Despite all his failings of temper, Handel was a very pious man, and, indeed, much of his music is of a solemn and religious kind. We have already seen that he composed "The Messiah," which is one of the greatest pieces of sacred music that has ever been written.

When Handel was writing the part of "The Messiah" which is called "The Hallelujah Chorus" he said: "I did see all Heaven open before me, and the great God Himself."



GEORGE FREDERIC HANDEL *Rischgitz*

This is a portrait of Handel, the great German musician, who is remembered specially for "The Messiah," composed in 1741, a sacred work often performed at Christmas and at Easter. We think of Handel as a great master of "oratorio," the name applied to a musical composition of a religious character.

HAYDN—MUSICIAN OF THE COUNTRYSIDE



HAYDN PLAYS ONE OF HIS COMPOSITIONS

James's Press

The year 1732 saw the birth of Franz Joseph Haydn near Vienna. He composed at least 150 symphonies before he died in the city of Vienna in 1809. In the above illustration we see Haydn playing one of his own compositions before an enraptured circle of friends and admirers. The great composer loved country life, and wrote down much of his music on scraps of paper during walks through fields and woodlands.

YEARS ago there lived a musician whom everybody liked. His name was Joseph Haydn, and people used to call him "Papa Haydn" because he was so kind and good-humoured. Joseph Haydn wrote music for orchestras, pieces for the piano, songs, sacred music, and lots of other music besides. Although he lived in Germany he visited England and gave concerts in London. But the English weather did not suit Haydn. The London fogs gave him rheumatism, and coughs and colds. Consequently, he did not stay very long in this country.

Haydn was really a very merry soul, and we may suspect that he had a great liking for practical jokes, as the following story will show.

Haydn plays a Joke

When he gave big concerts Haydn noticed that some of the people actually went to sleep, and, of course, this sort of thing did not exactly please him. So he composed a very special piece of music for his orchestra which is now called "The Surprise Symphony." Right in the middle of this piece there is

a lot of very quiet and soft music which Haydn wrote for the benefit of those people who went to sleep at his concerts. Then, very suddenly, the soft music gives place to torrents of sound from every instrument in the orchestra.

"This will make all the women scream," chuckled Haydn, as he wrote the music. And, sure enough, it did, so that we may be certain that nobody went to sleep comfortably again at Haydn's concerts, for fear of a similar sudden awakening!

"Papa Haydn" was not always famous. His father was a maker of cart wheels, and was so poor that he could hardly afford to bring up his family. However, young Joseph Haydn made a violin for himself, and he practised very hard on this. Afterwards someone gave him a rickety old instrument like a piano, and he learned to play that, too.

Joseph was only very young when he began to compose music, and at this time of his life he would write down his music on scraps of paper as he wandered about the fields near

his home Haydn was born in the country, and he loved the countryside all his life. Indeed, most of the music which he has left us was written in the country. That is why many people call Haydn the "Musician of the Countryside."

The Razor Quartet

There is still another delightful story about Haydn which deals with one of his famous *Quartets*—a quartet, as you will probably be able to guess, being a piece of music written for four instruments.

A certain publisher of music once visited Haydn to ask him to write some special music for a concert

When the publisher arrived at Haydn's house, he found the composer very busy shaving himself.

Haydn was not very happy at that moment, for his razor was dull, and he had cut himself rather badly.

"I would give my best quartet for a good razor," said Haydn impatiently, whereupon his visitor, acting upon his words, immediately went away and bought Haydn a brand-new razor.

The composer afterwards was as good as his word, and he gave a specially-written quartet to the music publisher as a return for his present. This piece of music is played in concerts to this day, and is called "The Razor Quartet" in memory of Haydn and his razor.



Rischgitz

A MUSICIAN CROSSES THE CHANNEL

Joseph Haydn paid at least two visits to England. On one of his journeys to this country the ship passed through a terrible storm. In the above picture, after the artist Hamman, the incident is realistically illustrated. It is interesting to note that this adventure afloat so affected the composer that it afterwards found expression in the powerful piece "The Seasons," and in his oratorio "The Creation."

THE STORY OF MOZART



Photographische Gesellschaft

MOZART PLAYING IN PARIS

Born at Salzburg in 1756 Wolfgang Amadeus Chrysostom Mozart was one of the most wonderful boys who ever lived. When he was only six years of age he could actually compose original music for the piano. In the above picture we see this great Austrian composer delighting an audience in Paris, for he toured through many of the chief cities of Europe and also visited London.

HERE lived a very long time ago a humble musician and his wife, who had two children, a girl and a boy. The boy, whose name was Wolfgang Mozart, was one of the most wonderful boys that have ever lived. When he was only three years old he could play little tunes with both hands on the harpsichord, which, as perhaps you know, is an old instrument not unlike a piano in appearance, and at six years of age Mozart could play the most difficult music without making a single mistake. He also began to compose music at a very early age.

The Boy who played to Kings and Queens

As you may well expect, Mozart's father was exceedingly proud of his young son—so much so that he took him up and down the country and showed him to all the great people of

the land. In this way, Mozart, when he was barely six years old, played to kings and queens, and great lords and ladies, and he made a name for himself as a marvellous boy musician.

A few years afterwards, Mozart began to compose music in real earnest. He composed a whole opera before he was thirteen, and by the time he reached manhood he had, for his age, written an extraordinary amount of music.

All Mozart's music is very beautiful indeed. There is nothing harsh and heavy about it, it is all tuneful and sweet. That is the reason why Mozart's music is played so much in our days, for, although Mozart died more than 100 years ago, his tunes still remain fresh, and everybody enjoys them as much as ever.

When Mozart grew up to be a man,

and to be a famous composer, a young man approached Mozart and asked him to give him some hints on the writing of music. Mozart replied by telling the young man that he was much too young to think about composing.

"But," said the young man to Mozart, "you were much younger when you began to compose."

"Ah, yes, that is true," Mozart replied, "but then, you see, I did not ask anybody how to compose."

We see from this quaint story that Mozart had very little idea of how he

composed all his beautiful music. The music merely came to him as a gift from Heaven, and all he did was to write it down on paper. That, indeed, is the way in which all really great composers write their music for others to play and to enjoy. The moral of the above story is that one cannot *learn* to compose any more than one can learn to write a famous poem or story.

Dancing for Warmth

One day a friend called to see Mozart. It was a cold winter's day, and the snow lay on the ground outside. The caller was very surprised to find Mozart and his wife dancing about the room.

"We are very cold," they said, "and we have no wood to make a fire."

The composer and his wife were dancing to keep themselves warm. You can realise to what straits poverty had reduced them at that time.

Through Overwork

However, Mozart soon had better fortune and, as we have learned, he became very famous. Unfortunately, he worked too hard, with the result that his health broke down. He became consumptive, and soon afterwards he died, while still quite a young man.

That is the story of Wolfgang Mozart, the wonderful boy musician, who later became a world-famous composer.



PRESENTED TO HIS EMPRESS

W. F. Mansell

The Empress Maria Theresa was a wonderful personality in the eighteenth century, when she ruled from Vienna a large portion of Europe. As we see in this picture, the youthful Mozart was called to appear before her Majesty. This can, however, have been no great ordeal to the boy musician, for he played to kings and queens and courtiers when only six years old.



Rischgitz

MOZART THE COMPOSER AT THE POINT OF DEATH

This picture, after the artist O'Neil, shows us the great composer Mozart in the final hours of his life when his keen interest in music was in no sense dimmed, as we can tell from the people grouped round his bed. He died in Vienna in 1791, whilst still a young man. It is sad to relate that, despite his fame and the fact that he composed so much fine music and played for the entertainment of kings and queens, Mozart passed away in a state of most terrible poverty

LUDWIG VON BEETHOVEN



L.E.A.

THE BIRTHPLACE OF THE COMPOSER

Here is a photograph, taken at Bonn, in Germany, of the very room in which Ludwig von Beethoven was born in 1770. Beethoven is regarded as the greatest composer of music the world has ever known. It is a very strange fact that, at the time when he was producing some of his finest scores, he was stone-deaf.

THE name of the greatest composer that the world has ever known is Ludwig von Beethoven. He lived in Germany just a little over a hundred years ago, and when he died the world knew only too well that it had lost its greatest musical genius.

Beethoven was a very ugly man. He was sour-tempered, too, and, strangest of all, he was stone-deaf when he wrote the best of his music. It is very remarkable to read about a deaf man composing music, especially when such a man turns out to be a very great composer.

The Strange Composer.

Beethoven's deafness came on gradually. He was very fond of the woods and the country, and, one day whilst walking in a forest, he found that he could not hear the birds singing. After

that time his deafness became more and more terrible. He went to many different doctors, but none of them could help him. At last he became so deaf that when he stood on the concert platform he was unable to hear the clapping of his audience, and he had to be turned round so that he might see the audience applauding his works.

Poor Beethoven's deafness made him very miserable at times, and it also made him ill-humoured. He had no home of his own, and he never married, so he had to live in lodgings all his life. Beethoven, however, could never get on with his landladies, and as a consequence we find that he was always moving from one house to another.

It is really no wonder that Beethoven fell out with the keepers of his lodgings, since his customs were very strange. For instance, when he wanted to compose he had a habit of pouring

A DREAMER OF WONDERFUL MUSIC



Hanslauer

Beethoven was fond of the countryside, and especially of woods, and, before his sense of hearing failed, delighted in listening to the song of the birds. Thus great German composer is described as being a very ugly man, but the face in the portrait reproduced above gives one the impression of tremendous strength of will and force of character. Beethoven died in 1827.

cold water over his hands, and then he would stride about his room, shouting almost at the top of his voice, and thus disturbing everyone in the house.

Again, Beethoven would sometimes wash his hands in a basin of water, and afterwards, without thinking, he would empty the basin on to the middle of the floor. This, of course, got him into trouble with the owners of the house, for they did not always realise what a musical genius he was.

Beethoven and his Brother

Beethoven had a brother who was a very proud man, and who had gained a large fortune, with a portion of which he had bought a big estate. This brother came to see Beethoven in his lodgings one day, but it happened

that the composer was out walking at the time. Beethoven's brother, however, left a visiting-card for the composer to see, and on it was printed —

JOHANN von BEETHOVEN.
Land Owner.

When Beethoven returned he was so annoyed at the stupid pride displayed by the words that he wrote the following on the back of the card —

LUDWIG von BEETHOVEN
Brain Owner

and then returned the card to his proud brother.

Although Beethoven had such strange ways, he could appreciate a good joke at times. One day a lady who admired his music very much wrote to him for a lock of his hair. Beethoven in



A STUDY IN EXPRESSION

Hans Staengl

Though, of course, we cannot ourselves hear the music which Beethoven is here playing, this beautiful engraving shows plainly enough that it is affecting his listeners deeply. Beethoven had no home of his own, and was never married. Towards the end he was so deaf that he could not even hear the applause of his audiences.



BEETHOVEN BEFORE HIS PIANO

James's Press

In this illustration we see the composer Beethoven sitting, lost in thought, before his piano. It was not always in this attitude, however, that he carried out his compositions. Sometimes he would pour cold water over his hands as he strode up and down the room, shouting almost at the top of his voice.

reply sent the lady a tuft of hair cut from a goat's beard. This the lady treasured very greatly until she found out that it was not the hair of the composer. Hearing of her disappointment, however, Beethoven again wrote to her, telling her how sorry he was for the joke which he had played on her, and enclosing this time a real lock of hair from his head.

His Many Friends

These are only some of the many quaint stories which are told about the

composer, but from them you will be able to see what a most extraordinary person he was.

In spite of all his eccentric ways, Beethoven had many friends, and they flocked round him in his later days and looked after him as best they could. Beethoven continued to write his wonderful music almost to the very day of his death. No composer has been able to write greater and finer music than Beethoven did. He is, indeed, "The Greatest Composer who has ever lived."

FRANZ SCHUBERT



AN EVENING WITH SCHUBERT

W F Mansell

This picture, painted by a Viennese artist, gives us a good idea of an evening party arranged for his friends by the great Austrian composer, Franz Peter Schubert, who was born not far from Vienna in 1797, but lived only till 1828. Schubert wrote operas, symphonies, works for orchestras, and some hundreds of songs.

FRANZ SCHUBERT is the name of the musician who composed some of the most beautiful songs which have ever been known. Schubert composed over five hundred of them, besides a great deal of music for the piano and for orchestras, and because his songs and his music are so full of delightful tunes Schubert has very rightly been regarded as a great composer.

For many years of his life, poor Franz Schubert lived in a dingy old attic. He had only a bed, a chair, a table, and an old piano in his room, and he had to cook all his own meals—whenever he had enough money to buy food—and generally to look after himself. In spite of all this, it was in this little room that he composed all

his best music and his sweetest songs—on some occasions a dozen or more in the course of a single day.

How Schubert took a Holiday.

One day Schubert decided that he needed a holiday very badly. Some of his friends were going away, but he had no money to go with them. Schubert was very distressed at this, as you can well imagine. So he collected together a number of songs which he had written, and asked one of his friends to try to sell them to a music publisher for him.

The friend took Schubert's songs to a music publisher, but when the man saw the songs, he exclaimed: "What! More of Schubert's stuff," and was really very angry, because he thought

that no one would buy Schubert's songs

However, the publisher was at last persuaded to buy some of the songs, and he paid ten shillings for them, which was very poor payment indeed

Schubert, when he heard the news that his songs had been sold even for this small sum, was very pleased, and,

on the strength of the sale, he went on a short holiday with some friends

During this holiday Schubert and his companions visited a wayside inn, in which there was an old piano Schubert immediately sat down at the instrument and composed some more songs, which were even better than the others had been. On returning from his holiday Schubert sold these, and thus made a little more money

Thus did Schubert struggle through his all too short life, writing the beautiful songs which singers prize so much nowadays, merely to make enough money with which to buy food. When he could do this he was perfectly happy—at least, we will hope so

It is, indeed, sad to think that Schubert, one of the sweetest of musicians, should have found life so very hard. He died, in extreme poverty, at the age of thirty-one

Of the many songs which Schubert gave to the world the most famous is "Who is Sylvia, what is she?"



Photo, *raphische Gesellschaft*

THE COMPOSER AMONG HIS FRIENDS

The original picture from which this illustration was taken was painted by Carl Röhling, and gives us a glimpse of the composer, Schubert, among his intimate friends. How wonderful it must have been to hear some of these old-time masters playing their own works! Schubert's life was but a short one, spent wholly in the shadow of hard times

COMPOSERS OF FAIRY MUSIC



THE BIRTHPLACE OF SCHUMANN

Robert Schumann was a German composer who was born at the town of Zwickau, in Saxony, in the year 1800. The room that was his birthplace is illustrated above. He is best remembered for his beautiful and romantic music for the piano. Through an accident to one of his hands, the composer himself could not become a pianist.

THE names of two very famous composers of music are Robert Schumann and Felix Mendelssohn. These two musicians lived at the same time. They were both born in Germany. Schumann lived all his life in his native land, whereas Mendelssohn visited England on no fewer than ten occasions. Schumann and Mendelssohn were great friends, and they often used to write to each other and to compare notes about the new music which they had composed.

Robert Schumann.

When Schumann began to grow up he wanted very much to become a great pianist, and to achieve this he practised the piano for many hours a day. He found, when practising, that some of his fingers were weak, and were the cause of his making many mistakes in his playing. In order to strengthen them, Schumann made a little apparatus

with which to exercise his hand. The machine, however, did not do its work properly, and in the end injured Schumann's hand so badly that he had to give up playing altogether.

When Schumann found that he could never become a great pianist, he declared that he would at least become a great composer, and devoted himself to composing for the piano and other instruments. Schumann was very fond of boys and girls, and he wrote some special music for them, which he put together in a book called "Album for the Young."

Schumann's book of children's music is very delightful to play. It is real fairy music, and, if you are learning the piano, you should get this book, and play some of the charming pieces which it contains.

Robert Schumann was a very shy composer, and sometimes he would sit for hours without speaking to anyone.

One evening he sat in his room with a friend for over an hour without uttering a word. When the friend rose to go home, Schumann merely said "This evening we have understood one another perfectly." This strange remark shows plainly enough that the great composer preferred quiet to conversation.

Felix Mendelssohn, another very famous composer, wrote a very beautiful book of pieces for the piano which he called "Songs Without Words." When only seventeen, Mendelssohn composed a very charming piece of orchestral music, "A Midsummer Night's Dream," which takes us into the land of the fairies. In it we hear the dancing of the elves as they play in the woods at midnight. It makes us imagine, too, as we listen to the strains, the song of the Queen of the Fairies, and the chorus of her tiny attendants.

A Story about Mendelssohn.

There is a very interesting story about Mendelssohn and his "Midsummer Night's Dream." One evening, after the orchestra had played this music, Mendelssohn lost the sheets on which the piece had been written down. Although he searched very carefully for them, he searched in vain. So what do you think he did? He merely sat down at his desk and wrote all the "Midsummer Night's Dream" music again from memory. When at last the missing manuscript was found, the music which Mendelssohn had written from memory was discovered to be exactly the same as the music which had been lost. Mendelssohn must have had a wonderful memory to be able to do this, but we may be sure that he was careful not to lose his music again.

Unlike that of so many other composers, Mendelssohn's was a happy life, the cheerfulness of which is reflected in his compositions. His parents were well off, and he had a musical mother who did all in her power to foster her

son's talent. Mendelssohn's fame is based chiefly on the music which he created, but it should not be overlooked that he shone also as a very gifted pianist and organist. In fact, he made his first public appearance at the piano. In contrast to Schumann, Mendelssohn delighted in the society of his fellow men. His conversation was often brilliant, since he was highly educated in many subjects, and he had a very ready wit. The loyalty and unselfishness of his character won him a host of friends. When he died, thousands of people felt the loss bitterly. He was mourned in England not less than in his native land. For the musical festivals which he conducted at Birmingham he had composed some of his greatest works, among them *Elijah*, the oratorio which still ranks next to Handel's *Messiah* in popularity.



KAT. HGT.

ELIX MENDELSSOHN

The portrait above, after the painting by the artist Mynus, shows us the composer of those very charming piano pieces, "Songs Without Words" and of music which takes us into the realms of the fairies. Mendelssohn was a German, born at Hamburg in 1809. He died before he was forty years old.

A FAMOUS COMPOSER OF PIANO MUSIC



FRÉDÉRIC CHOPIN AT THE PIANO

Photographische Gesellschaft

Like so many other great pianists, Frédéric François Chopin was a boy prodigy, and played confidently before grown-up audiences when barely eight years of age. In the above reproduction of the painting by L. Balestrieri we see the composer in his later years playing one of his own compositions to a circle of friends, whose wrapt attention shows how thoroughly they are enthralled by the music.

MANY years ago a little boy, barely eight years old, played the piano during a concert which was given to an audience of grown-up people. The little boy's mother had dressed him in a brand-new suit because she was so proud of him. So beautifully did he play at the concert that, after he had finished, everybody in the audience clapped him most heartily.

The New Lace Collar.

When the boy returned home his mother said to him "Well, Frédéric, what did the people like best?" meaning, of course, which of his piano pieces did they clap the most.

"Oh, mother," said the little boy, "every one was looking at my new lace collar!"

The name of that young musician who played the piano so beautifully was Frédéric Chopin. When he grew up, he became the greatest composer

of music for the piano that the world has ever known.

Arrived at manhood, Chopin left his home in Poland and began to travel about Europe, giving concerts at various towns. At last he arrived in Paris, and he decided to stay there altogether.

Chopin quickly made many friends in Paris. It was fortunate that he did, because as a boy he had never been strong, and soon after he settled down in Paris his health began to fail, and it took all the care of his many and devoted friends to prevent it breaking down entirely. However, Chopin's admirers looked after him so well that he was able to compose music and give lessons at the piano for many years of his life in Paris.

Chopin was very fond of entertaining his friends. One evening he was playing some of his beautiful music to a number of them, including a lady who had actually brought her pet dog to listen to him. This little dog would persist

in running round after its own tail, as many dogs do

"If I had your talent," said the lady to Chopin, "I would compose a valse for that dog."

A Valse for a Pet Dog.

Immediately Chopin sat down at the piano and made up a new valse to represent the little dog running round after its tail. This valse is now known as the "Valse of the Little Dog," and it is one of the most charming pieces of music which Chopin ever wrote.

One day Chopin was in a very sad frame of mind. There had been a heavy storm outside, and, although the rain had ceased, the drops were falling steadily from the window ledge on to the ground below.

Chopin started to play the piano, and as he played, his music began to imitate the falling of the raindrops outside. In

that way Chopin composed a new piece which is now called "The Raindrop Prelude," and which every lover of his music delights to play over and over again.

Chopin once came to England, and played in London, Manchester and Glasgow. But he did not like England, because the weather was far too cold for him, and made him dreadfully ill. So he went back to Paris, and remained there until he died, which happened not very long afterwards.

The Poet of the Piano

Nobody has written more beautiful music for the piano than Chopin did. He is called "The Poet of the Piano." When you hear of a great pianist giving a concert in public you may be almost sure that some of the pieces selected by him were composed by Chopin.



Copyright

THE PASSING OF CHOPIN

Frédéric Chopin was born in the neighbourhood of Warsaw in 1810, of Polish nationality. He died in Paris in 1849, and was another of the world's musical geniuses who were not spared to see their fortieth year. The soulful painting from which this illustration was taken was the work of Félix Joseph Barrias. It shows the death-bed of the great composer, and his last hours being comforted by the music of a piano.

FRANZ LISZT



THE FIRST HOME OF FRANZ LISZT

Rauding is a small town in that part of Hungary where the German language is spoken. In it was the cottage, illustrated above, in which the great composer and pianist Franz Liszt was born in 1811. Some excellent composers are not good players, but Liszt became famous both as a composer and as a player. He lived to a ripe old age. When in his seventy-fifth year he delighted audiences both in London and in Paris, only a few months before his death, in 1886.

HERE have not been many composers who could play very well, although, of course, nearly every great composer has been able to play some musical instrument well enough for his own enjoyment. Still, as we have said, very few composers have been really great players of musical instruments. Old John Sebastian Bach, of whom we read something earlier on, was a great organist as well as a great composer. Chopin, too, was able to play the piano very well, besides composing music for that instrument.

One composer, however, was probably the greatest pianist that the world has ever known. His name was Franz Liszt. Even when he was a very old man with long grey hair, he played the piano so wonderfully that people went hundreds of miles to hear

him, and they said that nobody else could possibly play like Liszt did.

Liszt had a very kind heart. He was always ready to help people, especially young musicians and singers. But, like many other great musicians, he had several strange ways.

Liszt and the Tsar of Russia.

A good story is told about Liszt and the Tsar of Russia—the title formerly given to the ruler or emperor of that country.

When Liszt played the piano everybody had to be perfectly quiet. If anyone began to talk, or even to whisper, Liszt would be sure to notice, and he would stop playing instantly, and sometimes even refuse to begin again.

Well, one evening Liszt was playing at the Court of the Tsar of Russia, and,

A REBUKE TO THE TSAR OF RUSSIA



Specially drawn for this work.

When Franz Liszt played the piano he expected everyone in the room to be perfectly quiet, and was no respecter of persons in enforcing this rule. On one occasion, as is here depicted, the pianist was giving a recital at the Russian Court when the Tsar himself began to talk to someone near him. So annoyed was Liszt by the conversation that he took his hands from the instrument. "I have stopped playing," he said, when asked for an explanation, "because we must all be silent when your Majesty speaks."

after a time, the Tsar began to talk to someone near him. Liszt heard the Tsar talking, and, although the latter was such a mighty person, became more and more annoyed as the talking continued, and, at last, he stopped playing.

There was dead silence in the room almost immediately. The Tsar broke off his conversation, and asked Liszt why he had finished playing so suddenly.

Liszt's reply was a cleverly administered rebuke.

"I have stopped playing," said Liszt, "because we must all be silent when your Majesty speaks!"

Liszt had many composers for his friends Richard Wagner and Robert Schumann, about whom we have read,

were among them, and Schumann composed pieces specially for Liszt to play.

For thirty-five years Liszt himself was a diligent composer of piano pieces, songs, orchestral compositions, and religious works. Much of his music is great, much of it very difficult to play. His piano recitals in all the great cities of Europe brought him wealth, of which he made very generous use. This great musician, who could have demanded high fees for giving lessons, taught many pupils without asking a penny for his services.

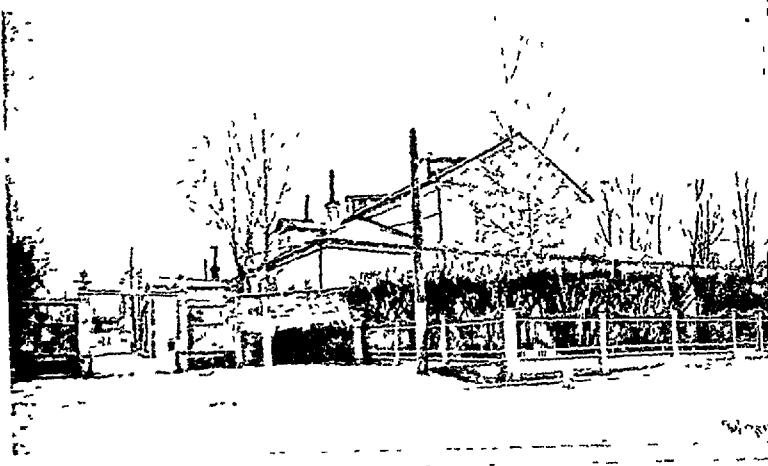
When fifty-four years old, Liszt became a monk of the Franciscan order. This fact will explain his being referred to so often as the Abbé Liszt.



FRANZ LISZT AND HIS FRIENDS

This charming sketch, made by the artist Kriehuber, shows us a most historic group. At the piano is Franz Liszt playing Beethoven's Sonata in C Sharp minor. His friends are Berlioz, the French composer, Czerny, Ernst and the artist himself.

TCHAIKOVSKY AND BRAHMS



WHERE THE GREAT RUSSIAN COMPOSER WAS BORN

This house at Votkinsk, in Russia, was the birthplace in 1840 of the famous composer of sad and strange music, Peter Tchaikovsky. In 1848, when his parents left the district for Moscow, the boy musician could already read scores at sight and play them as easily as did his teacher. We think of Tchaikovsky as the "sad musician," because his works are in many cases tinged with melancholy.

LAST century there lived in Russia a musician, Peter Tchaikovsky by name, who composed sad and strange music. He is now recognised as one of the world's greatest musical composers.

Tchaikovsky began his life as a clerk in the service of the Russian Government, but he hated his work with all his heart and determined to become a musician. So he took up music seriously, and, after a time, he began to teach pupils, and to compose music himself.

Tchaikovsky is sometimes called "the sorrowful musician," because through so many of his works there runs an undercurrent of melancholy, which is indeed a feature of a great deal of Russian music in general. When he was about thirty-seven years old he made an unhappy marriage, and this no doubt accounts for the moroseness to which he fell a victim.

All Night in the River

So miserable did he become that he decided to end his life. To do this he stood up to his neck in a river all through a frosty night. His hope was that he would catch a fatal chill. But his brother rescued him in time, and by devoted care nursed him back to health. He lived to write his fine "Nutcracker" suite, and the even greater "Pathetic Symphony," which has done more to make him famous than all his other works put together.

Another great composer whose music is now very well known was called Johannes Brahms. He lived nearly all his life in one house in Germany, and was so shy and afraid of meeting strange people that he would not go anywhere. He merely stayed in his house, composing page after page of music, and teaching his pupils. People tried to get Brahms to visit

England, but he would not go. His excuse was that, if he went to England, he would have to wear a dress suit, which Brahms hated to do.

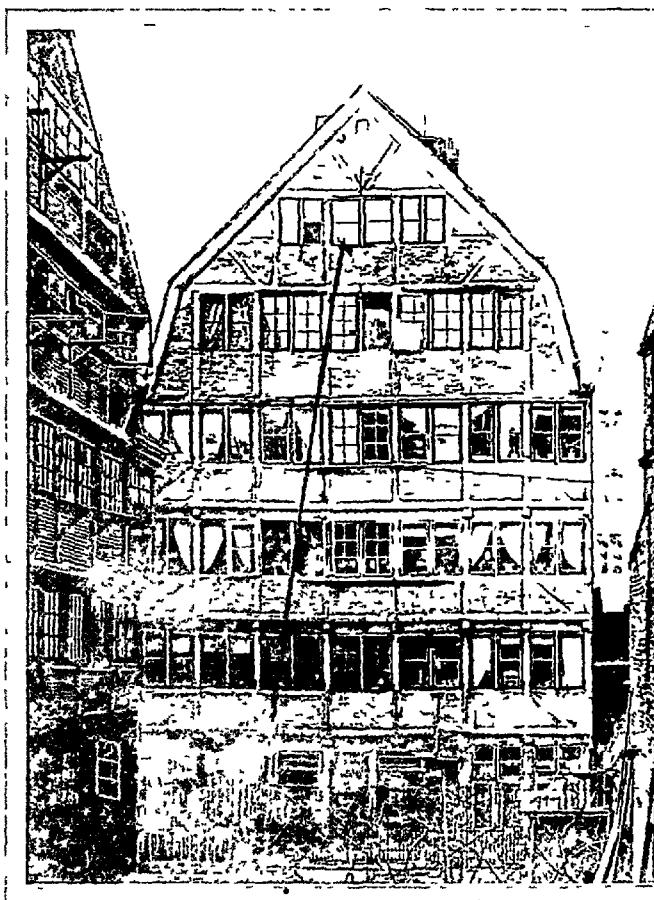
Brahms, the Friend of Children.

Everybody liked old Brahms, despite his shyness and his peculiar ways. He was a great friend of children and young folks, and he would often take

them into his house and show them the large box of beautiful tin soldiers which he kept by him to play with. We can hardly imagine an old man playing with tin soldiers, but Brahms played with them often enough, and, generally, he seems to have been very happy and contented.

Brahms and Tchaikovsky lived at about the same time, but they did not

know each other. Musicians say nowadays that Brahms is the successor in music to Beethoven. This is the finest thing which can be said of any composer. He certainly is one of the greatest composers of modern times, but only people of real musical culture can appreciate him fully. Like Liszt and Mendelssohn, Brahms first became known to the public as a pianist. But he soon dropped playing for composing, and gave his attention to almost every branch of composition. Great as he was in all of them, he excelled particularly as a song-writer.



James's Press

THE HOUSE WHERE BRAHMS WAS BORN

Johannes Brahms was a very famous German musician who was born at Hamburg in the year 1833, in the quaint old house here illustrated. He died at Vienna in 1897. He was devoted to children and always kept a box of tin soldiers for his young visitors to play with. Brahms and Tchaikovsky lived at the same time, but did not meet.

MUSICIANS OF MODERN TIMES



EDVARD GRIEG AND HIS WIFE

Copyright

In this picture we see Edvard Hagerup Grieg, the great Norwegian composer, who was born in 1843 at Bergen. His family was of Scottish origin. Grieg is best known for his piano music and pieces composed for orchestras. His "Peer Gynt" suite is a classic. He was a true musician of the Northlands which have given the world far fewer composers than Germany.

EVERYBODY has heard of Grieg, the composer of so many charming piano pieces as well as much beautiful music for orchestras. Grieg's music sometimes sounds strange to our ears. It is not quite the same as ordinary music, for in it Grieg tries to tell us all kinds of fairy stories. As we listen to it, we are taken into fairy worlds where elves and goblins dance together, and where even the trees and the wind in the mountains make music of their own.

Edvard Grieg was only a little boy, three or four years old, when he first discovered for himself that he could make beautiful sounds by pressing down the keys of the piano. Then he began to learn music properly, and not very long afterwards actu-

ally commenced writing tunes for himself.

When Grieg came to be a famous composer of music he often recalled his first lessons at the piano, and he would declare that nothing had ever given him more pleasure than those very early compositions of his own.

The Hut which Grieg Built.

Grieg lived in Norway among the woods and mountains of that country. He built a tiny wooden hut right in the middle of a pine forest, and in this hut he had a piano, a chair, a stove and a table. Here he used to sit all day, and sometimes all night, listening to the sounds of birds and animals around him, and composing the music that many of us know so well.

It is rather strange that Grieg, who loved the hills and the woods so well, should have been terribly afraid of crossing the sea. On one occasion, instead of sailing straight from Norway to England, he travelled overland through seven countries in order to get here. Even then, of course, he had to go by water from France to England. When he boarded the ship he went below decks, so that he might not see the waves, and stayed there till the end of the voyage.

Another curious thing about Edvard Grieg is that he used to play with dolls. Even as a grown-up man, he always had a doll in his desk. He said that it helped him to compose music. Perhaps it did, but we may suspect that he kept the doll to play with after he had finished his composing.

A Finnish Composer

Another well-known composer is Jean Sibelius, who lives in Finland. That country is very proud of Sibelius, because he has written so much beautiful music. He lives, as Grieg did, among the hills and woods of his country. He has a beautiful house, in which he composes all his music, and, although he sometimes travels about giving concerts, he is always glad to return to his home in the country, where everything is so quiet and peaceful.

Perhaps you have heard some of Sibelius's music? One of his most famous pieces is called "Finlandia." It gives us a charming musical picture of the country to which Sibelius belongs. Another of Sibelius's works is his "Valse Triste." This is a very sad piece of music which Sibelius composed specially for a play written by his brother-in-law.

Sibelius has also written many beautiful songs and orchestral works. His music somewhat resembles that of Grieg. Perhaps one of these days he will compose fairy stories in music, as

Grieg did in his wooden house in the pine forest.

Probably the best-known musician of our own times is Paderewski. This musician is, however, more a pianist than a composer, although it must be said that he is the author of some very fine music. Paderewski is considered to be the greatest pianist now living, yet, when he was young, Paderewski could hardly play the piano at all. However, by dint of perseverance and much practising, he became master of the instrument and made himself world-famous as a pianist.

Told about Paderewski.

One evening Paderewski went to a hall where he had to give a concert. He was very surprised when he got there to find that the piano was badly in need of repair. It was rather out of tune, and, after some of the hammers had struck the strings of the instrument, they stuck, and would not return until they were pressed back by hand.

Paderewski, however, had a bright idea. He went to the back of the stage and sent a man out to buy a whip. Then he told the man to whip the hammers of the piano back into position every time they stuck.

And that is how Paderewski gave his concert that evening. Every time a hammer in the piano stuck the man whipped it back again. The audience seemed to enjoy the proceedings well enough, and we may be sure that it must have been a very funny sight to see Paderewski playing and the man whipping the hammers of the piano to keep them up to their work.

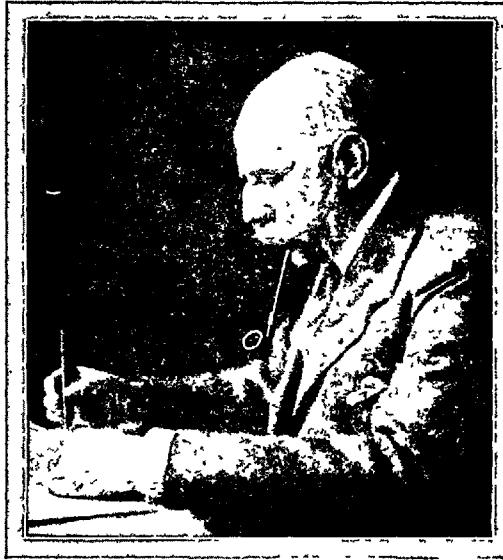
Apart from his music Paderewski is a great man. When Poland became an independent country after the Great War, he was invited to be its first Prime Minister. No other musician has held so exalted a political office. Later on he resumed his playing. In June, 1925, he was knighted by King George V in recognition of his services on behalf of ex-service men.

music which he wrote for orchestras is some of the best that has appeared for many years past

Elgar's father kept a music shop in Worcester, and so, as we may well expect, Edward Elgar heard plenty of music when he was a boy. His parents at one time thought of making a lawyer of him, and they sent him to work in a lawyer's office. That would not do for young Elgar, however, because he had decided that he wanted to be a musician.

Learning for Himself.

The story goes that one day Elgar discovered a book of music which he had not seen before. The music interested him so much that he took it out into the fields round his home, and tried to sing tunes from the printed notes. This particular music had been composed by the great Beethoven.



SIR EDWARD ELGAR L.C.A.

Sir Edward Elgar, whose portrait appears above, was born at Broadheath, Worcestershire, in 1857, and was regarded as the greatest musical composer of modern times. His music was written mainly for orchestras. He conducted at a B.B.C. Promenade Concert for broadcasting on the wireless. Sir Edward became a musician largely by self-tuition.

The beauty of it fired Elgar with the ambition to follow in Beethoven's footsteps.

And so he set about learning music for himself. There was no one to teach him properly, for his parents were far too busy. None the less, Elgar learned to play all the instruments in his father's shop, and he also read many books on music which taught him how to set down music on paper. All this, of course, meant a great deal of hard work, but Elgar was prepared to face it.

When he grew up he had to earn his own living just as most people have to do. He did this by teaching music to others, and copying music for bands to play. In spite of many disappointments Elgar persevered, teaching and composing on his own account. Gradually, musicians got to know about Elgar and his music, and so in time he became famous as a composer.

Perhaps the best-known of Elgar's compositions is "Land of Hope and Glory." This is a very fine song written in praise of our own country. We may be quite sure that it will still be remembered and sung when most of our other present-day songs have long been forgotten.

Elgar's musical setting of Cardinal Newman's poem, the *Dream of Gerontius*, produced in 1900, was performed in 1902 at the Musical Festival of the Lower Rhine. Such a tribute had never previously been paid to anything from the pen of an English composer. The fact that Elgar's works are now well known to the Germans, one of the most musical of nations, is proof of their high quality. Elgar received the Order of Merit in 1911, and was Master of the King's Musick until his death in 1934.



JOHN BUNYAN'S WIFE INTERCEDES FOR HIM

Engraving.

John Bunyan was a great writer of the Stuart period, though but the son of a tinker and so little educated that in his youth he could scarcely read or write. He was born at Elstow, a village near Bedford, in 1628, and, after his conversion, persisted in holding forbidden religious meetings. For these offences he was sent to gaol. We see in the above picture, after Duval, how his wife interceded for his release. The first part of "The Pilgrim's Progress" was written in prison.

JOHN BUNYAN—AND AFTER

DURING the Stuart period, when England was in great distress because of quarrels over religion, two great writers arose from the Puritan party.

John Milton, the gifted poet, was in every way a contrast to John Bunyan, the author of "The Pilgrim's Progress," yet these two earnest writers both sought to turn the thoughts of their readers away from worldly pleasures towards a higher life.

John Bunyan

Milton's studious youth was spent among books and cultured people. He

was educated at Cambridge, where the future poet got a good education for his life work in Literature. But Bunyan, born in 1628, and the son of a poor tinker, was scarcely taught to read and write. Bunyan served a year in Cromwell's army and was the father of two children, whom he supported as best he could by tinkering. The powers which the one achieved through happiness, care and study, the other developed through poverty and agony of mind. For Bunyan thought himself the greatest of all sinners and became terrified at the idea of the punishments God would have to inflict upon him for all his sin.

He even thought his delight in music and ringing the church bells was a temptation of Satan. His wife, a godly woman, encouraged her husband to improve his reading by the help of the Bible and a few books they possessed about religion. He became a preacher, and, as preaching the Puritan doctrines was then forbidden, Bunyan was imprisoned in Bedford gaol, where he continued to preach to his fellow prisoners, and began putting his thoughts into writing.

The Pilgrim's Progress

If he had promised not to preach, he would have been freed, but his conscience forbade that, and, with short intervals of liberty, he actually lived twelve years in prison. He wrote three books before he began his famous allegory or parable called "The Pilgrim's Progress." This is really the story of any Christian's life, as a journey beset with adventures, dangers and temptations from the right path. Christian sets out to travel from the City of Destruction along the Valley of Humiliation and the Valley of the Shadow of Death, to the Celestial or Heavenly City. Like Milton's "Paradise Lost," the tale is concerned with Earth, Hell and Heaven, but Bunyan keeps to simple names and easy descriptions of rivers, mountains, bogs, gardens and houses. Each is used to represent some spiritual experience, and the definite names clear up any difficulties as to the meaning of The Slough of Despond and Doubting Castle. The people whom Christian meets are labelled in the same clear way, according to their characters—Obstinate, Mr. Worldly Wiseman, Mr. Greatheart, Hopeful, and so on.

With Simple Truths

Everybody can understand this story; nobody can argue about the simple truths of its religious teaching. No book has ever found so many readers, except the Bible itself, upon which the

story was founded. Three thousand copies were sold in Bunyan's lifetime, and Americans have always appreciated its Puritan teaching.

Bunyan became head of the Baptist Church when the law allowed freedom of preaching, and he travelled about teaching, honoured and beloved wherever he went. He died in 1688.

Samuel Pepys [1633-1703].

Pepys and John Evelyn were friends, yet neither knew that the other was keeping a diary. Pepys reveals much more of his personality and private life. He was a vain man, fond of gossip, and very fond of his food. Parts of his diary are most amusing to read.

Details of serious Government affairs are found side by side with trifling matters such as, "Being washing day, dined upon cold meat."

The book is a most interesting commentary on the manners and customs of the seventeenth century. Pepys was Secretary to the Admiralty, and had exceptional opportunities for gathering information. His first-hand records of the Plague and the Great Fire of London are very vivid.

In Secret Shorthand.

The diary covers nine years. It was written in a kind of secret shorthand, so that for many years after Pepys' death nobody could read it. Then by accident the clue to his cypher was discovered. The six carefully bound volumes had been left to Magdalene College, Cambridge, where he had been educated.

"*Sept. 4, 1666* I after supper walked in the dark to Tower St and there saw it all on fire, at Trinity House on that side and the Dolphin tavern on this, which was very near us, and the fire with extraordinary vehemence. Now begins the practice of blowing up of houses, those next the Tower, which at first did frighten people more than anything, but it stopped the fire where it was done, bringing down the

SAMUEL PEPYS THE DIARIST



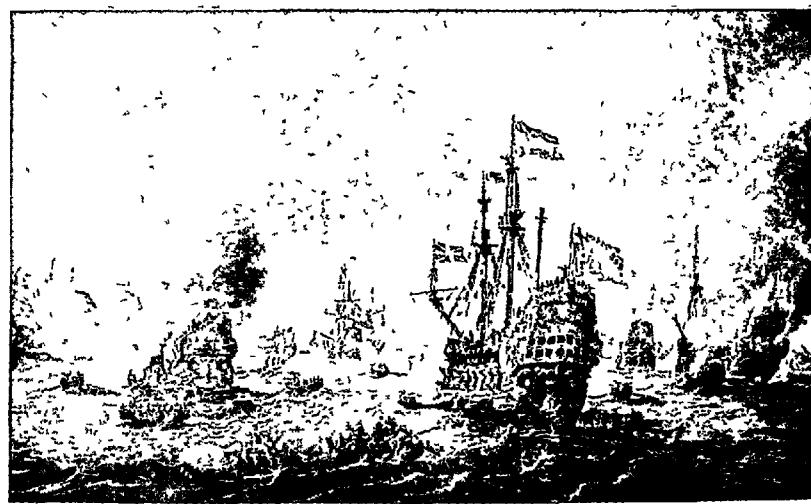
Rischgitz

This portrait of Samuel Pepys is reproduced from the painting by J. Hayls in the National Portrait Gallery, London. Pepys (pronounced as though it were spelt Peeps) was an Admiralty official. We know him best because for over nine years he kept a most intimate diary in a curious form of shorthand. It took three years to translate the shorthand. The diary gives us a wonderful insight into the manners and customs of the seventeenth century and contains in detail accounts of the Plague and Fire of London.

A NEW WHIP FOR THE DUTCH



The original of this picture, which is in the South Kensington Museum, was painted by Seymour Lucas. It shows us a naval architect describing a model of a new warship to the Navy Board in the time of Charles II. In the background, bending over the model, is John Evelyn, the famous diarist. Near him is another diarist, Samuel Pepys.



Photos Rischgitz

The Rijks Museum in Amsterdam is the home of the above picture, which was painted by Jan Peters. It illustrates the burning of the English Fleet off Rochester in the year 1667. We notice that towering vessel, the *Royal Charles*, in the foreground. The incident occurred in the Dutch War, and John Evelyn the diarist records how he gazed upon the Dutch Fleet—"a dreadful spectacle as ever Englishmen saw, and a dishonour never to be wiped off!"

THE FIRE OF LONDON



R. Stanshope A. Forbes

The great Fire of London began on September 2nd, 1666, and raged for five days. Nearly 400 acres of houses were destroyed. The above illustration is taken from the painting by Stanhope A. Forbes in the Royal Exchange, London, and shows people escaping from the doomed city by water. Our knowledge of the great Fire of London is considerably enriched by the diaries of Samuel Pepys and John Evelyn, and by the writings of Daniel Defoe.

houses to the ground in the same places they stood, and then it was easy to quench what little fire was in . . . and Paul's is burned and all Cheapside I wrote to my father this night, but the post-house being burned, the letter could not go"—*The Diary of Samuel Pepys.*

Daniel Defoe [1659-1731]

We are so used to the daily newspaper giving us details of all that is happening in the world, that it is difficult for us to realise that once there were no newspapers. Indeed, Daniel Defoe, the author of "Robinson Crusoe," was one of our earliest journalists. He improved upon the very meagre news-bulletin which was issued during the Civil War of Stuart times, and which merely recorded events. He

began commenting upon what was happening and gave his own opinions so that articles were included in the bulletins as well as news.

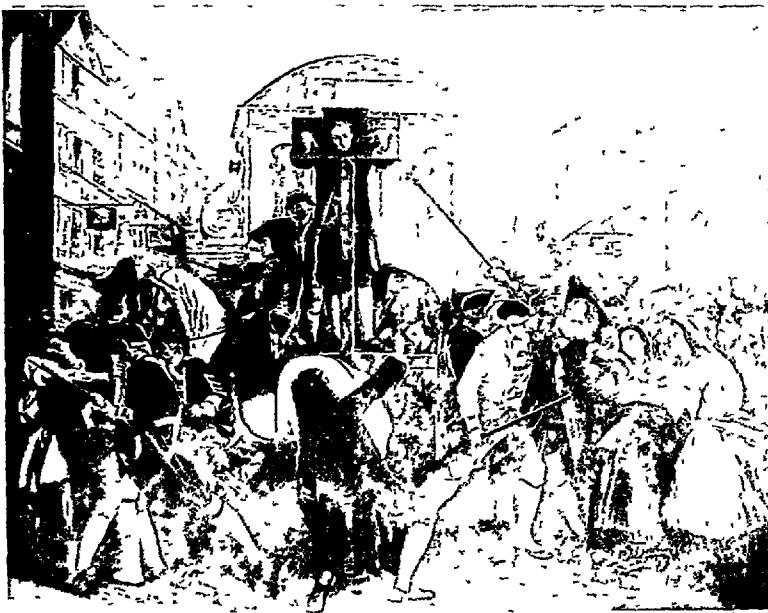
He published a journal called *The Review*, by himself, while he was in prison in Queen Anne's reign. He had got into trouble through writing a satire against the High Church party, who were then persecuting dissenters. He was first put into the pillory for punishment, but the people protected him and pelted him only with flowers, while they drank his health. He was, however, imprisoned, and had to depend upon his pen for a living. *The Review* was published three times a week after a time, Defoe writing all the articles himself. He had an imaginary club which he called *The Scandalous Club*—this was supposed to discuss



Rischgitz

ROBINSON CRUSOE EXPLAINING THE SCRIPTURES TO FRIDAY

The reproduction above is taken from a painting by Alexander Fraser in the Walker Art Gallery, Liverpool. It shows Robinson Crusoe reading passages from the Holy Bible to Man Friday. The idea of Robinson Crusoe was probably borrowed by Daniel Defoe from the experiences of a Scottish sailor named Selkirk, who quarrelled with his captain and was set ashore on an uninhabited island.



DANIEL DEFOE IN THE PILLORY

Rischgitz.

The pillory was an instrument of punishment. Evildoers condemned to stand in it were often pelted with garbage and savagely insulted by the mob which gathered round. Daniel Defoe was condemned to the pillory for some of his writings, but the sympathy of the populace was with him and he was pelted only with fragrant flowers, whilst people came to Temple Bar (where the pillory stood) to drink his health. The above picture is reproduced from Eyre Crowe's painting

swearing, drinking and gambling, and similar evils, in the columns of the journal

Robinson Crusoe

After a year and a half in prison he was employed by both the Whigs and Tories in writing political pamphlets, but it was not until he was nearly sixty that his famous "Robinson Crusoe" appeared. The story of the lonely man on the island has been popular ever since, with grown-ups and children. Every detail is described, exact accounts of every happening are given, clothes, savages, tools—all are carefully noted, and the reader need imagine nothing. Defoe pretends it to be a true

story of adventure, but he probably borrowed the idea from the experiences of a Scottish sailor named Selkirk, who quarrelled with his captain and was set ashore on an uninhabited island, where he was left alone for four years. Crusoe spent twenty-eight years on his island before he was delivered by pirates. Defoe had wonderful powers of description. In his "Journal of the Plague Year" he gives a vivid account of the terrors of the plague as though he had seen it all himself, though at the time he was only a small boy. He was carefully educated, though never at a college, and had a splendid command of the English language. Like "Pilgrim's Progress," his great adventure story

has been translated into many foreign tongues

Jonathan Swift [1667-1745].

Although of English parentage, Swift was born in Ireland, educated in Dublin, and connected with that country for many years. There he wrote the famous "Gulliver's Travels," his most popular book.

Swift had a proud disposition and was naturally inclined to resent authority over him and any patronage. He was hardly grateful to the uncle who educated him, and while secretary to Sir William Temple and enjoying his confidence and friendship, he hated

to feel his position as being something between a servant and a friend. This attitude rather embittered his whole life; but one great influence kept him sweet, and that was his love of Esther Johnson, a child of seven whom he first met in Temple's house. He taught her to read and write, and from "The Journal to Stella" we can tell by his letters how much she meant to this lonely man. He called her *Stella*, which meant the same as "Esther," a star, and there was no bitterness in his writing to her. The letters give a splendid picture of the times of Queen Anne's reign—they are full of everyday interests, politics,



DEAN SWIFT AND STELLA

Photographische Gesellschaft

Jonathan Swift, of whom we most often think as Dean Swift, was private secretary to his mother's kinsman, Sir William Temple. In Sir William's house Swift became tutor to Esther Johnson, the little girl seen with him in the above picture. Swift called his young friend Stella, which means a star, as does the name Esther, and Stella figures in his *Journal* and in his *Sonnets*. Swift's writings show how much Stella meant to him.

gossip, friendships, jokes and charming nonsense, and afford us a peep at the inner nature of a man whose writings could sting and lash unmercifully

Satire was his strong point, the books for which he is famous were all satires. One called "The Battle of the Books" arose out of a quarrel as to whether ancient or modern books were the better. He pretended that the books left the shelves and fought

Against Evil

The arguments on both sides were so cleverly put that the question was left unsettled

"A Tale of

a Tub" was written to show up the Church. It was the story of evils in three brothers, Peter (the Catholic Church), and Martin and Jack, the English and the Presbyterian Churches. He wrote very fiercely and the book lost him his chance of promotion in the Church, for he was only offered the post of Dean of St. Patrick's, Dublin. He hated Ireland, but helped the cause of Irish politics with his usual force



By courtesy of George G. Harrap & Co., Ltd.

AMONG THE LILLIPUTIANS

You may remember the incident in "Gulliver's Travels," where Gulliver says "I walked with the utmost circumspection, to avoid treading on any stragglers." The illustration is by Willy Pogany. We can all enjoy the adventures of Gulliver in Lilliput and elsewhere. "Gulliver's Travels" is the most famous of Jonathan Swift's books, and the only one for which he received payment

His gloomy outlook increased as he grew older. "Gulliver's Travels" began quite playfully, in the first voyage he laughed at the follies of his fellow men quite gently, but the book ended in a savage attack on the whole of the human race. We can all enjoy Gulliver's adventures in Lilliput, where he ridicules the mean ways of men, although the laugh is against our ancestors of the eighteenth century.

IN THE XVIIIth CENTURY



By permission of the Corporation of Sheffield

Rischgitz

THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL

This poem is in reality a most absorbing romance told in rhyme. It was Sir Walter Scott's first success and brought him immediate popularity when it was published in 1805. The story is related by an aged minstrel and deals with life on the Border between England and Scotland in the sixteenth century. The minstrel tells his tale at Newark Castle. Our illustration is a facsimile of the painting by R. Beavis.

SIR WALTER SCOTT, born in the year 1771, was contemporary with Wordsworth, Coleridge and Lamb, and belongs to the Age of Romance. His memory is endeared to Scotch and English alike, not only by his work as poet and novelist, but by his lovable nature. Thousands throng the streets of his native Edinburgh every year to do him honour and admire the dignified monument erected to him in Princes Street.

His work as a lawyer took him to the Border, dear to his ancestors, and all his life he never tired of collecting legends, books and armour connected with the history of the Tweed country.

He wrote poetry while a barrister, and spent his holidays on long walking tours, making the acquaintance of humble folk and listening eagerly to their traditional tales.

During college life at Edinburgh he had studied Spanish, Italian and French hurriedly, in order to get at the stories

in those languages. He was familiar with Chaucer, Spenser and Shakespeare. He first became famous as a poet, though his poetry is not of the highest quality. It was popular then because it told a good tale in simple verse which was easy to grasp, free from digressions and unhampered by any deep character study. The tales told were exciting and attached to actual places and events in history. "The Lay of the Last Minstrel" was his first success, and made him popular at once. "Marmion" described in detail the defeat of the Scots at Flodden, and "The Lady of the Lake" drew the attention of every reader to the beautiful "Trossachs" country.

The Waverley Novels.

Scott was well paid for his work, even before it was written. He bought Abbotsford, beautifully situated on the Tweed. Here, amid horses, dogs, visitors and his own children, he lived

SIR WALTER SCOTT



Rischgitz
The original of this fine picture hangs in the National Portrait Gallery, London, and shows us the great Scottish poet and novelist, Sir Walter Scott. The portrait was painted at Abbotsford on the Tweed by Sir Edwin Landseer, who was Queen Victoria's favourite artist. Sir Walter was born in Edinburgh in 1771 and became a lawyer after leaving Edinburgh University. He was a poet first and afterwards became our leading writer of historical novels. He died at Abbotsford in 1832.

happily and busily Byron was attracting notice as a poet, and Scott began to write romances in prose "Waverley" came first, published anonymously, and immediately successful. Scott was the first writer of historical novels, and was eminently fitted by nature and study for the task. Some, like "The Heart of Midlothian" and "Old Mortality," interest us in Scottish history "Ivanhoe" and "Kenilworth" are English in setting, while "Quentin Durward" was the first of those to deal with Continental affairs. All are based upon his own research work and careful study of the times. He introduces imaginary characters as well as historical personages, and excels in descriptions of people and scenery.

Facing Disaster.

Suddenly Scott found himself involved in the failure of a big publishing firm—Ballantyne Brothers. He refused to become bankrupt, and set to work to earn by his pen enough to pay off his share of the debt—£130,000. He wrote desperately—novels, histories and essays, giving up every moment possible to the struggle.

The death of his wife and overstrain led to a breakdown in health. He was persuaded to take a sea voyage, but it was too late, and he returned to Abbotsford to die.

Dr Brown has told us in "Pet Marjorie" about a clever little girl friend of Scott, in whose witty chatter he delighted. Like his own grandson, she never grew up, but the great novelist rejoiced in the companionship of both children.

Jane Austen [1775-1817]

Jane Austen was liked by everybody, and loved by those who knew her intimately and brought their joys and sorrows to her instinctively. Her daintiness and lively charm attracted young and old, and these qualities were enhanced by a clever wit and cheerful outlook upon the world.

A sheltered life at her father's rectory of Steventon, near Basingstoke, did not bring her into contact with many people, she was the youngest of seven. Yet when she was old enough to go to dances at the neighbouring houses of well-to-do folk, she began at once to describe the county squires, their wives and daughters, the officers they met, and the clergymen and fashionable ladies who attended these assemblies. She was very like the heroine of her first novel, Elizabeth Bennet, in "Pride and Prejudice," for, although she loved fun, "I hope I never ridicule what is wise and good. Follies and nonsense, whims and inconsistencies do divert me I own, and I laugh at them whenever I can." She called her book "First Impressions," and it was rejected under that title.

For the sake of Mr Austen's health the family moved to Bath, and the scene of "Northanger Abbey" was laid there. She revelled in the fuller opportunities for social enjoyment at this fashionable resort, and this book has a strong local interest. Her father's death led to further changes of home, first to Southampton, then to Chawton, near Winchester.

"Pride and Prejudice" Accepted

At Chawton Jane Austen felt inspired to write again, and enjoyed finishing "Sense and Sensibility," begun thirteen years before. That was accepted, and she began "Mansfield Park," and sent "Pride and Prejudice" in again under its new name. This was both her first and favourite novel. She had lived herself among the characters, and it was her masterpiece. The book is full of mischievous fun and minute observation of people. The reader feels he knows intimately every one of the characters, because they are so naturally presented by their creator.

There is no rhetoric, no exaggeration or striving after effect. She keeps her characters well in hand, they share her



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Rustic
Taken from the original picture by J. Watson Nicol, this illustration shows us one of the many dramatic incidents in Sir Walter Scott's much Waverley novel, "Rob Roy." The hero of this romance is Robert MacGregor, a robber and cattle-stealer, who is presented to the reader as a Jacobite. Baillie Nicol Jarvie is one of the chief characters in the story, which is related by another well-drawn character, Frank Osbaldestone

ROB ROY AND THE BAILIE

own peculiar reserve. Scenery is a mere background to the human interest, which is all-compelling, in spite of the limitations of the author's environment.

Jane Austen had been very well educated for a girl of the period—French and Italian were included in her studies—and she was familiar with the works of Richardson, Johnson, Cowper and Scott. She possessed also a power of criticising her own work. She knew her books to be "rather too light and bright and sparkling," and certainly, compared with the tempestuous "Jane Eyre" of Charlotte Bronte, Jane Austen's books are almost devoid of human passions and the deeper problems of life. Yet she has earned the fame of a great writer by describing in her own minia-

ture style the life she saw around her, drawn perhaps from fewer than a dozen country families. "Persuasion" and "Emma" were written during the last three years of her happy, uneventful life. The unusually warm tribute on her tomb in Winchester Cathedral reads "The benevolence of her heart, the sweetness of her temper, and the extraordinary endowments of her mind obtained the regard of all who knew her and the warmest love of her immediate connexions."

Charles Lamb [1775-1834].

Many of us as children made our first acquaintance with the plays of our greatest dramatist through Lamb's "Tales from Shakespeare." He and his sister, Mary, set themselves a labour of love in popularising the great dramas, telling the stories in language easily understood by the young reader, and quoting often Shakespeare's own lines. Lamb was a critic too; he commented upon the early Elizabethan dramas. But the book that endears him to most people is his "Essays of Elia." Here may be found the record of Lamb's life and friendships, precious to all who admire this lovable creature. Read "Old Benchers of the Inner Temple," where Lamb's father and his employer are referred to as Lovel and Salt. The essay on "Christ's Hospital" introduces Coleridge, with whom he was at school there. "Mackery End" gives a real idea of Mary, his sister (whom he calls "Bridget" all through the Essays), and his elder brother. The characters in "South Sea House" he actually met when a clerk there. His absorbing interest in the theatre led him to write "Barbara S—," the tale of the little child-actress.



CHARLES LAMB *Rischgitz*

Charles Lamb, of whom we think as a great essay writer, was born in the City of London in 1775 and gave us "Tales from Shakespeare" and the "Essays of Elia." In his work he was closely assisted by his sister Mary. Our portrait is after the painting by Meyer



Specially drawn for this work

RUMPEL-STILTS-KEN, FROM THE BROTHERS GRIMM

The two Brothers Grimm, to whom the world of girls and boys owes Grimm's Fairy Tales, were both German professors and men of great learning. The above picture illustrates the story "Rumpel-Stilts-Ken." You will remember how the hobgoblin appears before the miller's daughter and asks why she weeps. "Alas!" says she, "I must spin this straw into gold, and I know not how."

The Gentle Elia.

In "Old China" we have Lamb at his best, the excellent picture of Mary Lamb, his love of the quaint and old, his regret for the past pleasures, known only in his days of poverty, make this essay a masterpiece, second perhaps only to the inimitable "Dream Chil-

dren." This betrays his love for children, his disappointed hopes as a lover, his understanding sympathies and loyal devotion to his unfortunate and talented sister; for Lamb sacrificed his own wishes to the needs of Mary, who, subject to fits of insanity, became the object of his lifelong care.

Mr E V Lucas, a lover of Lamb, and so like him in style, has written a delightful essay, called "My Cousin the Bookbinder," in his book "Character and Comedy." It is a loving character study of Charles and Mary Lamb. To read Lamb's Essays is to love the gentle "Elia," so full of whimsical ways and so courageous in hiding the tragic horrors of his life behind that "mischievous smile."

The Brothers Grimm [1785-1863, 1786-1859].

These two clever German students have made their family name famous throughout the civilised world. They were both educated at Cassel and, later, at Marburg University, and both were concerned with books all their lives. Jacob became professor and chief librarian at Gottingen, where he lectured on the German language and literature, his brother was also a professor there. Both were exiled for a while because, with six other professors, they opposed the King of Hanover, but later both became professors in Berlin. The elder wrote a famous German grammar book and a history of the German language, and published old German poems.

Hansel and Gretel.

The younger, Wilhelm, devoted himself to German mediæval poetry, but worked with his brother at a great dictionary. Together they made their famous collection of fairy tales in three volumes, issued at different times. These interested people in studying the folklore of different countries.

In reading "Hansel and Gretel," "The Frog-Prince" and "Rumpel-Stilts-Ken," one would hardly connect such entertaining stories with two solemn learned gentlemen devoted to literary study! Yet what they probably considered the least serious part of their life work has brought them fame, not only in England and America, but in all the chief countries of the world, and made for them firm friends among the children of many nations.

The stories of the fairies were actually collected from the country folk of Germany.

James Fenimore Cooper [1789-1851]

Most boys and girls have enjoyed the adventure stories of this American writer, perhaps "The Last of the Mohicans" is the favourite, but "The Pathfinder" and "Deerslayer" are almost as popular.

Born at New Jersey, into a wealthy Quaker family, the boy had the advantages of a good education at Yale. His father became a member of Congress, and the family moved to New York.

His first adventures were on the sea, from a midshipman he became a lieutenant, but resigned on his marriage to live a life ashore in preference to one spent away from his home circle.

"The Big Serpent."

Of his thirty-two stories, the best were those concerned with the sea or with the life of the Red Indians. He had great powers of description, and some of his characters—"Long Tom Coffin" and "The Big Serpent"—deserve to be remembered with those of "Treasure Island."

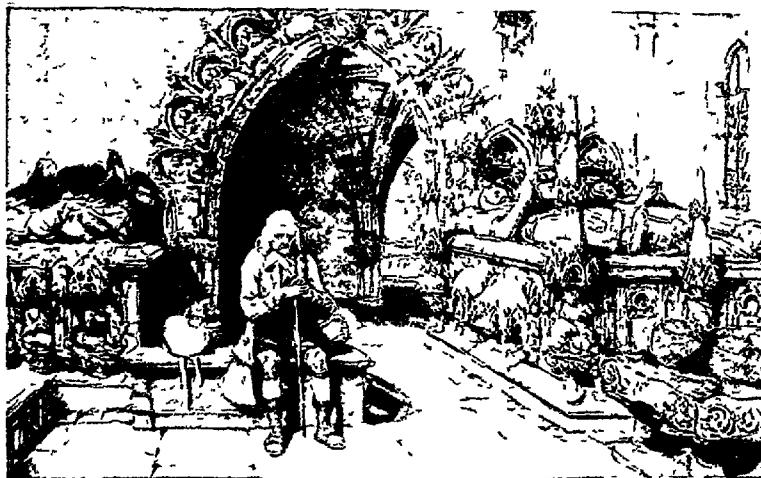
Records of his sea experiences found more serious expression in "The Two Admirals" and "Lives of Distinguished American Naval Officers."

He visited France and England, and returned with a very great regard for the character of Englishmen. He also admired our historical heroes, and referred to their opinions in his writings. Much of his later life was spent in disputes concerned with newspaper troubles. He himself wrote vehemently, but objected to others doing so.

In all he wrote there was a certain dignity and honesty of thought, although he was considered vain. Yet he did much to check the freedom of speech then common in the American papers.

He was U.S. Consul at Lyons for three years, and travelled also through Italy and Switzerland.

DICKENS AND OTHERS OF HIS TIME



THE GRAVE OF LITTLE NELL

Ritschitz

This illustration, after the drawing by George Cattermole, shows us the old, old man sitting near the grave of "Little Nell" in Charles Dickens' great story, "The Old Curiosity Shop" "And thenceforth, every day, and all day long, he waited at her grave, for her How many glimpses of the form, the fluttering dress, the hair that waved so gaily in the wind rose up before him in the old, dull, silent church!"

IN the year 1805, a few months before Nelson won his great victory at Trafalgar, a little Danish boy was born, who was destined to give delight to thousands of children

Hans Christian Andersen belonged to a poor family of Odense His father was a cobbler, and could only send his boy to the charity school until he was nine, at which early age he was obliged to earn money in a factory The father was a learned man in his way, and used to read far into the night with his son Hans, who was perhaps inclined to dream and waste his time

Seeking his Fortune

After his father's death the boy continued to be interested in ballads and poetry, and began to compose plays himself He thought, perhaps, some of them could be acted if he went to Copenhagen, so he set out thither with his small bundle and thirty-seven

shillings to seek his fortune He became a joiner Nobody seemed to want his plays until he came under the notice of an influential man, who procured for him a free place at a good school, from which he passed quickly to the University He had very little money and could not marry, so no children of his very own listened to those delightful tales we have all enjoyed In 1835 some were published at Christmas, and were so popular that he continued to write more every Christmas for several years These, and not his plays have made him famous, although his ambition was to become a great dramatist

Some of his novels were very successful In "Only a Fiddler" he described his struggles with poverty, whilst "Picture Books Without Pictures" recorded conversations with the moon, who visited his garret The Danish Government gave him a money grant to travel After coming to England in 1848

he wrote a story in English called "The Two Baronesses." Before he died he had the satisfaction of seeing many of his stories translated into foreign languages. Chief among them were his lovely fairy tales, full of beautiful ideas, gentle characters and charming language. Who could ever forget "The Fir Tree" or "The Little Match Girl"?

"In her numb little hands she carried a bundle of matches, which all day long she had offered for sale in vain. Now she feared to go home, for she had earned no money, and perhaps her cruel father would beat her. Besides, her home was little better than the streets. It was a bare garret, through the crazy walls of which the keen wind blew and whistled, and whose roof let in the rain and snow, although she tried to stuff up the crannies with rags."

William Harrison Ainsworth [1805-1882].

What lover of history has not revelled in Ainsworth's romances? Quite recently the tale of Dick Turpin and his famous ride from London to York, which he described in "Rookwood" in 1834, has been re-issued under the title "The Bold Highwayman—Dick Turpin." The modern schoolboy can still find pleasure in "Old St Paul's" with its thrilling tale of the Plague and The Fire. This was first published serially in the *Sunday Times*, as was "The Lancashire Witches." His "Tower of London" has been read eagerly for half a century in French, German and Dutch translations.

On both the Harrison and the Ainsworth side of his family, the writer came of scholarly Manchester people with a love of learning. William's earliest ambition was to make a real firework rocket; then he became keen on a theatre he had made for himself in the cellar; he wrote the plays in spare time, while studying law. Later, while at the Inner Temple, he became friendly with the manager of the Opera House, whose daughter he married.

Ainsworth excelled in historical fic-

tion. Many of his stories have been adapted for the stage. The subjects which he chose are associated with the most memorable features of our English national history, as in "Windsor Castle."

Charles Dickens [1812-1870].

When the story of "David Copperfield" was appearing month by month in a magazine throughout the summer of 1849, nobody, except his friend Forster, had any idea that Dickens was relating his own life experiences.

Painful though it was to the author to recall the agonies which his sensitive nature had suffered during those impressionable years of neglected childhood, yet it was those actual experiences of the underworld that gave Dickens the opportunity of meeting all sorts and conditions of men, women and children, who like himself were battling with hard Fate. His first-hand knowledge of the back streets of London, its debtors' prisons, lodging-houses and factories came from this background, his own wanderings and privations taught him what no study of books could have done in easier circumstances, and his sympathy with the poor and down-trodden gave the real insight that resulted in immediate action.

In School and Prison

He set out to fit himself for his life work and to use every talent he possessed in showing up the abuses which existed in workhouses, factories, private schools and prisons.

Yet Dickens realised that teaching is more powerful than preaching. He determined to interest his audience in the lives and characters for which he would invoke sympathy. He knew how much real enjoyment people like Mr Micawber—happy-go-lucky, cultured, sociable and irresponsible—get out of life, and give to those with whom they sojourn, and while we shrink from such callous creatures as Sairey Gamp and her kind, we are amused and interested directly we keep company with them.

MR. PICKWICK



Frank
Lynde 1916.

By permission of Messrs Hodder & Stoughton, Ltd
The Pickwick Papers, first published under the title "The Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club," was the earliest of the novels of Charles Dickens. Upwards of 300 characters appear in the book, the central figure being that of Mr. Pickwick, illustrated above by Frank Reynolds. Indirectly, the name is taken from the village of Pickwick, on the Great Bath Road between Bath and Chippenham. The work first appeared in monthly parts.

It was the children who appealed most to this author, he rarely sees the funny side of life in their misery. Almost all his child characters are little old grown-up folk, with responsibilities far beyond their years. Little Nell watching and planning, caring with uncanny wisdom for her grandfather, remains always a pathetic figure. Oliver, David, Pip, Smike, Paul and Florence Dombey, are all hopelessly at the mercy of authority in some form. Young Traddles and The Artful Dodger get a good deal out of life in spite of circumstances, and Kit cuts quite a manly figure with his family.

The Old Curiosity Shop.

It was perhaps "The Old Curiosity Shop" that endeared Dickens to the English-speaking race, though "David Copperfield" was his masterpiece. He began his literary work by writing "Sketches by Boz" in his spare time while reporting for a newspaper, and "Pickwick Papers" followed in monthly parts. This was hardly a story, but a series of incidents, yet it is the characters in the Club that we remember rather than their doings.

Dickens himself loved light, colour and movement, and the characters he created overflowed with abundance of life, like himself. He appealed to his readers with his jollity almost as much as with his intense sympathies.

Nobody has written of the English Christmas like Dickens. His "Christmas Carol" and "The Chimes" breathe its very atmosphere of outdoor fog and chill contrasted with indoor comfort, appetising odours and cheery fires. It was the latter book, written in Italy, which tempted the novelist into reading his work aloud to audiences. He always was dramatic, from a child he had been encouraged to act and recite, and into these public readings of his own work he put far more energy than was good for him, for he was never robust. He worked too hard at his writing and was subject to fits of fatigue and depression. After giving up the editorship of the *Daily*



Specially drawn for this work
FROM "DAVID COPPERFIELD"

Regarded as the best of all the works of Charles Dickens, "David Copperfield" first appeared in monthly parts, publication beginning in May, 1849. The incident depicted is the one where David is interviewed by Mr. Creakle, who grasps the boy by the ear. "When I say I'll do a thing, I do it," says Mr. Creakle, "and when I say I will have a thing done, I will have it done."

News he went to Switzerland "Dombey and Son" and "David Copperfield" were his next ventures "Bleak House" dealt with the injustice of delaying lawsuits, perhaps Inspector Bucket and the pathetic crossing sweeper, Poor Joe, helped to account for its enormous sales "Little Dorrit" showed Dickens' scorn of bad government in public offices, just as "Oliver Twist" and "Nicholas Nickleby" had exposed the workhouse system and the wretched schools

Sir John Martin Harvey's play "The Only Way" is based upon Dickens' story of the French Revolution, called "A Tale of Two Cities." This has always been a favourite, though it lacks Dickens' usual humour

Dickens' last years were spent in the house at Gadshill, outside Rochester, which as a small boy he had longed to possess. He wrote in a small chalet he had built for the purpose "Great Expectations" and "Our Mutual Friend" were completed, and his last novel (unfinished), begun there

His sudden death was a personal blow to thousands of his readers. A life begun in a blacking factory had ended on the heights of fame. Dickens was loved, not only as a literary genius, but as a great lover of his fellow men. There was no bitterness in his writings,



Specially drawn for this work

OLIVER TWIST ASKS FOR MORE!

"Child as Oliver Twist was, he was desperate with hunger, and reckless with misery. He rose from the table, and advancing to the master, basin and spoon in hand, said, somewhat alarmed at his own temerity 'Please, sir, I want some more'"

he was the true optimist who, in spite of all his experiences, went on seeking and admiring the good in everyone. He was second only to Shakespeare in his knowledge of the human heart

The Brontes [1816-1855].

Away on the great moorlands of Yorkshire, situated among lonely hills and barren ridges, lies the village of Haworth. There, at "The Parsonage," now preserved as the Bronte Museum, can be seen the childish work of the three clever sisters, Charlotte, Emily

and Anne Bronte, whose lives were spent almost entirely among these gloomy surroundings

Stories, poetry and essays contributed by each of these children were cleverly illustrated by their artistic brother, Branwell, for reading and writing gave the greatest delight to this talented family even as children

Tastes in Common

Their father, the Rector, although an Irishman, was moody by nature, and became more depressed and short-tempered as his troubles came. Less than a year after the family had come to Haworth from Bradford, where his six children had been born, he lost his wife, and the two elder girls contracted consumption while at boarding school, and died shortly after

Charlotte Bronte, now the eldest, felt keenly the responsibility of her position, her only brother was a great worry to them all. Every spare penny had been spent to send him to London to study art, but he was a failure in every way. After his early death, Mr Bronte grew bitter, and the three sisters had to depend upon themselves to make the best of their lives. They had many tastes in common; all loved books and longed to write. They could only be educated at a second-rate boarding school, and Charlotte helped the family finances by acting as part governess during her last years at Coward Bridge School. This is probably the "Lowood" she describes so minutely in "Jane Eyre."

The only possible way for women to earn a refined livelihood in those times was to become governesses. Charlotte went to Brussels. Her life in a school there was lonely and dull—she has pictured it in her story of "Villette"

Currer, Ellis and Acton Bell.

On her return to Haworth, the three sisters collected the poems they had written. They published under the names of "Currer," "Ellis" and

"Acton" Bell (using their initials), as they did not wish to be known. The book was not a success, neither was Charlotte's first novel, "The Professor." It was condemned as being too short and lacking in plot. Still she did not give in, but sent in another she had been writing from her own life experience.

This was the famous "Jane Eyre," one of the strongest novels ever written. Pathetic, emotional, vivid, full of life as she had encountered it, the book made a direct appeal to its readers.

"Wuthering Heights"

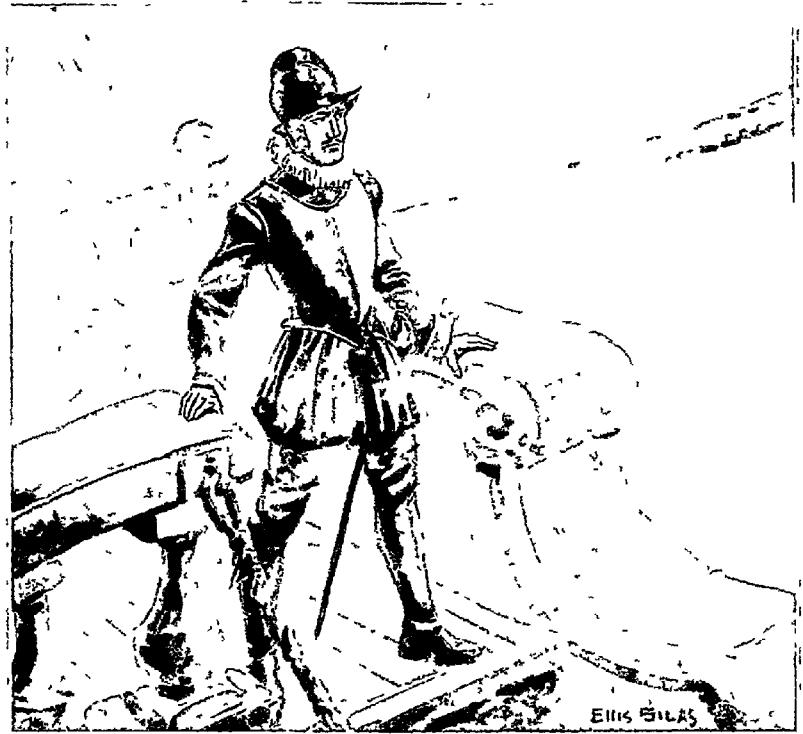
Both her sisters wrote. Emily had even more talent than Charlotte. She was very imaginative, her tale called "Wuthering Heights," was largely autobiographical, and very cleverly written. She was also the most poetically gifted of the sisters. Anne produced "Agnes Grey" and "The Tenant of Wildfell Hall." All three writers lacked humour, but that cannot be wondered at, considering the shadows under which they lived. Their lives were circumscribed, and they were obliged to draw upon limited material for their characters and stories.

After the death of both her sisters, within two years of her success, Charlotte married one of her father's curates, yet even that happiness was short-lived. In less than a year she died.

The tragic story has been written by loving hands. Mrs Gaskell, the author of "Cranford," was her friend. She wrote "The Life of Charlotte Bronte" with infinite care and skill. It ranks with our finest biographies, and contains most interesting letters. From this book we gain most of our knowledge of this ill-fated, courageous company of sisters.

Charles Kingsley [1819-1875].

While Dickens was writing novels to attract people into realising that many public institutions needed improvement, Charles Kingsley also was writing

*Specially drawn for this work***AMYAS LEIGH OF "WESTWARD HO!"**

The central character in Charles Kingsley's enthralling adventure story, "Westward Ho!", is Amyas Leigh, a youth of his own county of Devon. Amyas was big and strong, though of most equable temper, and we meet in the book Raleigh, Drake, Hawkins and other heroes of the stirring days of Good Queen Bess. The sub-title of the book is "The Voyages and Adventures of Sir Amyas Leigh, Kt., of Burrough, in the County of Devon, in the reign of Her Most Glorious Majesty Queen Elizabeth."

stories with a purpose. The text of his sermon was perhaps "Those who wish to be clean, clean they will be." In his famous "Water Babies," he teaches us through a fairy story much about "cleanliness of mind," for while sympathising with Tom's wretched life as a sweep, he insists that Tom needed many a lesson before he could become a real Water Baby.

Against Dirt and Disease.

The book is also full of interesting

information about Nature, especially water animals and plants, for Kingsley was a scientist as well as a clergyman. All his life he carried on a crusade against dirt and disease, and called upon people to rid themselves of such evils as bad drinking-water, unclean houses, and infectious diseases. His "Alton Locke" is a clever novel, calling attention to many hardships among the working classes in London.

He loved his native Devon, but worked among the crowded London



Specially drawn for this work

THE CORAL ISLAND

"To my horror I saw the shark quite close under the log, in the act of darting towards Jack's foot. The monster's snout rubbed against the log as it passed, and revealed its hideous jaws, into which Jack instantly plunged the paddle and thrust it down its throat." This is a thrilling incident from "The Coral Island," the third of R. M. Ballantyne's boys' books, which was first published in 1858.

streets, preaching, and helping the poorer folk. In his historical novel, "Westward Ho!", he introduces the Elizabethan sea-dogs and their struggle with the Armada into a very exciting story. "Hereward the Wake" and "Hypatia" deal with English and Roman times respectively, while "The Heroes" narrates old Greek stories. Kingsley's life has been written by his wife; she includes most interesting letters revealing not only the novelist's lovable nature, but his wonderful influence over all with whom he worked.

Robert Michael Ballantyne [1825-1894].

Robert Louis Stevenson once called

this splendid writer of boys' stories, "Ballantyne the Brave." Both men were born in Edinburgh, and R. L. S. succeeded Ballantyne as a master writer of adventure and travel. Few people realise, however, that Ballantyne's thrilling stories were almost all based on his actual personal experiences.

Early at Work.

As a child he loved reading and story-telling, but showed no special talent, the great gift he afterwards possessed of writing a straightforward tale like "The Coral Island" with ease and fluency developed with practice.

Family difficulties forced Robert to begin work early, and a relative managed to get him a post in the Hudson Bay Company. At sixteen he was on his way to the wilds of North America, a venture well suited to his disposition.

He described his life in Canada as "hard, rough and healthy." He and his friends did very little office-work. Most of their time was spent in fur-trading, canoeing and fishing, but it was a very lonely existence. It was to relieve the loneliness that young Ballantyne wrote long letters to his mother, full of his doings, and as the mail only left twice a year, we may imagine how full of adventure these budgets became. It was in this way the author began to feel his power of composition, although the idea of writing a continuous narrative did not occur to him until his six years in Canada were almost at an end. He enjoyed writing, but the book was only written on paper when passed round among his friends on his return to Scotland.

However, a cousin promised to get it printed, and "Hudson Bay" became

an immediate success. Several years passed before the author took to writing seriously, but he was at last persuaded, and "The Young Fur Traders" and "Ungava"—a tale of Eskimo life—gave further details of his doings in Canada. After that he got into touch with travellers who could give him first-hand information, and few writers of fiction have been so exact and careful in collecting their materials.

For Dr Barnardo's Homes

Before he wrote "The Life-boat," Ballantyne went to Ramsgate and made friends with the coxswain of the life-boat there. He spent three weeks on the Bell Rock Lighthouse itself before beginning "The Lighthouse." While planning "Fighting the Flames," he actually joined the Fire Brigade and rushed through London streets in uniform on the fire engines. To obtain correct information and accurate detail he took long journeys abroad. "Erling the Bold" took him to Norway, "The Pirate City" to Algiers, he visited the North Sea fishing grounds before he began to write "The Young Trawler," and the Cape itself supplied his background for "The Settler and the Savage." Often he wrote with the definite object of helping some institution. "Dusty Diamonds" was meant to interest people in Dr Barnardo's Homes.

His married life was spent in Edinburgh until 1873. After that he settled in London, but died in Rome on his way back after going abroad for his health. A white marble monument was erected at Rome in his memory by four generations of grateful readers of his splendid stories.



Specially drawn for this work

ON THE BRINK OF DISASTER

The above picture illustrates a stirring passage from "Hudson Bay," by R. M. Ballantyne. The description reads: "The canoe got into a strong current, and almost in an instant was swept down towards the fall. To turn the head of the canoe up the stream, and paddle for their lives, was the work of a moment, but before they got it fairly round they were on the very brink of the cataract."

Jules Verne [1828-1905]

Every schoolboy has at some time or other been thrilled by the work of this imaginative Frenchman. The very titles of his books demand attention; they promise more than excitement and adventure, they offer existence upon a different plane altogether from this prosaic world.

Verne, after studying law, and writing comedies and librettos for opera, suddenly struck an entirely new vein in fiction. Like Mr. Wells, he foresaw the possibilities of Science in the near future, but he exaggerated these into the wildest narratives of adventure, carried out by means of marvellous inventions.



ALICE AND THE WHITE RABBIT

"Alice felt so desperate that she was ready to ask help of anyone, so, when the Rabbit came near her, she began, in a low, timid voice, 'If you please, sir . . . The Rabbit started violently, dropped the white kid gloves and the fan and skurried away into the darkness as hard as he could go'" From "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland," by Lewis Carroll

The stories were cleverly thought out, the exciting escapades are made natural, and all kinds of "mechanical" characters necessary to the progress of the tales are introduced and accepted by the reader. Explorers, reporters, scientists and sailors all do their parts and help to make the incidents seem real. Yet they are never quite human, though necessary to the action.

"Around the World in Eighty Days" is a remarkably clever story, which leads us on to read "Five Weeks in a Balloon."

"Twenty Thousand Leagues under the Sea" stirs up every imaginative mind, and in the weird "Hector Servadac," the author actually gives an account of a voyage on a comet!

Verne won a great reputation for this special kind of story. "Around the World in Eighty Days" has been translated into almost every European language.

Lewis Carroll [1832-1898].

Few of us would associate the clever nonsense of "Alice in Wonderland" with a professor in mathematics, yet Charles Dodgson, a learned student and tutor at Oxford, was the author of that delightful book and its sister story, "Through the Looking Glass."

He was a bachelor who loved being with children, and the story was actually told to three sisters one summer afternoon while resting on the shady bank of the Thames. Alice in a kind of dream goes down a rabbit-hole in pursuit of the White Rabbit, and has weird adventures among the animals, who plague her with questions like riddles, the answers to which are full of clever fun.

Nonsense rhymes add to the general muddle, and make the book a delightful problem. "The Hunting of the Snark" and "Sylvie and Bruno" are still



THE KING AND QUEEN OF HEARTS

This picture and its two companion illustrations are from the drawings of Sir John Tenniel. Above we see the grand procession, when the Queen demands of the Knave of Hearts the identity of the little girl. "My name is Alice, so please your Majesty," said Alice, very politely.

favourites, even with the modern child "Through the Looking Glass" was presented in a London theatre with great success before the War.

Mark Twain [1835-1910].

This was the pen-name of a famous American writer, known all over the world for his humorous books. He was Samuel Langhorne Clemens, born in Florida, Missouri, and he adopted the name of "Mark Twain," from the call which the pilots make on the Mississippi River, when sounding the depth of the water. The words actually mean "by the mark, two fathoms," and while a pilot on that river, Clemens had used that call hundreds of times. One of his books described his experiences at that time—"Life on the Mississippi."

Once he went silver mining in Nevada, then for two years he was editor of *The Virginia City Enterprise*. In 1867, he visited France, Italy and Palestine, gathering material for his book, "Innocents Abroad." This made his reputation as a humorist.

He became an editor again at Buffalo, and married a wealthy lady, but the publishing firm with which he was connected failed, and he began lecturing and writing in earnest to pay off debts.



By permission of Messrs. MacMillan & Co., Ltd.
WHO STOLE THE TARTS?

This delightful pen and ink drawing shows the trial of the Knave of Hearts in the story "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland." The King of Hearts, who acts as judge, wears his crown over the wig, and it is the strangest court of justice imaginable. The White Rabbit reads the accusation, which originates from the familiar nursery rhyme "The Queen of Hearts, she made some tarts, all on a summer day."

and Palestine,

A later journey gave him experiences of which he made the most in "A Tramp Abroad." The best known, perhaps, of his famous books are "Tom Sawyer" and "Huckleberry Finn." These two books are full of real humour, fine writing and sound philosophy of life. We all know the cute, mischievous Tom and his equally intelligent Aunt—"She talks awful, but

talk don't hurt—anyways it don't if she don't cry!"

Once Tom had been set to whitewash a fence as punishment, Ben Rogers, whose ridicule he dreaded, hove in sight, eating an apple. Tom went on with his work, taking no notice.

"Hello, old chap, you got to work, hey?"

"Why, it's you, Ben! I warn't noticing."

"Say, I'm going in a swimming, I am. Don't you wish you could? But, of course, you'd druther work, wouldn't you? 'Course you would!"

Tom contemplated the boy a bit, and said,

"What do you call work?"

"Why, ain't that work?"

"Tom resumed his whitewashing and answered carelessly,

"Well, maybe it is, and maybe it ain't. All I know is, it suits Tom Sawyer."

"Oh! come now, you don't mean to let on that you like it?"

The brush continued to move.

"Like it? Well, I don't see why I oughtn't to like it. Does a boy get a chance to whitewash a fence every day?"

"That put the thing in a new light. Ben stopped nibbling his apple. Tom swept his brush daintily back and forth—stepped back to note the effect.

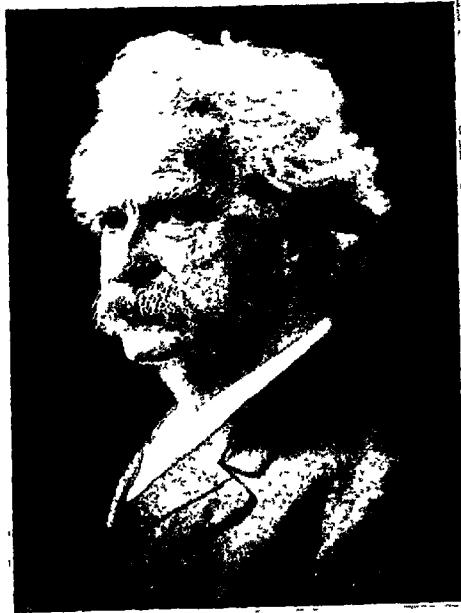
"Say, Tom, let me whitewash a little!"

The retired artist sat on a barrel in the shade close by, dangled his legs, munched his apple and planned the slaughter of more innocents. Boys happened along every little while, they came to jeer, but—remained to whitewash.

Richard Green [1837-1883].

It is delightful to read Mrs Green's introduction to her husband's masterpiece, "A Short History of the English People." We note that word "people," for it was the aim of this clever student of our country's story to trace the development of the people themselves from earliest times, and not merely to chronicle events or give the records of successive reigns.

The book has such a personality behind it, that we cannot separate the work from its author. From earliest schooldays, Green was an historian in the truest sense, piecing together the past from what he could see and trace for himself in the present. He reconstructed the history of



MARK TWAIN

James's Press

Here is a portrait of Samuel Langhorne Clemens, who was born in the United States of America in 1835. He is best known among young people for his famous books, "Tom Sawyer" and "Huckleberry Finn." He adopted the pen-name "Mark Twain" from the call which pilots used to make when taking soundings in the Mississippi River.

Oxford, his native city, by joining in its old rites and traditional processions, studying brasses in churches, tablets and records of the market places, colleges and city boundaries St. Giles' Fair was fraught with interest to the young student of humanity "In a walk through Oxford," he wrote, "one may find illustrations of every period in our annals" His youth was connected with Magdalen College School

Everything associated with his training was conservative, but so independent a thinker soon began to unravel problems in his own way When a school essay was set on "Charles the First," he devoted much study to the subject, and won the prize for a most original outburst of conviction that the king was in the wrong!

From that time he became rather a rebel in his opinions, and "Man and Man's History" became the chief interest of his life

He had few friends or advisers, he read enormously, and his brilliant history book is founded on a conscientious study of original parchments and records

A History for the People

Green chose to work as curate in a poor part of London, he had very little money to buy books, but learnt his chief lessons from the people—in churches, schools, docks and police-courts He was constantly ill, but used even convalescent times to glean the knowledge he wanted He believed that, until then, history had been unpopular because it had severed itself from any interest that would touch the heart of a people

He held that a man in any town could work out the history of the men who had died there from the little



Specially drawn for this work

TOM SAWYER AND HUCKLEBERRY FINN

Do you remember this incident in Mark Twain's "Tom Sawyer"? While Joe is slicing bacon for breakfast in the camp "Tom and Huck asked him to hold on a minute, they stepped to a promising nook in the river bank and threw in their lines, almost immediately they had reward They fried the fish with the bacon and were astonished, for no fish had ever seemed so delicious before"

struggles over taxes, the charters, the quaint customs, old furniture, the courts of justice, and the records in the churches

It is not surprising that an historian with this conviction should have made the reading of history a pleasure The vivacious style of the book fascinates the reader and carries him jauntily along through the fortunes of the English race No one would guess that this stupendous work, which popularised the reading of history once and for all, was actually written after Green had been given only six months to live

His first real leisure brought the great opportunity for writing. The book has many critics, but more lovers, it is the background of most of the charming history books written for children to study to-day. He thus describes Elizabethan times—

“ Their rough and wattled farm-houses were being superseded by dwellings of brick and stone. Pewter was replacing the wooden trenchers of the earlier yeomanry: there were yeomen who could boast a fair show of silver plate. It is from this period, indeed, that we can first date the rise of a conception of domestic comfort, now a peculiarly English one.

“ The chimney corner, so closely associated with family life, came into existence with the general introduction of chimneys, a feature rare in ordinary houses, at the beginning of this reign. Pillows, which had been despised by the farmer and the trader as fit only for women, were now in general use. Carpets superseded the filthy flooring of rushes. The lofty houses of the wealthier merchants, their parapeted fronts and costly wainscoting, their cumbrous but elaborate beds, their carved staircases, their quaintly figured gables, not only contrasted with the squalor which had till then characterised English towns, but marked the rise of a new middle class, which was to play its part in late history.”

Joel Chandler Harris [1848-1908].

There are few of us who have not laughed over the antics of Brer Rabbit and the Tar Baby in that delightful series of tales told by “ Uncle Remus ” The American author who began life in a printing office, studied law and abandoned it for journalism, made his most distinctive contribution to the world’s literature in these quaint tales, told in dialect and dealing with negro life and its folklore. Uncle Remus, the principal character, is a remarkably vivid and real creation, and the homely philosophy and poetic feeling in his stories

appeal just as much as his humour to children and grown-ups.

It was in 1880 that the book “ Uncle Remus: his Songs and his Sayings ” was published; then followed “ Nights with Uncle Remus,” “ Free Joe,” and other Georgian sketches.

What the Brothers Grimm did for German folk stories, Harris did for the American negro literature of the natives of his country.

Brer Rabbit and the Tar Baby.

“ Brer Rabbit was mighty pert and spry, and he never let Brer Fox catch him. So Brer Fox pretended to be friendly, and asked Brer Rabbit to come to dinner with him. But Brer Rabbit did not come; he knew what was going to be eaten at that dinner. Brer Fox then thought of something else. He went to work and got some tar and some turpentine and fixed up a thing which he called a Tar Baby. He set up this Tar Baby by the road near Brer Rabbit’s house and laid low beneath the bramble-bushes near by to watch what would happen.”

Robert Louis Stevenson [1850-1894].

In one of his books, this most charming of authors wrote: “ To travel hopefully is a better thing than to arrive ” The life of R L S was, indeed, one of much wandering; his courageous spirit, full of the keenest enjoyment of life, carried him victoriously through forty-five years of wretched physical weakness, and led him to experience far more adventure in his search for health than hundreds of robust citizens, who, with wealth and strength, but far less vital energy, are content to stagnate at home.

Even as a child, the wander-lust was there.

“ My bed is like a little boat,
Nurse helps me in when I embark ”

So many of the poems in “ A Child’s Garden of Verses ” recall the longings of an imaginative, lonely child to

PICTURES FROM "UNCLE REMUS"



Brer Fox drapt his game en loped back up
de road after de udder rabbit and ole Brer
Rabbit he snatch up Brer Fox game en
put out fer home



"Brer Fox! Oh, Brer Fox!" sang out
Brer Rabbit. "Come out yer, Brer Fox,
en I'll show you de man w'at been stealin'
yo' goobers."



"Good-bye, Brer Fox, take keer yo' cloze,
For dis is de way de worril goes,
Some goes up en some goes down,
You'll git ter de bottom all safe en soun'."



Drawings specially prepared for this work
"Brer Rabbit sot dar, en he sot dar, en he
drunk his dram, en he think he gwineter
freeze. He fetch a jerk, en lo en
beholes, whar wuz his tail?"

explore the world, "so full of a number of things."

His journeyings by canoe with a friend on the canals and streams of Belgium and France are delightfully described in "An Inland Voyage," while his happy vagrant wanderings with the obstinate Modestine for his sole companion have given us as record "Travels with a Donkey in the Cevennes." While in a very low state of health he made a wonderful attempt to reach the woman he loved, and who needed him, by crossing America in an

emigrant train, travelling with offensive companions, and putting up with hardships that would have tried even a healthy man.

Yet he could recall the pathetic and humorous incidents of that journey with intense pleasure in "Across the Plains."

What trace is there in "Treasure Island" of the boredom of an invalid's life? Who could guess that the creator of Long John Silver and Ben Gunn was racked by a consumptive cough? The eternal spirit of youth out for

adventure riots through the book. It was written to please a boy (his stepson); and which of us cannot recognise Robert Louis Stevenson in young Jim Hawkins, the irrepressible hero?

Exiled from his native Scotland year after year in winter months, and driven even from the sheltered Bournemouth air after a grim fight with severe illness, Stevenson and his wife, during a visit to the United States, decided to try the effects of a yachting cruise in the warm Pacific Seas.

In the South Seas.

The death of his father, son of a famous lighthouse engineer, had made the final parting with Scotland a little easier, for his mother accompanied him in the new adventures. For three years the Stevensons wandered from island to island, staying at times in one group for several



Specially drawn for this work

MY KINGDOM

And all about was mine, I said,
The little sparrows overhead,
The little minnows too
This was the world and I was king,
For me the bees came by to sing,
For me the swallows flew

Taken from "A Child's Garden of Verses," by Robert Louis Stevenson

weeks, finding everywhere fresh experiences, wonderful natural beauty and eternal sunshine. In the famous "Vailima Letters," penned from time to time to friends at home, R.L.S. writes —

"This climate, these voyagings new islands, new forested harbours, new interests of gentle natives—the whole tale of my life is better to me than any poem."

His book "In the South Seas" gives his impressions of these happy visits to the various islands and conveys some idea of his intense sympathy with the native mind, which made his life so rich in interest and power at Samoa. For it was agreed that for Stevenson's sake a definite

home should be made there in the Samoan group of islands, where, with the least possible strain upon his delicate health, he could pursue his beloved work for literature. Many of his books



Specially drawn for this work.

LONG JOHN SILVER

The eternal spirit of youth looks out from Robert Louis Stevenson's classic adventure story, "Treasure Island." In the above illustration we see Long John Silver, whose "left leg was cut off close by the hip, and under the left shoulder he carried a crutch, which he managed with wonderful dexterity, hopping about upon it like a bird. He was very tall and strong, with a face as big as a ham, plain and pale, but intelligent and smiling."

had become popular and more were in demand. His friends arranged to have his work published as he produced it, and as the island was well served by calling steamers, R.L.S. was able to

keep in touch with his friends. His stepson, Lloyd Osbourne, returned to bring out the house furniture from Bournemouth.

At Vailima.

At first, Stevenson and his wife lived in a small wooden house, while the natives cleared the ground of bush growth. He delighted in adding to the new home and was often tempted to overwork physically. His position among the native chiefs was of real importance; they loved and respected "Tusitala," as they called him, and in return for his help during a political crisis, they made him a great cutting in the forest, called "The Road of the Loving Heart." In the "Life of R L S," written by his cousin Balfour,

or in the "Vailima Letters," which he sent to Europe regularly, one may read delightful accounts of the author's last three years at Vailima. There he died in 1894, working up till the end at his books

His Samoan friends hacked a path up the steep hill-side, so that he could be buried on the mountain top

Later a tomb was erected, inscribed both in English and Samoan. His own Requiem was written there:—

"Under the wide and starry sky,
Dig the grave and let me lie
Glad did I live, and gladly die,
And I lay me down with a will
This be the verse, you grave for me,
'Here he lies where he longed to be,
Home is the sailor, home from the sea
And the hunter, home from the hill'"



W F Mansell.

A MEMORIAL TO ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

In this fine memorial, we see the author of "Treasure Island" lying on his invalid couch in Samoa writing the prayer of cheerfulness which is inscribed above. It was for his health's sake that Stevenson went to reside in the South Sea Islands, where he was loved and respected by the native chiefs. "R. L. S." like Ballantyne, was a native of Edinburgh, but even in his early years the Scottish winters were too severe for his delicate constitution.

FIVE GREAT WRITERS OF TO-DAY



FROM THE GREAT DRAMA "SAINT JOAN"

Stage Photo Co

In this photograph we can study a scene from George Bernard Shaw's beautiful drama, "Saint Joan." The drama has as its central character Joan of Arc. The left-hand figure above is the chaplain, John de Stogumber. In the centre comes Cauchon, Bishop of Beauvais. On the right is the Earl of Warwick, who was Governor of Rouen at the time when Joan was burned at the stake in the *Varf et Place*. These three personages are discussing Joan's influence on European civilisation in the times in which she lived.

SOMEONE has described George Bernard Shaw [b. 1856] as "a modern Don Quixote who must be a-tilting." It is true that the Irish blood in this brilliant wit has made him a fighter, but he is more than the cynic and the jester. Perhaps he represents cold intellectualism as opposed to sentiment in life. He is certainly out to destroy romance, from a conviction that it is closely allied to the shams of this world and is hindering moral progress.

Bernard Shaw and the Stage.

All his keen critical and artistic powers are used in propaganda work, he feels that the stage should be able to uplift the people, and hopes to use it to bring about a reformation in our social system.

His dialogue is clever, original and witty; the plays make better reading perhaps than drama, for his plots are

less important than his theories. The men in them are definitely useful types, and his women only are allowed to be individuals, indeed, the stage is merely a platform for the author.

In an early play, "Widowers' Houses," he tackles the slum question "I do not love the poor, but I hate poverty."

The "Devil's Disciple" teaches that soul alone can produce noble action, while "Captain Brassbound's Conversion" shows the uselessness of revenge. "Back to Methusaleh" is too long for acting, but intensely interesting to read as the drama of life itself.

In "Saint Joan" there is perhaps less of Shaw himself, history has tied him down to facts. He allows very little of the real romance of her story to inspire his Joan of Arc, she is robbed of personal magnetism, yet the play is a masterpiece. Here Shaw has no axe to grind, but has written a beautiful

drama on a plane of emotion quite unusual to him.

Sir James Barrie [born 1860].

It is impossible to describe that whimsical, indefinable charm known as "The Barrie Touch." One must read "A Window in Thrums" and "Margaret Ogilvy" to appreciate the genius that sprang from the little Scottish village of Kirriemuir and that most fascinating of mothers, who knew her son could not keep her out of his stories "When you looked into my mother's eyes, you knew as if He had told you, why God had sent her into the world—it was to open the minds of all who looked—to beautiful thoughts, and that is the beginning and end of literature."

As a modern playwright Barrie stands apart, above reproach or criticism. He alone dares to deal with sentiment in this material age as a thing of beauty. There is no bitterness, no cynicism in his fun. He never tires of finding loveliness in the simple things of life. His women are charming, from Margaret Ogilvy and Tibbie to the little group of charladies in "The Old Lady Shows Her Medals." His novels came first and influenced public opinion at a time of Victorian prejudice against novels and theatres. In "Sentimental Tommy" he is laughing at himself, and "Tommy and Grizel" is delightful

"A Kiss for Cinderella."

In 1894 "The Professor's Love Story," his first play, was produced, followed by "The Little Minister," "Quality Street" and "What Every Woman Knows." During the War "A Kiss for Cinderella" and "Dear Brutus" drew large audiences, and in 1920 "Mary Rose" crowned his success. Of "Peter Pan" there is no need to speak; like his creator, Peter will never grow up, if growing up means losing fairyland.

"Quality Street" was revived in 1921. As a comedy of manners it

marked the characteristics of England in Napoleonic times, and, in spite of its air of decorum and "artificial" atmosphere, which might so easily have been merely old-fashioned, the play was again a brilliant success. Like all true classics, it proved to be of the quality that will not age.

Maurice Maeterlinck [born 1862].

This is the most famous Belgian writer of to-day, the son of a lawyer of Ghent. His two delightful plays "The Blue Bird" and "The Betrothal" have not only been translated into English, but acted in our English theatres. Because his plays are mystic and do not deal with ordinary ideas, they are difficult to stage. The scenery, for instance, in "The Blue Bird" was most beautifully thought out, in order that nothing should spoil the symbolic character of the play—"such stuff as dreams are made on."

Maeterlinck is concerned always with the mysteries and the truth that lies behind all the unknown. Most of his work, therefore, is philosophical, and deals with soul-force rather than with action. He ranks intelligence as a valuable help to the growth of soul, for by it we are higher than the rest of created things, curiosity also is a divine gift, and intelligence should prompt us to satisfy it in the quest for truth.

Maeterlinck's quiet life amid the winding canals and brooding skies of the peaceful slow-moving Flemish town encouraged a natural tendency to solitude and silence. Reserved by nature, he fled before any public notice of his work, though he confessed himself encouraged and warmed by the appreciation of his dramas shown in Paris when he was young. He had gone there to study law, but like our own Scott and Stevenson he preferred literature, and lost no opportunity while in the capital of reading and learning from the museums and public galleries. He even began contributing to *La Jeune Belgique*

FROM "THE LITTLE MINISTER"



Stage Photo Co

Sir James Barrie was born in Kirriemuir, Forfarshire, in 1860. Young folks think of him very affectionately as the author of "Peter Pan". As a playwright Barrie stands above criticism. His novels made people far more broad-minded and tolerant than they were. The scene illustrated above forms part of "The Little Minister". We see the Rev. Gavin Dishart on the left and the woman Babbie, seemingly a gipsy, but really the daughter of an earl.

before he definitely abandoned law as a profession

The Life of the Bee.

In 1890, a glowing criticism of "La Princesse Malerine," which showed clearly the influence of Hamlet and Macbeth, brought him publicity, from which he escaped. In 1892, he wrote "Pelléas and Mélisande," for which the music was afterwards written by Debussy. The influence of the brilliant Georgette Leblanc, whom he afterwards

married, was very marked. They lived in an old ruined Abbey in Normandy, and it was the garden of this lonely place that inspired him to write "The Life of the Bee." He found mystery even here in "The Spirit of the Hive" as he calls it.

He translated Macbeth for his wife to act, with the gloomy atmosphere of the Abbey as a background. He modernised the story of Bluebeard in his play "Ariane," advocating freedom of thought for women.

He believes physical fitness to be necessary to soul development, and is most keen on exercise and outdoor life. The body in health is able to help the mind to realise the significance of inward things, of which outward material things are only the symbols—for real happiness is that of the wise, thoughtful man and not the adventurer.

Once in "The Death of a Little Dog" he foreshadowed the whole of Act III in "The Blue Bird"—in which the "Soul of Dog" is man's real guide and friend in the search of happiness.

"We are alone, absolutely alone in this chosen planet, and among all forms of life that surround us, not one except the dog has made any alliance with us."

In 1911, Maeterlinck was awarded the Nobel Prize, this marked his European reputation. Nowadays he contributes largely to French,



By kind permission of Mr. Rudyard Kipling and Messrs. Macmillan & Co., Ltd.

THE LAMA

The above illustration, by J. Lockwood Kipling, is taken from "Kim," by Rudyard Kipling, and shows Kim and the lama. "They ate together in great content," says the book, "clearing the beggar's bowl. Then the lama took snuff from a portentous wooden snuff-gourd, fingered his rosary awhile, and so dropped into the easy sleep of age, as the shadow of Zam-Zammah grew long."



Specially painted for this work, and included by kind permission of Mr Rudyard Kipling

AT THE "COUNCIL ROCK"

Father Wolf waited till his cubs could run a little, and then on the night of the Pack Meeting took them and Mowgli and Mother Wolf to the Council Rock—a hill-top covered with stones and boulders where a hundred wolves could hide.

Baloo, the sleepy brown bear, rose up on his hind quarters and grunted. "The man's cub—
the man's cub?" he said. "I speak for the man's cub." Taken from "The Jungle Book," by
Rudyard Kipling

English and
American
magazines

Mr. Rudyard Kip-
ling [1865]

Mr. Kipling has been writing short stories for more than forty years, and has recently delighted his admirers with a tale for everybody, "Thy Servant a Dog." Perhaps it was through his animal stories that most of us made our first acquaintance with this great writer, and which of us who revelled in the "Just So Stories" did not find ways and means of getting at both the "Jungle Books" somehow? Then perhaps we learnt that our author was connected with India, claiming that country at birth, and returning later as

assistant editor of *The Pioneer*. His experience of Anglo-Indian life on the frontier has given us that graceful group of child studies in the "Wee Willie Winkie" volume—"Baa, Baa Black Sheep" and "His Majesty The King" "Stalky and Co" ranks with "Tom Brown's School Days" as a favourite school yarn

Kipling loves England as most men do who come back to her from the ends of the earth. On Empire Day, children in schools sing his patriotic verses, and recite his stirring poetry—"God of our fathers, known of old," and the solemn "Land of Our Birth"—the Children's Song

At the outbreak of the Great War,



By kind permission of Mr. Rudyard Kipling and Messrs. Macmillan & Co., Ltd.
MOWGLI LEAVING THE JUNGLE

Our print, by Maurice and Edward Detmold, is taken from "The Jungle Book," by Rudyard Kipling. There are few people who cannot follow the adventures of Mowgli with the closest interest. Mr. Kipling was born in India in 1865 and knows our great overseas Empire as few men do. In particular, he has a close understanding of and sympathy for the minds of Eastern folks.

his was the voice that challenged the men of the nation—

" For all we have and are,
For all our children's fate,
Stand up and meet the war
The Hun is at the gate.

There is but one task for all
For each our life to give
Who stands—if freedom fall?
Who dies—if England live?"

Many a small child has gained his first idea of world geography from his "Big Steamers," written during the War, too—

" Oh where are you going to, all you Big Steamers
With England's own coal, up and down the salt seas?"

Kim.

Most of the finest poems are now available in a small volume called "A Choice of Songs" (Methuen), while his soldier poems are collected in "Barrack Room Ballads" "Kim" is perhaps the greatest of his Indian stories, it is so much more than a tale of India, just as "They" and "The Brushwood Boy" are to be read and not talked about in cold print

Mr Kipling understands India and the life of its people as few others do. His stories reveal his knowledge of its mysterious power, its isolation from the world outside and its special character. He also realises the great influence of splendid Englishmen who as civil servants go out to administrate in India, and try to work in sympathy with the Eastern mind and its outlook. The story of "William the Conqueror"—in the volume called "The Day's Work"—illustrates this point. That story, together with the greatest of the "Jungle Book" tales and "Wee Willie Winkie," can be read now in a book called "The Kipling Reader" (Macmillan, 2s 6d.)

Another side of Kipling's genius deals with technical things—pistons, bridges, bolts, bars, steam engines, and men's skill in managing the machinery

of the world. For most of us, though, the author of "Purun Bhagat," the first of the "Second Jungle Book" tales, holds our affections, and we would rather follow the fortunes of Mowgli at the Council Rock than those of an ambitious locomotive

Mr. H. G. Wells [1866].

If the French writer of scientific romances, Jules Verne, began the fashion of using inventions as "plots" for exciting tales, Mr Wells has brought that type of story almost to complete perfection

Not only has he a trained scientific mind, but he has also the gift of introducing real living characters into his tales of adventure

"The Time Machine" was the first of these scientific stories; then came "The Sleeper Awakes," "The First Men in the Moon," and "The Food of the Gods." He studied science under Huxley, and gained his B Sc at London University, hoping to become a teacher of science, but ill-health compelled him to give up teaching. He had already had experience as a draper's assistant, and had been a chemist, before he began to study for a profession. At the age of twenty-seven he had produced nothing of literary importance, yet he stands to-day in the front rank of English prose writers.

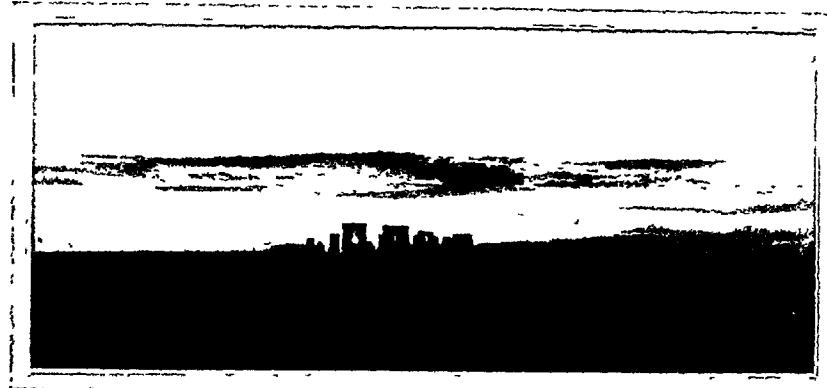
Fame from Short Stories.

His short stories were peculiarly successful, even in an age when many great writers, such as Barrie, Kipling, Stevenson and Conrad, were perfecting the art of writing little masterpieces. The best of his short stories can be read in "The Country of the Blind." His longer novels show him to be a thinker of vast imaginative insight into character. "Tono-Bungay" and "Ann Veronica" have always been popular; "Kipps" recalls his life as a draper's assistant, and "Love and Mr Lewisham" reminds us of his teaching days

Wonders of Architecture



The Story of the Builder and his Art



J. Dixon Scott

STONEHENGE AT SUNSET

In this impressive photograph we see Stonehenge as it is to-day, silhouetted darkly against the setting sun. Such a view is particularly appealing in the wide and somewhat desolate expanse of Salisbury Plain. Stonehenge is believed to have been erected as a Temple of the Sun, and to have witnessed the evening shadows through a period estimated at thirty-seven centuries.

IN THE DISTANT PAST

WE call our ancestors cave men because the first home of mankind was a cave. A hole in the rocks gave those naked, hairy folk shelter from the rain and snow, but not from the huge and savage beasts, such as the cave bear and sabre-toothed tiger, of those early days.

To protect themselves against these monsters, it must have occurred to man at a very early stage to pile rocks across the mouth of the cave, and that rude stone wall was the first attempt at building.

The First Builder.

Then some tribe that went wandering in search of food found itself up on a bare moor where there were no caves, but plenty of stones, and what is more natural than that its members should

build a wall of loose stones around their camp? This wall protected them from wild beasts, but not from the weather, and up on the heights the wind blew bitter cold, so someone got the idea of making a small enclosure just big enough for one family, and of laying sticks across the top to form the roof.

A Prehistoric Village.

If you visit Dartmoor, that great tableland of South Devonshire, you may see for yourself just how those old folk built. On a high saddle between two tors near the eastern side of the moor lies the prehistoric village called Grimsound. It is a good sized space surrounded by a *double* wall of gigantic stones, and in it are the remains of a number of stone huts, one of which has been restored by clever scientists so

that it looks just as it used to look when first built, perhaps thirty centuries ago.

Man's First Arch.

You will notice that it is not quite circular, but that the rude stone wall is spiralled so that one end overlaps the other. Since the men who built it knew nothing of doors, they adopted this device to keep the wind from blowing straight in. The top, made of pieces of wood and rushes, is shaped like a beehive and was no doubt fairly weather-proof. With a good bed of dried grass and plenty of skins to cover them, we may well believe that the inmates slept snugly, even when winter storms raged over these bleak heights.

These primitive folk belonged to the Stone Age and had, of course, no metal tools, so they could not shape stones except by beating with other and harder stones. Therefore they picked

such stones as were suited by their natural shape for their purpose, and filled the chunks with clay or moss to keep out the wind. Then as time went on they discovered tin and copper, two easily melted metals, and fused them together to make bronze.

Good bronze is very hard, and with bronze tools they were able to shape stones, to square them so that they would fit together. Once they had done this, they got on more quickly, and soon discovered how to make an arch by setting up the upright stones and placing across them a third stone. At Mycenæ, in Greece, there still exists an immensely ancient arch called the Lion Gate which is made on this principle.

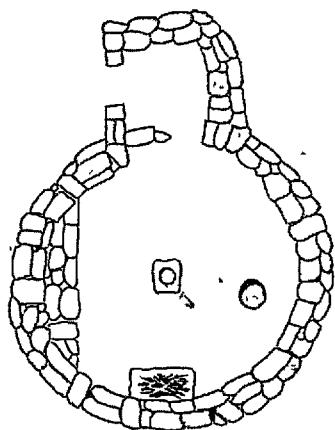
All About Stonehenge

The first effort of the primitive architect was for defence against enemies, both man and beast, the second was for the building of temples in which to worship the unseen powers, and for the construction of tombs for the mighty dead.

The oldest ruins in England which still stand are the remains of the great temple of Stonehenge, a temple which we believe to have been erected for the worship of the sun, a work so colossal that it has stood through some thirty-seven centuries, and still fills the mind of the spectator with wonder and awe.

The Hanging Stones

"Stanhengist" is the Saxon word, from which we have Stonehenge, and its meaning is "the hanging stones". The name shows how greatly impressed our Saxon forefathers were by the size of the lintels, the cross-pieces laid across the tops of the "sarsens" or pillar stones. Some of these lintels



A STONE HUT IN OUTLINE

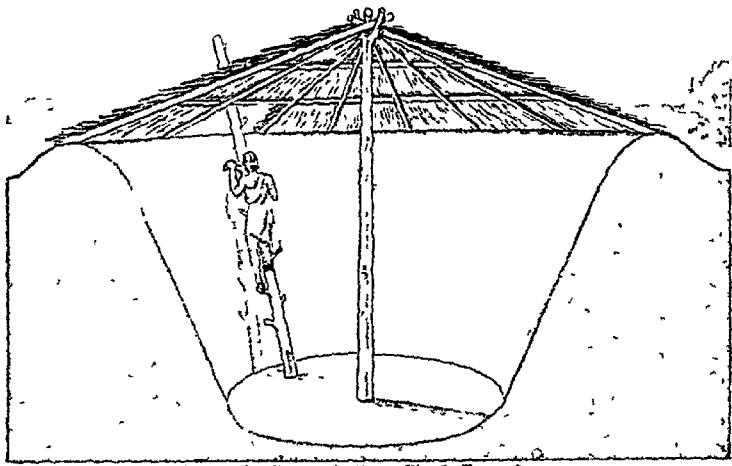
Primitive man, maybe thirty centuries ago, built and lived in a stone hut of this shape. Knowing nothing of doors, he fashioned his wall so that one end overlapped the other, thus preventing the wind from blowing straight in.

Based on "Everyday Life in the New Stone, Bronze and Early Ages," by M. and C. H. B. Quennell, published by B. T. Batsford, Ltd.

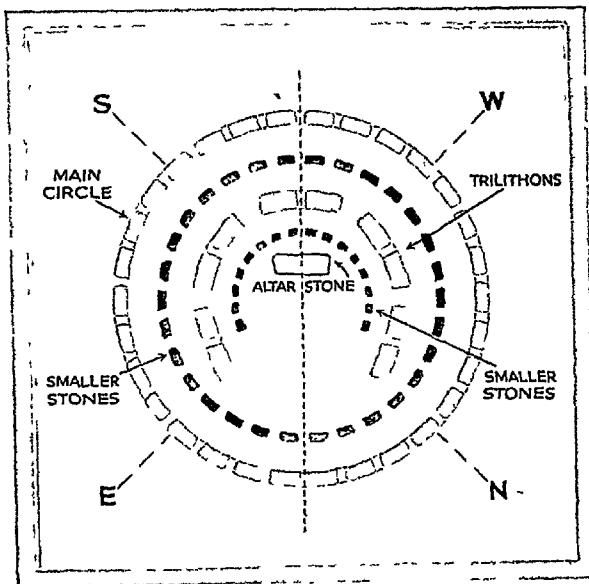
HOMES IN THE STONE AGE



This illustration gives us a clear idea of the stone hut when it was finished. The stones for the base were of course carefully selected and their chunks filled with clay or moss to keep out the weather. For the upper structure, which makes one think of a beehive, there was a framework of wood neatly thatched with rushes. The floor was probably covered with dried grass.



At Grinsound, on Dartmoor is a prehistoric village containing the remains of a number of stone huts such as the one depicted in the upper drawing on this page. Another type of home was made in a pit, like the one here seen. Instead of rearing the walls of a house, as we do, primitive man dug holes in dry and suitable localities and roofed them with wood and thatch. Drawings based on "Everyday Life in the New Stone, Bronze and Early Ages," by M. and C. H. B. Quennell, published by B. T. Batsford, Ltd.



Specially drawn for this work.
STONEHENGE IN A SKETCH-PLAN

From this diagram we can easily imagine the shape and ground-plan of Stonehenge when first erected. You will notice that there were thirty huge stones in the outer circle. These stones were capped with lintels, or large horizontal stones. The inner trilithons consisted of two uprights and one cross-piece, and the altar stone came in the centre.

are 15 feet long, 4 feet 6 inches wide and 3 feet 6 inches deep, and weigh nearly seven tons. Just think of lifting seven tons 20 feet off the ground! Nowadays, it is true, we could do it with a steam crane, but this task was accomplished about 1680 B.C., when our ancestors did not possess any sort of cranes.

Who Built Stonehenge?

The people who built Stonehenge were what we call Neolithic or New Stone people. They came from the shores of the Mediterranean, and their skeletons show that they were small folk. The men were not more than 5 feet 6 inches in height and the women about 5 feet. They were slenderly built, had rather dark complexions and long, narrow heads. Do not run away with the idea that they were

savages. Not a bit of it, for they kept animals, such as sheep and cattle, they farmed the land and grew wheat, barley and other crops, and they lived in huts or houses. They knew how to spin and weave wool, they made good pottery out of clay, and they certainly understood a great deal about mining. They had undoubtedly some bronze implements with which they were able to cut wood and shape stones.

They also — their priests, at any rate — knew a lot about astronomy, for they "oriented" their stone avenues and stone temples correctly, so that the sun or some specially bright star shone upon them at some particular date.

What Stonehenge Is.

We have good reason to believe that Stonehenge was probably a temple of sun worship, for Professor Flinders Petrie has told us that it was plainly built so as to face the rising sun on midsummer day. The axis of the temple is a line drawn through the centre of the altar stone and the so-called slaughter stone to another stone beyond, named the Friar's Heel, and this line must have pointed exactly to sunrise when the temple was built. As we know, the place of sunrise varies slightly from year to year owing to the changes of the earth's course round the sun, and the great astronomer, Sir Norman Lockyer, has calculated that this line pointed exactly to sunrise in 1680 B.C. That is how we get the date of the erection of

this strange and wonderful circle

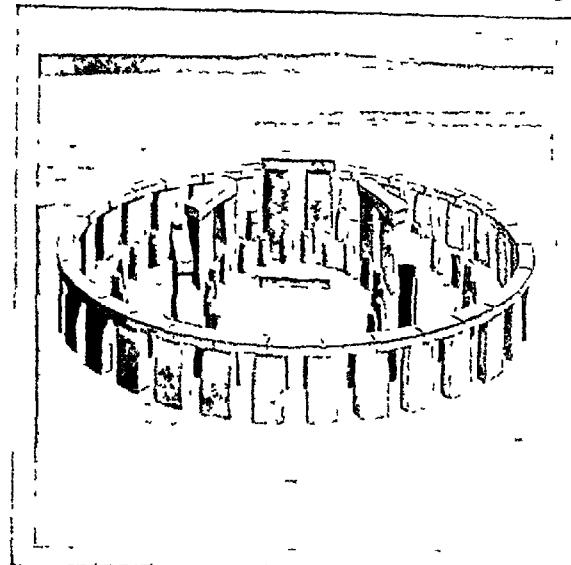
Its Shape and Size.

Stonehenge stands in the centre of Salisbury Plain on a circular earthwork 300 feet in diameter. There is an outside circle of "trilithons" (each a pair of the giant stone pillars with a cross-piece on top), and these were originally thirty in number. Inside this is a circle of smaller stones called "blue stones." In the centre is a horseshoe which was originally composed of five giant trilithons surrounding an inner horseshoe of blue stones. The pillars weigh from twenty tons up to fifty tons apiece.

How it was Built

The big stones or sarsens are of sandstone and have been roughly dressed. These stones are English, but not native to the district, which is all chalk. The blue stones forming the inner circle are not British at all, but must have been brought from across the sea.

How did these primitive people bring them? What ships did they use, and when the stones were landed, how did they carry them across many miles of hill and dale? We may take it for granted there were no roads in those days, we know that then, and for thousands of years after, nearly the whole of Southern England was swamp and forest. How did these little folk haul their huge boulders across such country, and how did they transport them across the wide rivers and over the soft boggy ground?



Special, drawn for this work

A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE TEMPLE

This pictorial diagram is a counterpart of the sketch-plan on the opposite page. Here you can see the outer circle, the ring of smaller inner stones, the horseshoe of trilithons and smaller stones and the altar. Some of the lintels are 15 feet in length, weighing many tons, yet they were lifted 20 feet above ground level.

Frankly, we do not know. We cannot even guess. The whole undertaking is a complete and utter mystery.

What About the Pyramids?

People say "Look at the Egyptians. See how they built the Pyramids. They used bigger stones and more of them."

There is no comparison at all. Egypt is a fairly flat country with a vast river running through its centre on which great stones can be rafted. It has always had a big population, and the richness of its soil provides, and always did provide, plenty of food for vast armies of labourers. The Egyptians, when they wanted to build a pyramid, were able to gather a huge host of slaves on the spot and keep them there till the job was finished.

Salisbury Plain, on the other hand, is

TALES TOLD IN STONE



We should pay reverent respect to the fragments that have come down to us from the Stone Age, because they are almost all we have to tell us the story of primitive man. Here, for example, are some monolithic ruins to be seen at West Park, Jersey, in the Channel Islands. A monolith is a column or obelisk consisting of a single stone.



Photo: J. Dixon Scott

This picture also comes from Jersey, and the photograph was taken at Gorey. It shows as an ancient dolmen, the meaning of which is one large stone resting upon others to form a kind of inner chamber. In this instance there seems to have been a rampart of stone to protect the dolmen, and such a chamber may have been the centre of a barrow, or large mound raised to form a tomb entered through a tunnel.

A HUT CIRCLE ON DARTMOOR



Here is another example of a dolmen with the corridor or tunnel beneath the capstone plainly seen. This one is in Guernsey, and was undoubtedly a burial place. Picturesquely, it is said by the natives to be haunted by fairies. The dolmens of the Channel Islands are quite different from those found in England. Some thousands of such monuments survive in France.



Photos J. Dixon-Scott

In this print we see the famous hut circle of Merrivale, on the windswept heights of Dartmoor. Each of these circles probably represents a hut with a stone base covered with a thatched timber roof, as illustrated earlier in this section. The men who arranged these stones may have lived a thousand years before the time of Christ.

an infertile stretch of country where crops were never grown, so even when the stones did reach their destination we are puzzled to know how the building was done. A large force must have been needed; for, if the giant stones were moved by man power, hundreds of men must have been required for the work. How, we ask, were all these men housed and fed on this barren upland? Yet it remains a question to which there is no answer. We do not know how the stones were brought to their present position or how, when brought, they were built up into a shape which has lasted for more than thirty-six centuries.

More Miracles.

Remember, too, that Stonehenge is only a part, and a very small part, of the work done by those prehistoric builders. The Stone Circles at Avebury, a few miles from Stonehenge, were originally very much larger and more important than Stonehenge itself. Unfortunately hardly any part of this once mighty temple survives.

"This stupendous fabric," writes Mr. Colt Hoare, "which for some thousands of years has braved the assaults of weather, and which . . . if left to itself would have lasted as long as the globe, has fallen a sacrifice to the wretched ignorance and avarice of a little village unluckily placed within it."

In other words, these magnificent stones, brought to the spot at the cost of untold toil, have been broken up to build cottages and pigstyes. The loss to the student of past history is simply heart-breaking, but it is too late for useful repentance. All that we can do is to be very sure that no more of our ancient monuments shall be destroyed in so brutal a fashion.

Something About Bricks.

No one can say who made the first brick, but we find bricks in Egypt, Assyria and Babylonia, which are at least 4,000 years old. In a country

where there is plenty of clay but no stone, it is easy enough to imagine some enterprising person shaping lumps of wet clay and drying them in the sun for building purposes. Bricks, we know, were used to build the Tower of Babel, and in all parts of the world where clay is common and stone scarce early man took to building with clay.

The "adobe" houses of Mexico and Central America have walls made of clay mixed with straw and built up bit by bit, and in the county of Devon you may still see cottages and garden walls built of what is called "cob," which is nothing but the clay of the country built up in wooden moulds, course by course. Cob walls, if well made and protected by thatch at the top, will last as long as bricks and mortar.

The Romans made excellent bricks, and there are still in existence fine walls built by the Romans of kiln-burned bricks. One reason why these walls have lasted so well is that the Romans used a wonderful mortar of which the secret has been lost. Bricks were forgotten in England after the Romans left, and none were seen until the twelfth century, when they were made by Flemish immigrants.

The Seven Wonders of the World.

Architecture, like sculpture, painting and other arts, seems to rise and fall in waves. It reached a great height in the fifth century before Christ, when in Greece, and more particularly in Athens, some of the most beautiful buildings the world has ever seen were erected. The best period was between 470 B.C. and 409 B.C. During those sixty years nearly all the buildings and sculpture which have made Athens the wonder of the world were completed. The Parthenon was finished in 438 B.C., the Propylea at about the same time, and the Temple of Zeus at Olympia in 436 B.C.

The historian Plutarch says that the great sculptor and architect Pheidias

GATEWAY TO THE STONE AGE VILLAGE



Will F. Taylor

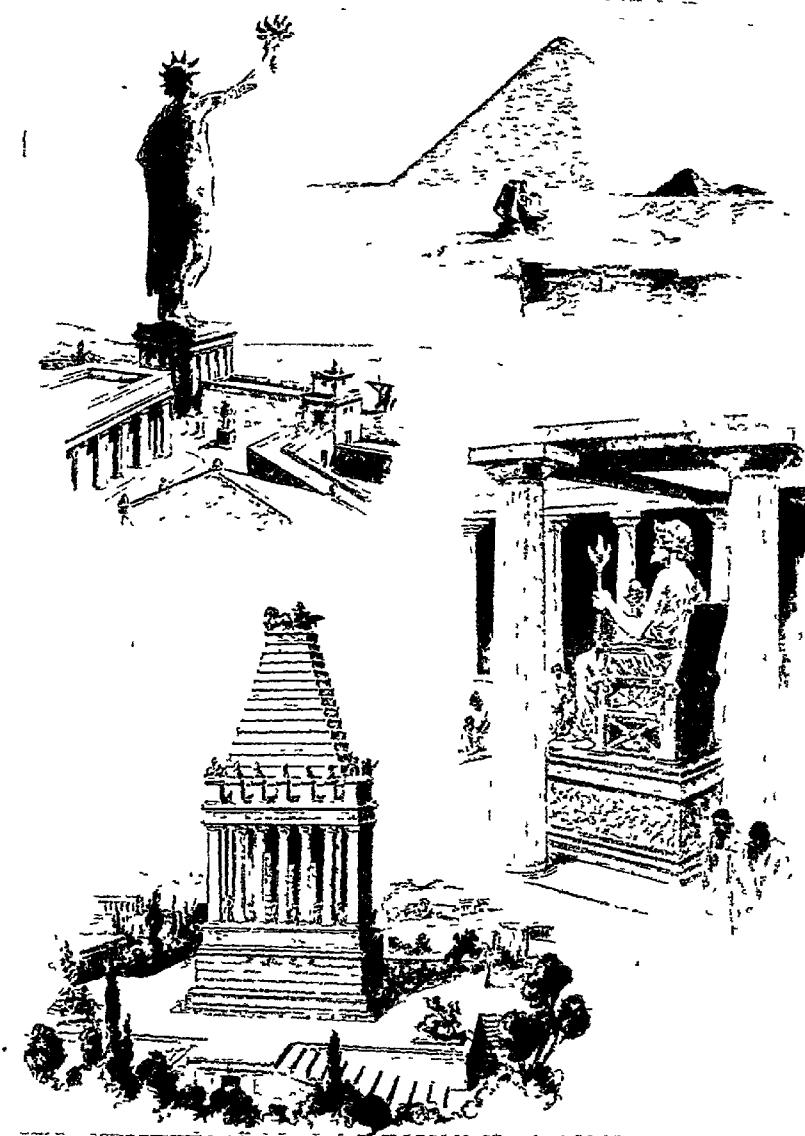
Grimsound, the wonderful village settlement of primitive man still to be seen on Dartmoor, occupied a considerable area of ground and was surrounded by a double wall of gigantic stones, of which many definite traces remain to our own day. Here, as an instance, we see one of the entrance gates to this village of the Stone Age.



J. Dixon Scott

This interesting view of a portion of Stonehenge shows the stone called the "Abbot's Nose," as seen from within the main circle. The large upright or pillar stones are known as "sarsens" and this great Temple of the Sun takes its name from a Saxon word "stanhengist," which means literally "the hanging stones." Stonehenge is about two miles from Amesbury.

THE SEVEN WONDERS—



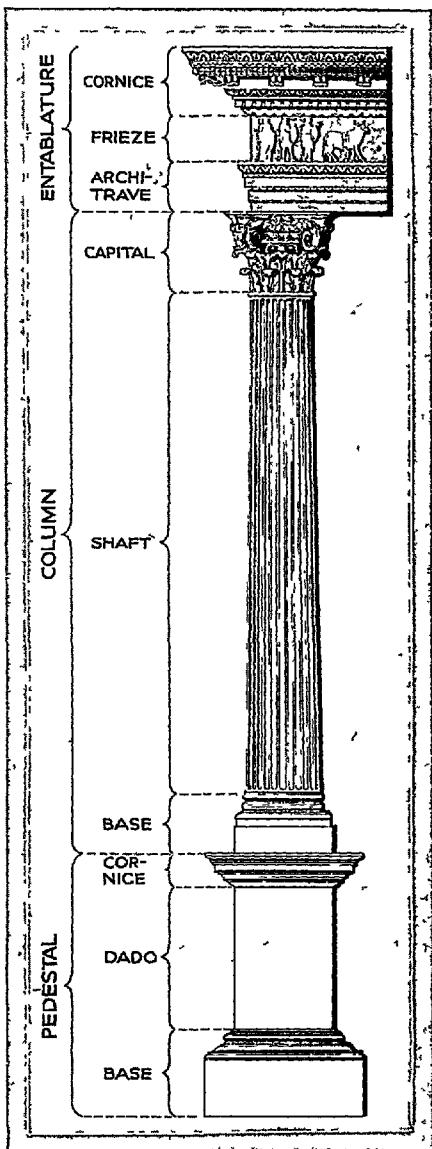
Specially drawn for the work

The Seven Wonders of the Ancient World were all connected with the two arts of architecture and sculpture, and the list of them was made about 2,000 years ago. The first four were (1) The Colossus at Rhodes, (2) The Great Pyramid of Egypt, (3) The Mausoleum erected by Artemisia for Mausolus, King of Caria, and (4) The Statue of Zeus at Olympia (Greece), which, although seated, was forty feet in height. These Wonders are illustrated above.

OF THE ANCIENT WORLD



Continuing the list and pictures of the Seven Wonders of the Ancient World, we have (5) The Temple of Diana at Ephesus, a Greek city in Asia Minor, (6) The Hanging Gardens of Babylon, associated with the great Queen Semiramis, and (7) The Pharos or lighthouse of Alexandria, an enormous tower of white marble built on an island at the mouth of the Nile to guide mariners.



Specially drawn for this work

TERMS IN ARCHITECTURE

The words printed on the left of this diagram come opposite the sections to which they refer, enabling us correctly to name the different parts which make up a pedestal, a column and an entablature. Very often in architecture the frieze is richly ornamented with figures in relief

was in supreme control of all this wonderful work. The magnificent statues of Athens in the Parthenon and of Zeus at Olympia were the work of Pheidias' own hands. It is said that when the Zeus was finished the sculptor prayed that the gods would give him some sign that they were satisfied with his five years' labour, and in answer a thunderbolt fell at his feet.

The Olympian Zeus counted with the ancients as one of the Seven Wonders of the World, and, since these wonders were all connected with the two arts of architecture and sculpture, it will be well to give some short account of them before passing on to the story of architecture since the beginning of the Christian Era.

Why only Seven?

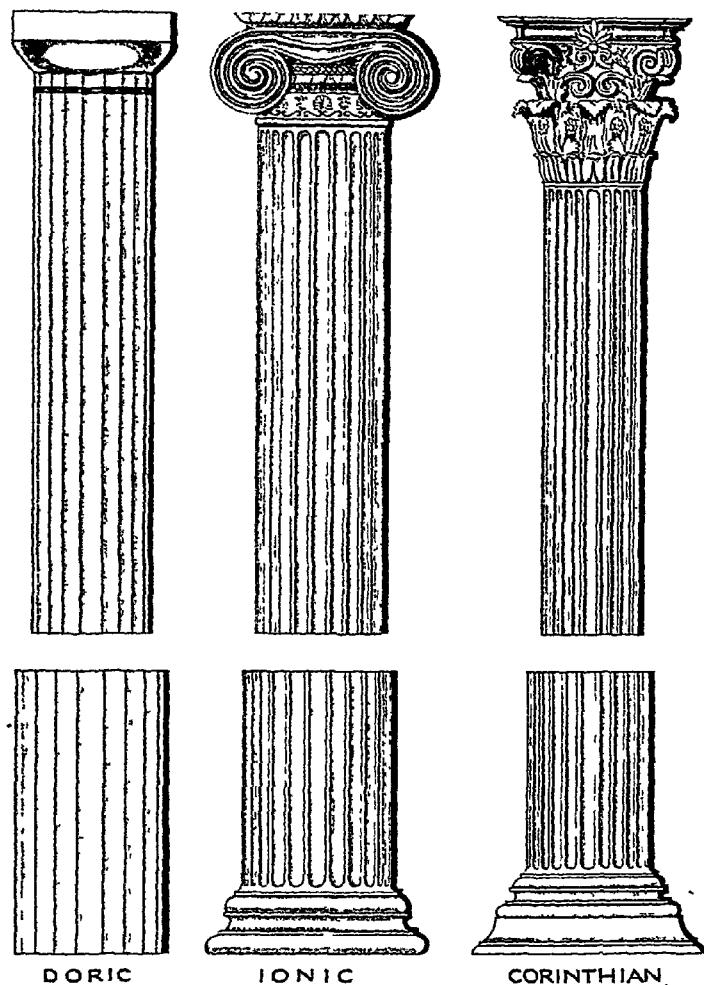
Everyone has heard of the Seven Wonders of the Ancient World, and no doubt many have been puzzled as to why the number of wonders is only seven, when it might easily have been seventy. The reason is that seven was then, and always has been, a "mystic" number. There are seven days in the week, seven deadly sins, seven champions of Christendom, and all the ancient nations, Greeks, Romans, Hebrews and others, had the same belief in the sacred quality of the number seven.

Another question which may occur to you is who made the list of the Wonders. The answer is that it was Antipater of Sidon, who lived about 2,000 years ago. But though he is the first to have written out the list, it was probably in existence a long time before he was born.

The Pyramids of Egypt.

There are about seventy-five pyramids in Egypt, and all these were originally built as the tombs of kings. A few are of brick, but all the larger, including the Great Pyramid, are of huge blocks of stone, beautifully cut and fitted. The Great Pyramid is

THE COLUMNS OF THE GREEKS



Specially drawn for this work

We refer to Doric, Ionic and Corinthian as "Orders of Architecture," and these three orders, illustrated above, belong to the Greek school of builders. The Doric is the oldest of the three orders, and the Ionic considerably more ornamental but not so massive. You can tell Ionic most easily by the scroll at its capital. The Corinthian order was greatly developed by the Romans, and is known by its acanthus leaves on the capital.

higher than St. Paul's Cathedral, and its base greater than the whole of Lincoln's Inn Fields. It is the oldest of existing buildings in the world, for it was erected some fifty-six centuries ago.

The more the Great Pyramid is studied the more marvellous it seems, for, besides the wonder of its making, its position and measurements go to prove that the men who designed it had a wonderful store of knowledge. It seems clear that they fully understood the size and shape of our planet, all about its poles and equator, and were also deeply learned in the lore of the starry firmament. And so the Pyramids stand, eternal abodes of great kings, and to this day as impressive a wonder as they were to the people of old time.

The Pharos of Alexandria.

Another Egyptian Wonder was the Pharos or lighthouse of Alexandria, an enormous tower of white marble built on an island at the mouth of the Nile. Its purpose was to guide mariners into Egypt's principal port by day or night. Alas, there is nothing left of it! Not only the splendid tower, with its great spiral staircase, has vanished, but even the island on which it stood has sunk beneath the restless waves.

The Colossus of Rhodes.

Rhodes, a large island lying close to the south-west coast of Asia Minor, was once a prosperous kingdom and immensely rich. Its capital was the best-planned city of the ancient world and had two ports. At the entrance to one of these ports stood the greatest statue of the ancient world, cast by Chares of Lindus about 280 B.C. It is said to have been 120 feet high, but there is no reason to suppose that it actually bestrode the harbour. Fifty-six years later it was overthrown by a mighty earthquake, but its remains lay where they had fallen for six centuries till in A.D. 653 an Arab General sold them to Hebrews as old metal.

Just like ourselves, the Ancients loved big things, and the statue of Zeus at Olympia, though seated, was 40 feet high. The father of the gods was represented on a throne made of ivory, and wore a mantle of gold. It was the work of the greatest of ancient sculptors, the Greek Pheidias, and with its ornaments of precious stones must have been a most glorious and beautiful sight.

Diana's Temple at Ephesus.

Ephesus, though in Asia Minor, was a purely Greek city, and in St. Paul's time was the greatest trading town in that part of the world. The Temple of Diana stood a mile out of the city and was originally built by Chersiphron.

On the very night that Alexander the Great was born a crazy fellow, called Herodotus, burned it down, but it was rebuilt more splendid than before with 127 magnificent columns, each 60 feet high. Its site was discovered in 1869, and diggings among its foundations have proved that Antipater was probably right in classing it as a wonder of the world.

Just as the Colossus of Rhodes has given us the word "colossal," so we now use "mausoleum" for a specially fine tomb. The original mausoleum was the tomb of Mausolus, King of Caria, built by his widow, Artemisia, in 353 B.C.

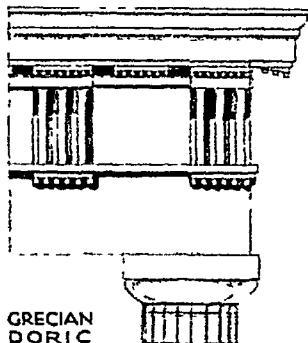
A wonderful lion-guarded stairway rose to a marvellous building of exquisite columns, with a pyramid-shaped roof crowned with statues of Mausolus and his wife in a chariot.

The Mausoleum lasted for some 1,500 years before it fell into ruin. Its site has been found and some of its remains are in the British Museum.

The Hanging Gardens of Babylon.

Sixty miles round, Babylon in its prime was itself a Wonder of the world. The wall surrounding it was 200 cubits high, 50 cubits thick, and had 100 brazen gates. On the east side of the

SOME ORDERS OF ARCHITECTURE



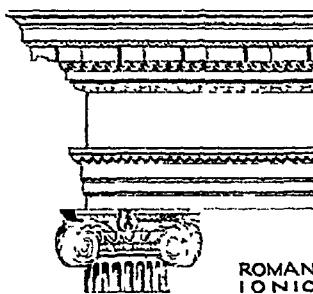
GRECIAN DORIC



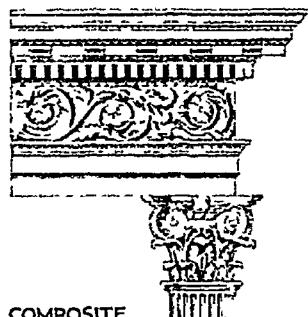
ROMAN DORIC



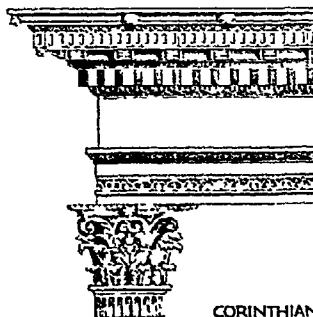
GRECIAN IONIC



ROMAN IONIC



COMPOSITE



CORINTHIAN

Specially drawn for this work

Though the Greeks were such wonderful builders and must have known about arches, they seldom used them, but made the openings in their structures square, the entablature or upper part being supported on columns which in turn rested on pedestals. We see here the great Doric and Ionic orders as they were fashioned both by Greeks and Romans, the Corinthian, as developed by Romans, and the Composite, a blend between Ionic and Corinthian.

river stood the newer part of the town, with the so-called hanging gardens of the great Queen Semiramis.

Babylon lay in the midst of flat desert land, and Semiramis, who came from the mountains of Media, pined for her native hills. So for her was built an artificial mountain of stone and brick, with vast terraces planted with trees and flowers of all sorts, and

watered from the Euphrates which ran below. And there the Queen walked in the cool of the evening amid rich colours and scents. So huge was the pile that, although the city itself has totally disappeared, a mound remains to mark the site of this seventh Wonder of the world.

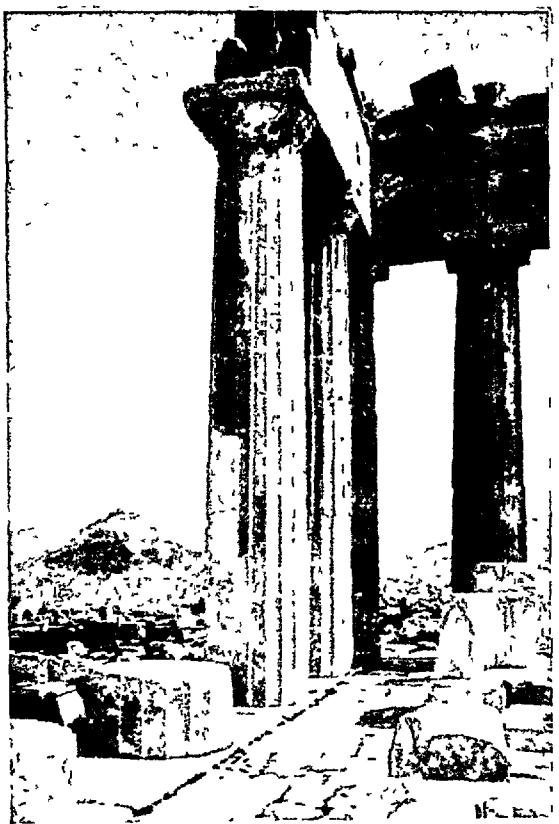
Ruin and Destruction.

Athens in her prime must have been the loveliest city the world has ever seen. The Acropolis, rising high above the rest, was crowned with exquisite buildings of marble and cut stone, ornamented with the most wonderful sculpture.

Of all these beauties nothing now remains except the ruins of the Parthenon or Temple of Athena. When the Turks conquered Greece they stored gunpowder in this temple, which blew up and reduced it to a ruin; yet, broken as it is, its graceful columns are still a joy to the eye.

Discovery of the Arch.

The Greeks, of course, understood the arch, for arches are found in some of the oldest buildings in the world. They are, for instance, common in old Egyptian tombs and temples. Yet the Greeks made no use of the arch in design, and the first people to do so were the mysterious Etruscans, who, in days before Rome became a power, were the masters of Italy.



Alinari

THE PARTHENON AT ATHENS

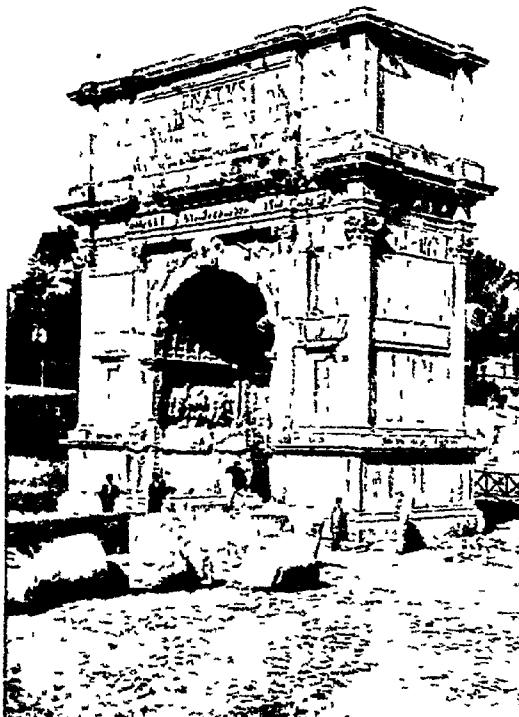
The Parthenon or Temple of Athena at Athens, even though in ruins, still shows us graceful columns. It was built in marble in the Doric order more than 400 years before the time of Christ, and richly decorated with sculpture by Phidias. At the time of the Turkish conquest of Greece, gunpowder was stored in the Temple, and it was an explosion in the magazine in 1687 that brought ruin to the building.

"Words," says Sir Thomas Jackson, in his book, "Architecture," "can hardly express what this emancipation of the arch means to architecture. It was the greatest revolution in the history of the Art. Pillars and piers might be spaced widely apart without danger, the interval being safely spanned by an arch. On this revolution by the Etruscan the whole system of subsequent architecture in Europe depended."

If you want proof of this, go into any great church or cathedral and you will see at once that the whole scheme of the building depends on its arches or upon the dome, which is, of course, merely a modification of the arch.

The Dark Ages

The world became Christian with the Edict of Milan, published A.D. 313, but the first churches built were simple enough. The walls were of plain brick, and the only costly part of such a church was the colonnade between the nave and the aisles, with pillars made of marble very often pillaged from some heathen temple. During the Dark Ages which followed the collapse of the Roman Empire, all the arts fell to a very low ebb. Civilisation seemed to go backwards, for the world was full of wars, and there was little peace or security anywhere.



ROME'S ARCH OF TITUS

Anderson

This massive structure, which stands in Rome, is known as the Arch of Titus. Titus was the Roman emperor who waged war against the Jews, and this arch was erected to commemorate the taking of Jerusalem in the year A.D. 70. The Romans built arches of this kind for the glorification of their national heroes, and it was they who introduced this heavy type of monument into Western Europe.

Literature, painting and music almost vanished, but architecture still remained. Byzantium, which succeeded Rome as capital of the Roman Empire, suffered less from war and pillage than the western parts of Europe, and there the Byzantine style of architecture came into being. The principal feature of Byzantine architecture is the dome.

The City of Venice was the one part of Italy which remained faithful to the

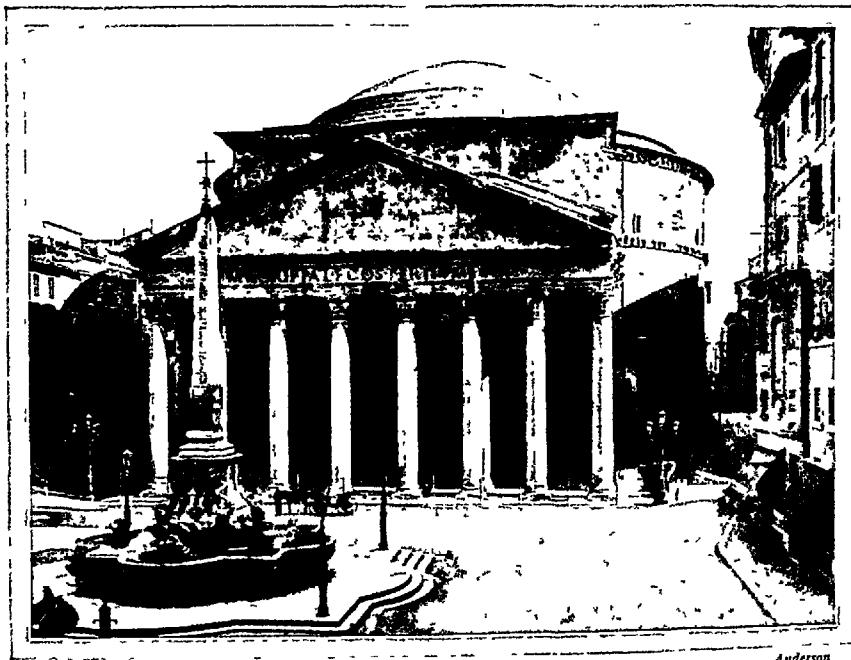
old Roman Empire, and the magnificent Church of St. Mark, consecrated in 1094, was modelled on the plan of the Emperor Justinian's Church of the Apostles at Constantinople. The plan was a Greek cross with equal arms and five domes, one in the centre, one over each arm of the cross. The great beauty of this church consists in the exquisitely carved capitals of the pillars. These capitals, it is believed, were imported from an island in the Sea of Marmora, where there was a school of sculptors who specialised in these wonderful carvings.

Poor England.

Of all countries none suffered worse by the collapse of Rome than England. Romans had governed for nearly 400

years; the country was dotted with fine cities, splendid villas and great public buildings. Then all at once every Roman left the country, and wave after wave of barbarian invasion swept it for centuries. Civilised life simply disappeared, yet the Roman tradition died hard. With the Saxons, to build in stone was to build "more Romanorum" (in the manner of the Romans), but for at least 500 years there were very few buildings of anything better than timber, while poorer folk lived in mud hovels thatched with reeds.

Yet when the Normans came they found a good many churches soundly built of stone, some of which still exist. The best remaining example is at Bradford-on-Avon.

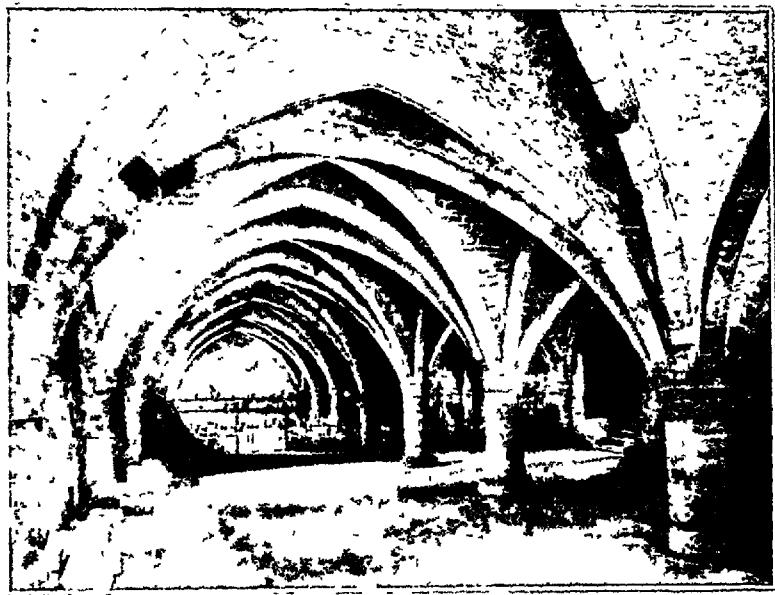


Anderson

THE PANTHEON OF AGRIPPA

Referred to as the oldest building in the world in present-day use, the Pantheon at Rome was in ancient days a temple and is now a church. It was constructed by the Emperor Hadrian (who built Hadrian's Wall across the north of England) about the year A.D. 120. Features of this ancient building are a rotunda and dome, and a portico having Corinthian columns.

FROM NORMAN TIMES TO OUR OWN DAY



IN THE CRYPT AT DURHAM

B. F. Manell

Durham cathedral contains a great deal of Norman architecture, for the present structure was begun in the eleventh century. The building was closely associated with a monastery, and in the above photograph we get a peep at the crypt beneath what was the monks' dormitory. This is a wonderful example of a vaulted roof. The majority of crypts are underground chambers used either for religious services or else for burials.

No sooner were the Normans settled in England than they set to work to build great churches and cathedrals. Before they had been a century in the country they had practically finished the great cathedrals of St. Paul's in London, Norwich, Gloucester, Winchester, St. Albans, Durham and Lincoln.

It was an achievement so marvellous that it almost reminds us of the creation of Stonehenge. Think what England was in those days. Her whole population was much less than two millions; there were no roads, no means of transport, no sort of building appliances. It is certain that the greater part of the people had to be employed in producing food, while a considerable number were kept under

arms. The more one considers the matter, the more mysterious it seems that such immense and beautiful buildings could be created in so comparatively short a time.

The Growth of the Gothic Style

The Norman style of building is characterised by massive pillars and semicircular arches. Such arches put great pressure upon the side walls of the building. In the language of architecture, they "exercise a thrust," so the Romanesque and Norman builders dared not give a vaulted roof so broad a span as the nave of a cathedral. Beams were used instead, and cathedrals had wooden ceilings, the timber being usually oak.

The result was disastrous, for such churches were always getting burned. Nearly every great church in Normandy was burned between A.D. 900 and 1100. At Vézelay, in 1120, more than 1,000 of the congregation were burned to death in the cathedral. It became plain that the churches must have stone ceilings, so by degrees the Gothic arch was adopted, a pointed arch which could be raised to any height desired. It was a system of ribs and panels, the ribs forming a skeleton clothed by a ceiling of light masonry. In order to prevent too great a thrust upon the outer walls the flying buttress was invented, and on this outside prop the whole structure of a Gothic church depends.

Under a Taskmaster.

Norman building was not only cum-

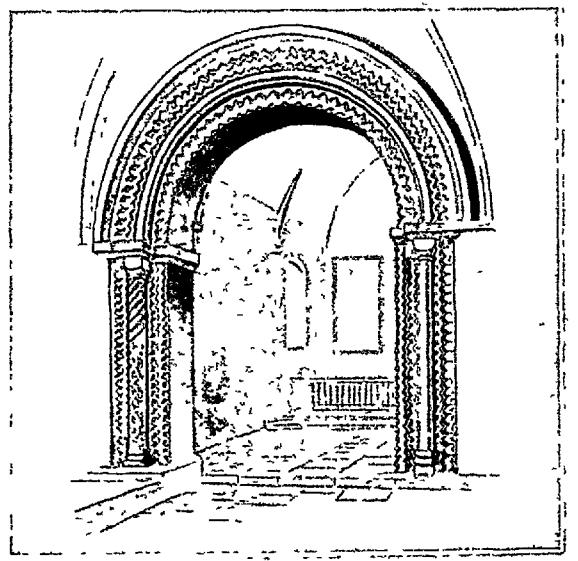
brous, but very formal. The stones were all cut to one exact size, and we can imagine that the masons were forced to work entirely to the will of a taskmaster. But this taskmaster was often something of a jerry-builder, for we find that behind the even face-work rubble was used freely. Rubbish of all kinds, broken stone, or even mud, was employed to fill up the centres of massive-looking pillars.

With the coming of the pointed arch the workmanship improved, and we can see of what great things the English mason was capable when given a freer hand. The stones were no longer cut to one mould as though by machinery, and the workers' own taste and feeling shows plainly in the exquisitely varied details of the ornamentation. In the Transitional period, between the Norman and Gothic styles, the stone-mason seems to have played as great a part as the architect.

The chancel of Bamborough Church, in the graveyard of which Grace Darling lies buried, is a fine example of this Transitional period, and nothing could be more perfect than the severe simplicity of this building. And everywhere in this church you can see how honestly the work was done.

French William

In Canterbury Cathedral you observe both the round and the pointed arches. The first Canterbury Cathedral was burned down only four years after the murder of Becket. The people were so horrified at this destruction that



THE NORMAN ARCH

When you see an arch semicircular in shape you may know it is in the Norman style. Such arches are very strong, but put a good deal of thrust or pressure on the side walls. For this reason they are usually built on very substantial pillars.

Norman arches have often a zigzag decoration.

they tore their hair and beat their heads against the blackened walls. A famous architect named William, who came from the town of Sens and was known as French William, was called in to see whether he could repair the ruin. After surveying the burned walls he realised that the only thing was to pull them down and begin again from the bottom, but it was a long time before he dared tell the monks "for fear the truth should kill them."

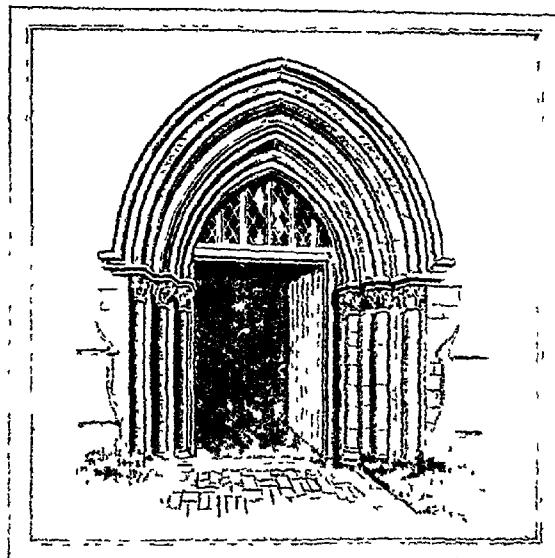
But he made a glorious piece of work of it. The capitals were wonderfully carved, and the new cathedral was far higher and finer than the old.

In the fourth year of the work a scaffolding broke and poor William fell and was "sorely bruised." For a time he managed to direct the work from his bed, but then he died and was succeeded by another William, "English by birth, small in body, but in workmanship of many kinds acute and honest."

Fine English Work.

How splendidly those old craftsmen builded is proved by the way in which their churches have stood for so many centuries and are still good for centuries to come. The English were expert masons, and it must be remembered that in those days much more was left to the craftsman than is the case in more modern times.

Lincoln Cathedral is a very fine specimen of English work. It was begun in 1192 by Bishop Hugh of Lincoln, a man of most saintly



Specially drawn for this work

THE GOTHIC ARCH

A Norman arch is never pointed. When you see a pointed arch like the one above, you must think of the Gothic style. Gothic architecture figures in a great many of our most beautiful cathedrals, but in some (such as Canterbury) you will find both round and pointed arches.

character. Wild birds and squirrels came and fed from his hands, and even a wild swan followed him about.

Master Robert

While names of great painters and poets have always been preserved and have come down to us from the most ancient times, names of equally great artists, that is the architects of many of our finest buildings, have been lost. Buildings, you see, are not "signed" like pictures or books—more's the pity. Even when we do know the name of the architect of one of these wonderful buildings we have nothing of his history.

Master Robert, for instance, the man to whom we owe that marvel of the builder's craft, Salisbury Cathedral—we know his name, but nothing about him.

The first Salisbury Cathedral was built in the hill fortress of Sarum in 1092 on a site that was "barren, dry and solitary." So in 1220 it was decided that a new cathedral should be built nearer the river, and as the site was quite open, the result is a church that is perfectly regular in shape and plan and the finest existing example of the architect's work of the thirteenth century. Some critics have said that it is too coldly severe, almost too perfect. It took 138 years to build, but the marvellous spire, 404 feet high, was not completed until about the year 1331. It is the most perfect spire in the world, but its weight has greatly tried the foundations, which were not calculated to bear such an immense burden.

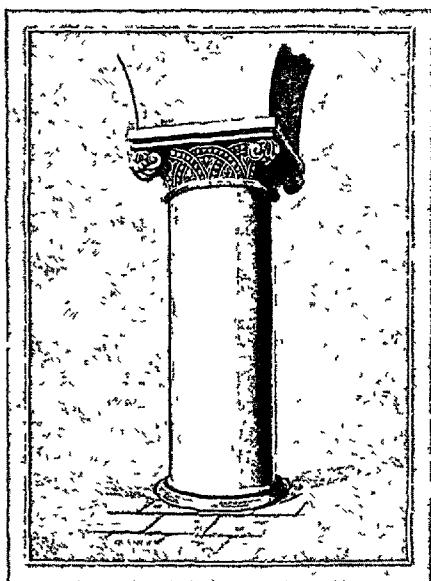
The Builders of Westminster Abbey.

Dante describes Henry III of England as "the king of simple life." But

this Henry was a great patron of art, and it is to him that we owe the wonders of Westminster Abbey. The old Abbey had been built by Edward the Confessor, and was a heavy, ugly building. Henry began rebuilding in 1245, and put the work in charge of Odo, the goldsmith, with Master Henry of Westminster as architect.

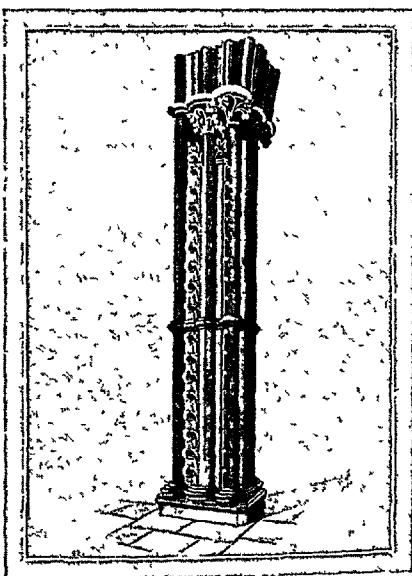
Most of the great churches of that day were designed and built by monks, but in the case of Westminster Abbey the king's masons and architect were laymen. They had robes given them of squire's degree, and we hear of some of them rising to high positions and even becoming Members of Parliament. Westminster Abbey is the last Early English building in England, and is built in what is called the Middle-pointed Style, in which the windows are decorated with delicate traceries cut in the stone.

Like most new fashions, these decora-



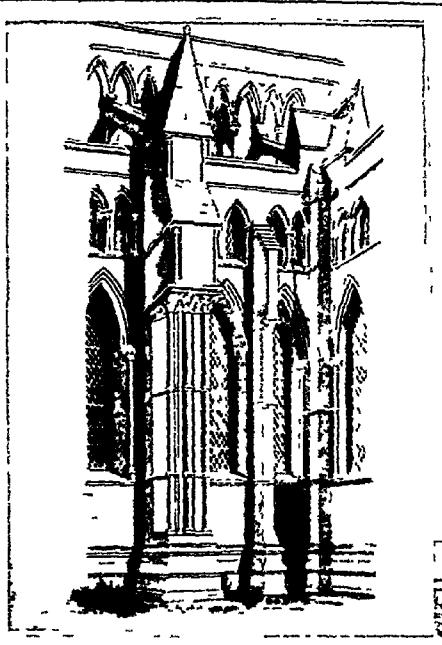
PILLARS IN TWO STYLES

(1) This massive, barrel-like column is in the Norman style of architecture, and such pillars are to be seen in many of our churches, cathedrals and public buildings.



Special drawing for this work

(2) This pillar is in the Gothic style, and the capital is decorated with foliage, or "foliated," to use the architectural term. In this case beauty conceals strength.



TO GIVE SUPPORT

The bridge of masonry between the tall central buttress and the upper wall is known as a "flying buttress," and is a feature of Early English and Gothic styles.

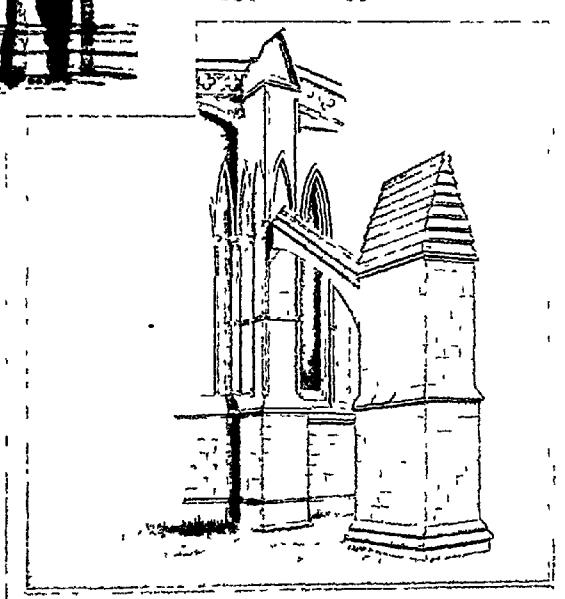
tions became very popular, and were so overdone that early in the fourteenth century a reaction came, and architects went back to a severer style called the Perpendicular.

Architecture's Great Revival.

While Westminster Abbey was being built great things were happening in Italy. In our stories of Great

Painters mention is made of the amazing revival which occurred about this period in the art of painting—how the stiff Byzantine method had at last gone out of favour to be replaced by the beautiful works of Cimabue and Giotto.

Exactly the same thing happened in the allied arts of sculpture and architecture. The revival in sculpture began with Niccola of Pisa, who was born in 1206. Niccola was an architect who broke away from the profession to follow sculpture, and, basing his work on the marbles of the Greeks, turned entirely from the Byzantine style and founded a new school.



THE FLYING BUTTRESS

In this case the flying buttress connects the main building with a detached buttress, which may have been erected at a later date—perhaps if the main building "settled." The object of all flying buttresses is to support the main wall and help to carry the enormous weight of the roof, especially if this is stone-vaulted.

POINTS OF SPECIAL INTEREST IN—



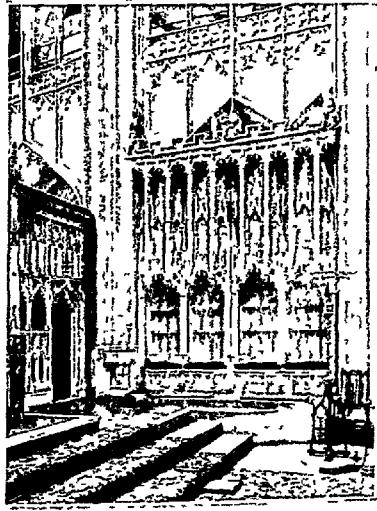
Norwich Cathedral, as seen from the south-east. The building exhibits several styles of architecture, and has fine flying buttresses, tower and spire.



Here you see the Choir of Norwich Cathedral, some of the arches being round and other pointed. The upper windows are of later date than the lower, and of different style.

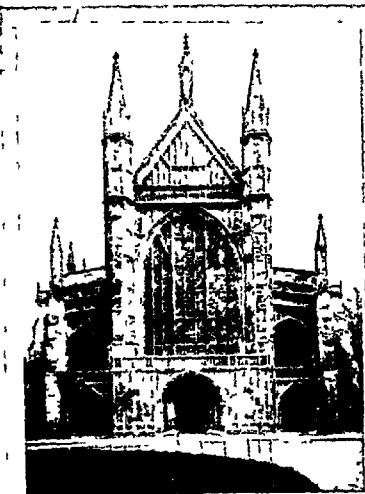


This long corridor, which shows the Perpendicular style with a marvellous roof of fan-tracery, is in the cloisters at Gloucester Cathedral, considered the best in England.

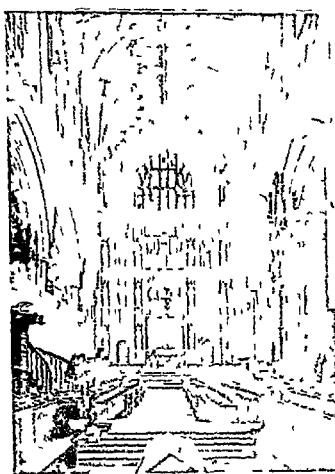


Photos W F Mansell
In this print we see the beautiful Sedilia in Gloucester Cathedral. The sedilia in a church or cathedral are seats for the clergy, usually on the south side of the chancel.

HISTORIC PLACES OF WORSHIP



In this illustration we see the west front of Winchester Cathedral, in the Perpendicular style—you note the pointed arches. Only portions of the Norman fane remain.



The Choir of Winchester Cathedral, with its imposing roof and sculpture, is here seen from its western end. The building itself is 526 feet long.



The Cathedral of St Albans, of which the Lady Chapel at the east end is illustrated, was started in Norman times and built largely from Roman materials.



Photos W F Mansell
St Alban, the first English martyr, was put to death on the site long afterwards occupied by the Abbey Church. From the watching gallery above monks guarded his shrine.

THE ALTAR AT DURHAM



W F Mansey

The towering cathedral of Durham is the glory of the city, and a feature of its choir is the wonderful screen of stone here depicted. This cathedral held the shrine of St Cuthbert, whose dust is said to rest beneath the high altar. Begun in Norman times, the building exhibits different types of architecture. Above the screen is a beautiful "rose window".

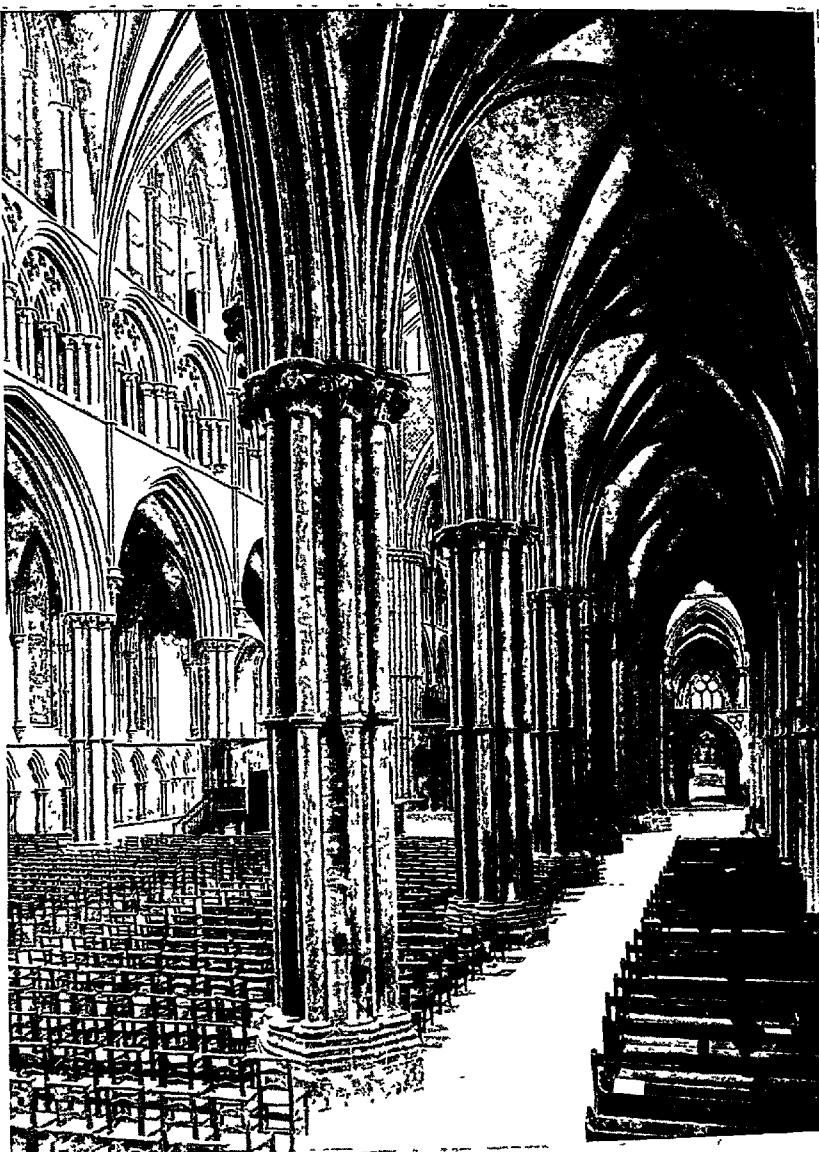
TOMB OF THE BLACK PRINCE



W F Mansell

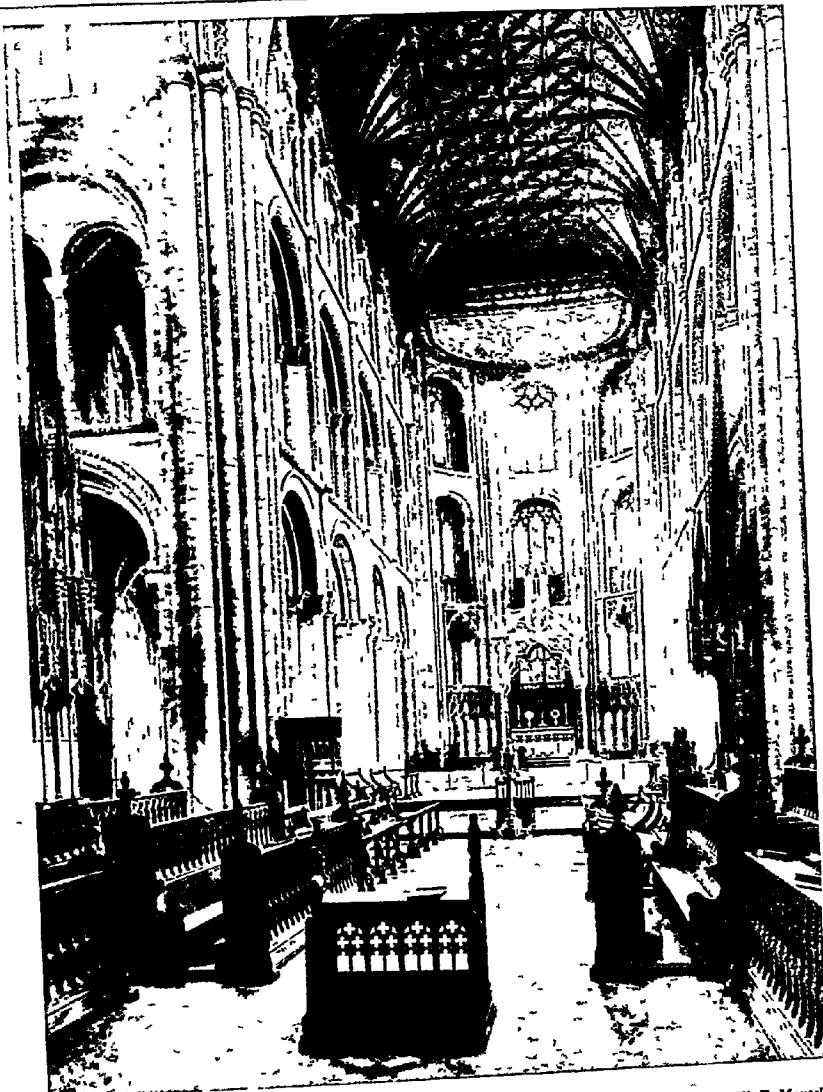
Among the royal tombs in Canterbury Cathedral is that of Edward the Black Prince, seen above, adjacent to Trinity Chapel. The Cathedral was rebuilt by the great French architect, William of Sens. The Black Prince visited the Cathedral after the Battle of Poitiers in 1356, and afterwards erected a chantry (in which priests chanted Mass for the souls of the departed). One can still see actual reliques of the Black Prince near his tomb.

LINCOLN'S SOUTH AISLE AND NAVE



We usually speak of this great Cathedral as Lincoln Minster. It dominates the city, and was begun in Norman times. Some of its Norman architecture may still be seen, but as the building was the work of several centuries, we notice the styles of other days as well. In this photograph are the south aisle and nave. The roofs of both are of striking workmanship.

THE CHOIR OF PETERBOROUGH



W F Mansell
This picture was chosen to present a contrast to the illustration on the opposite page. It shows us the Choir of Peterborough, looking towards the east, and you note the semicircular window arches of the Norman period, for the choir was completed about the year 1133. While Peterborough instances the first, Lincoln shows us the second.

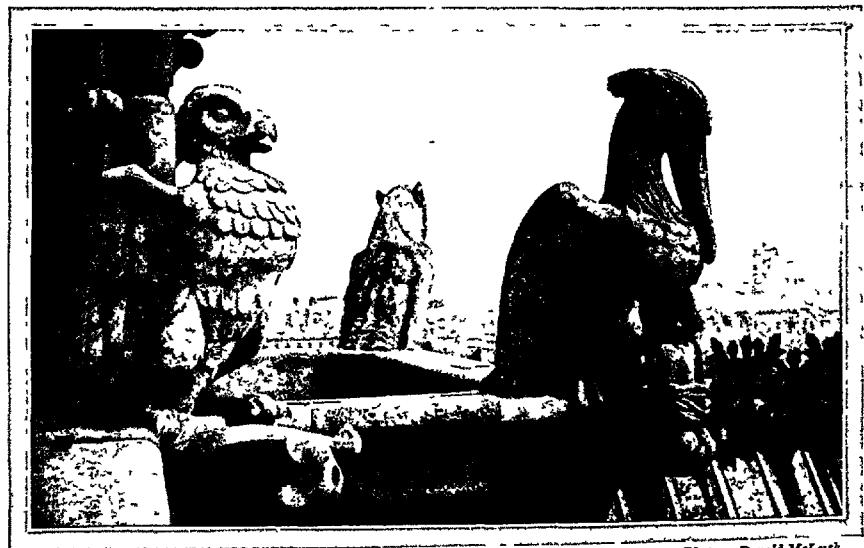
GUARDED BY GARGOYLES



The term "gargoyle" comes from a French word meaning throat. The semi-human gargoyle seen above stands on the roof of Notre Dame in Paris.



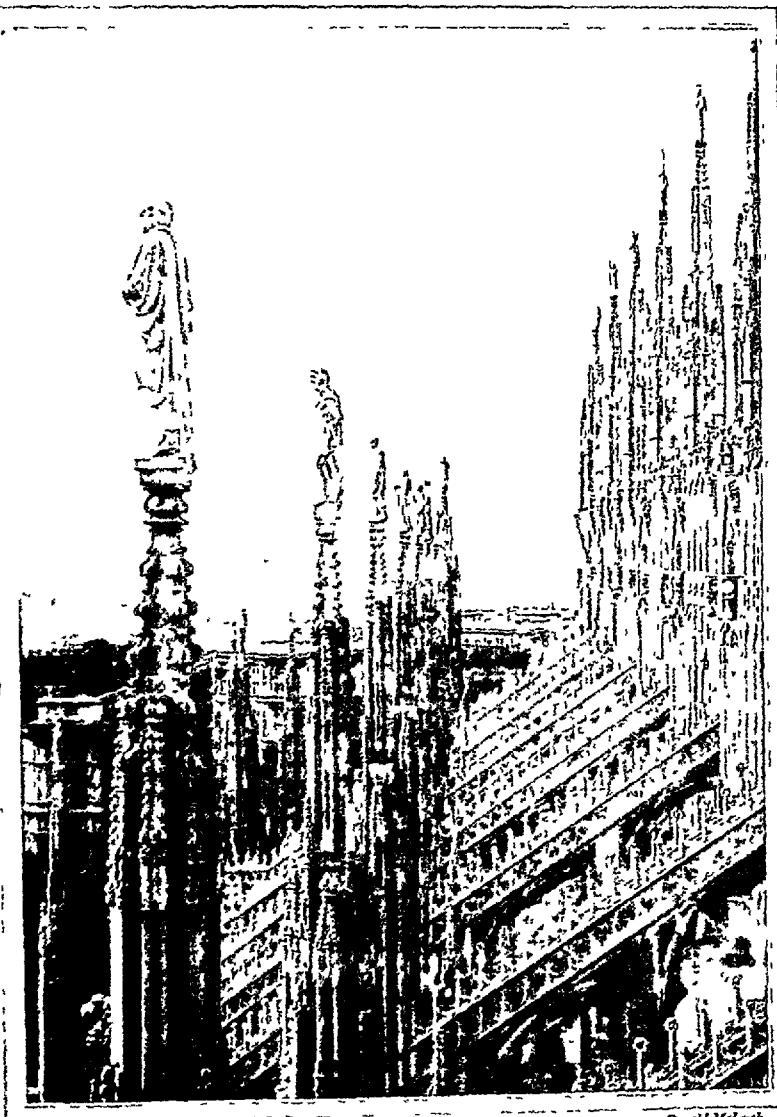
This one is also to be seen at Notre Dame, and is known as the Demon of Watchfulness. Gargoyles are often a feature of the Gothic style of architecture.



Photos Donald McLennan

This pelican gargoyle, on one of the towers of Notre Dame, is said to symbolise the virtue of Charity. He is in the company of other queer birds. Gargoyles nearly always stand at the corner of a roof gutter, and some of them are so designed that they carry the water out into space and allow it to fall to earth clear of the building.

THE SPIRES OF MILAN



Donald McLaren.

Milan is in importance the third Italian city, and contains one of the best-known cathedrals in the world, the building being faced with marble. Our picture shows a portion of the roof of Milan Cathedral, and it will be seen how the builders made use of marble spires. These spires were lavishly decorated with statues of most exquisite workmanship.

Then in the next century came Lorenzo Ghiberti, one of the greatest of all workers in bronze, who made the bronze doors for the Baptistry at Florence. He began them when he was twenty-five and finished them when he was seventy-four. He was the first sculptor to master perspective. Some of his panels contain as many as 100 figures modelled on different planes, so that those nearest to the eye appear

larger and those further away smaller in proportion.

After Ghiberti came Donatello, born in 1386, one of the greatest sculptors who ever lived. His statue of General Gattamelata at Padua is one of the two finest equestrian statues in the world, the second being the Colleoni at Venice, which was begun by Donatello's pupil, Verrochio, and finished by Leopardi.

St Peter's at Rome is the first great example of a Renaissance building, and our own St Paul's is the finest English example.

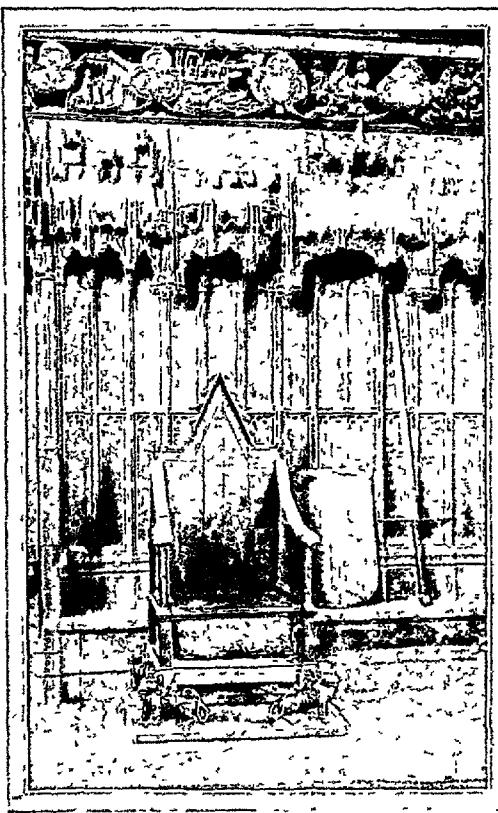
St Paul's is the work of Christopher Wren, who was not only the greatest of English architects, but one of the greatest of Englishmen.

The Crown of London.

St Paul's Cathedral has been called the "Crown of London," and well deserves its name. It is the third cathedral erected on the same site. The first was built in 610, the second was burned in the Great Fire, and the present building was begun in 1675 and finished in 1697 at a cost of about £750,000.

If you go into the Cathedral and up the stairs to the left you will be able to see the large model of Wren's first design, which is very different from the one he ended by adopting. On the south side is the library, with lovely carving by Grinling Gibbons; and, in a case, the embroidered waistcoat and walking-stick which once belonged to the great Wren himself.

St Paul's is 479 feet long, and the height of the cross on the dome is 365 feet. Though small when compared with St Peter's at Rome, St Paul's is a more beautiful building and

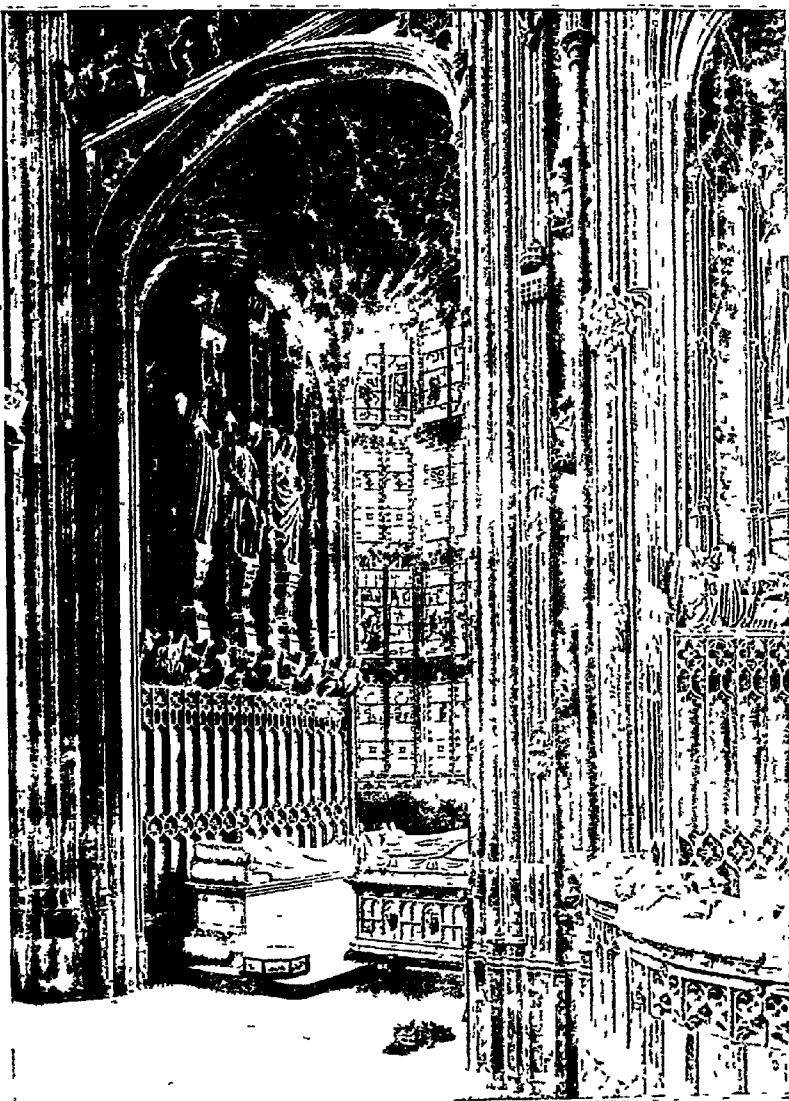


W. F. Mansell

THE CORONATION CHAIR

Westminster Abbey was the last building to be erected in England in the Early English style. It is the burial-place of royalty and innumerable notable people, and contains the British coronation chair and sword, here shown. The Coronation Stone itself is seen beneath the seat of the chair. It was used at the coronation of many Scottish kings and brought to Westminster in 1296 by Edward I.

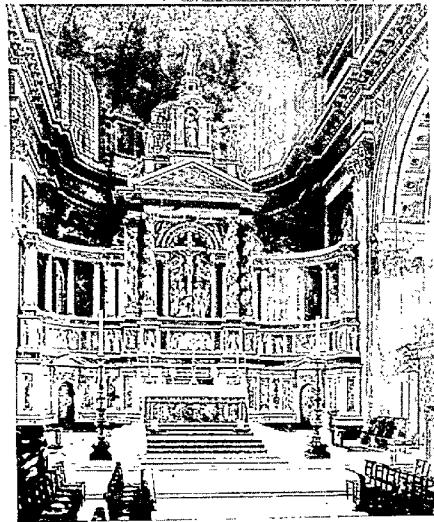
HENRY VII'S CHAPEL



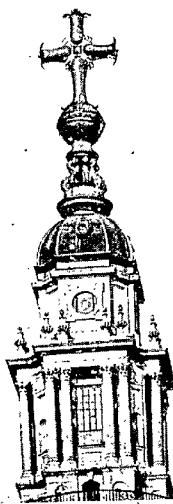
W. F. Mansell

Westminster Abbey, in several styles of architecture, is built in the form of a cross ("cruciform" is the word generally used). If you imagine the Abbey as a cross lying on the ground with its top to the east, the extreme easterly portion with the rounded end is Henry VII's Chapel, here illustrated, and regarded by many as the most magnificent part of the pile.

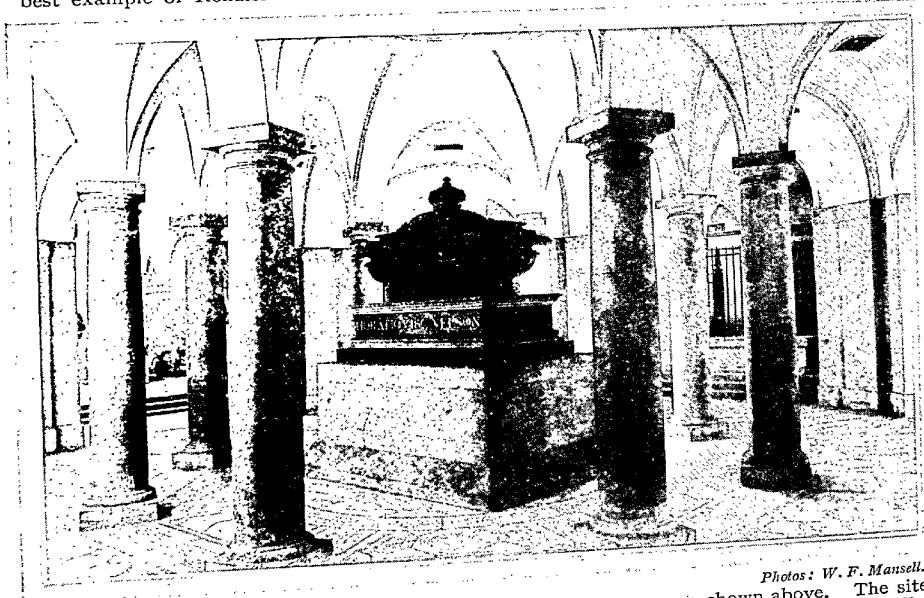
ST. PAUL'S, THE "CROWN OF LONDON"



In this print we are shown the Reredos (screen at the back of the altar) of St. Paul's Cathedral, London. The building is Britain's best example of Renaissance architecture.



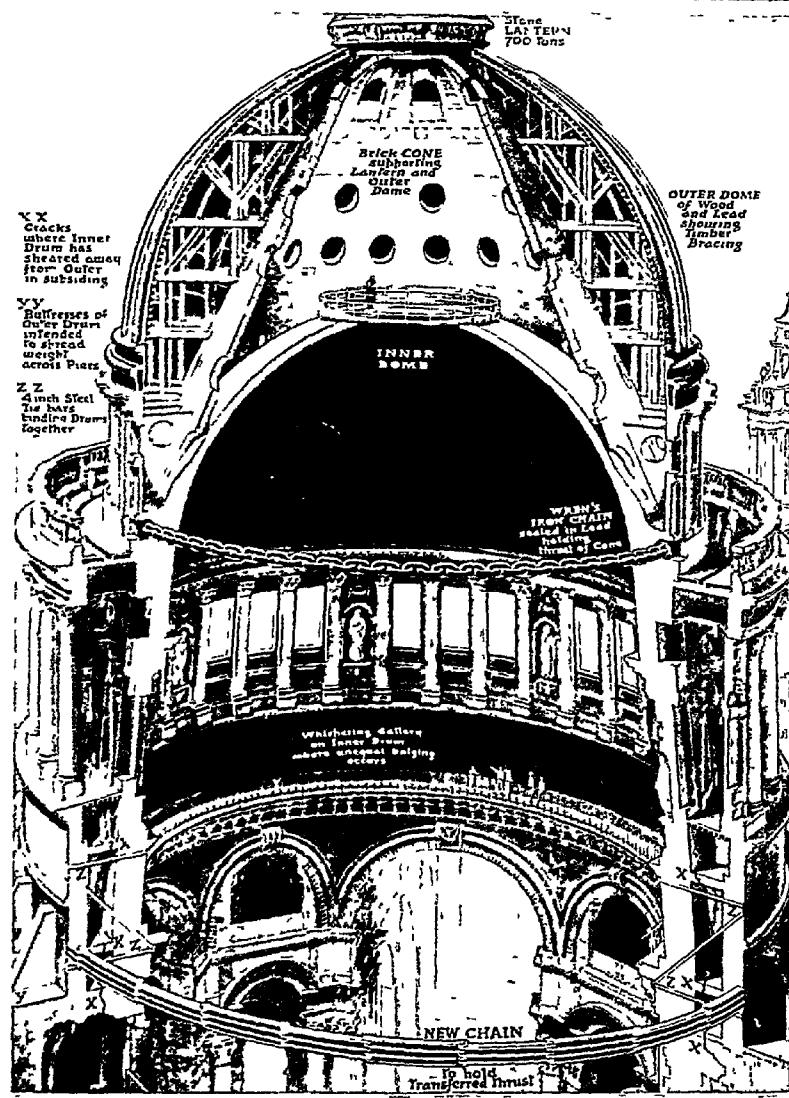
Here is the famous Cross of St. Paul's, which was not completed until many years after the cathedral was finished. The ball will hold at least ten people.



In the crypt of St. Paul's Cathedral is the grave of Lord Nelson, as shown above. The site chosen is under the area of the dome. The remains of our great sailor were enclosed in a coffin made from the mainmast of a French battleship. We call the masonry structure in the centre over it a sarcophagus. This one is constructed in the Italian style.

Photos: W. F. Mansell.

HOW CHAINS EMBRACE THE DOME



LEA

Not so many years ago a warning was issued by experts that, owing to the weakening of the foundations, the enormous structure of the dome of St Paul's Cathedral, London, was becoming insecure. Cracks were appearing and ever-widening at the points marked XX in the above pictorial diagram. As a result work began on the strengthening of the eight great piers which support the dome, steel tie-bars being inserted at ZZ. Further, a colossal new chain of chrome steel was made and built in position as shown to impart strength to the buttresses YY.

better designed. The dome is particularly fine, and in order to hold it in position Wren fastened it with a great iron chain which runs all around it. So as to prevent the iron from rusting, he poured melted lead over and around it.

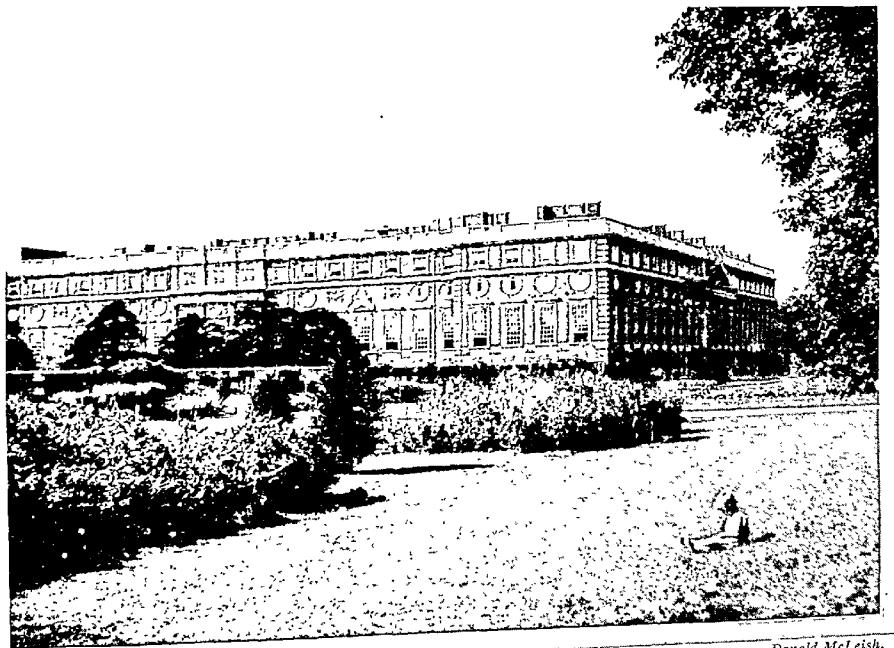
St. Paul's has stood up well to the wear of three centuries, but its mighty dome rests on a foundation of sand, and the great sewers and other underground works have drained away the water in this sand so that some years ago the warning went forth that the eight huge piers which support the dome were not so strong as they should be. In 1914 workmen began to strengthen these piers by "grouting" them—that is, squirting liquid cement into them, and now they are as solid again as man's skill can make them.

The reason why the grandeur of St. Paul's is not better understood is that the cathedral is surrounded by masses of warehouses and shops. Wren himself meant that his great church should stand on the hill-top, quite alone, and had planned it as the hub of a wheel, with broad streets running away like spokes in each direction. But Wren's ideas were three centuries ahead of their time; and, unfortunately, he could not get them worked out.

Inigo Jones.

Old St. Paul's was 586 feet long, while its spire rose to the great height of 489 feet. Some of its carved stones are preserved in the modern cathedral.

One of the most beautiful buildings of its type in London is the Banqueting



HAMPTON COURT PALACE

Donald McLeish.

The original part of Hampton Court Palace was built by Cardinal Wolsey in brick, and is one of the finest existing specimens of Tudor architecture. The Cardinal presented his magnificent home to King Henry VIII. It was in part rebuilt, and greatly added to, by Wren in William III's reign, and now contains over 1,000 separate apartments. It has not been occupied by a reigning monarch since the time of George II.

A GATEWAY TO THE PALACE



Donald McLeish

The bricks of which Wolsey built Hampton Court Palace have now mellowed with age, and we can appreciate the size of the building when we realise that it housed the 500 people of which the Cardinal's household consisted. Here we are looking through Queen Anne Boleyn's Gateway. On the left is the Great Hall.

House, Whitehall, now known as the Chapel Royal. Here is a specimen of pure Palladian (classic) style, which was planned and built at a time when this style was unknown in England.

The Banqueting House is a part of what was to have been a perfectly enormous royal palace, reaching from the Thames right back to the Park and from Charing Cross to Westminster, and its architect was Inigo Jones.

A Builder of Churches.

Inigo was son of a cloth-worker who was sent by a rich patron to Italy to study landscape painting, but studied architecture instead, and came back full of the style of the great Palladio. He found himself employed in making scenery for Ben Jonson's plays which were being produced at the Court. Then he became surveyor-general of royal buildings and the first architect in England.

He lived into the troublous times of Charles I., and was shut up in Basing House during the famous siege. He was nearly eighty when he died in 1652.

St. Mary-le-Strand is a church well known to every Londoner, and, though grimed with London smoke, a very beautiful building. It is one of fifty new churches ordered by an Act of Queen Anne, and its architect was James Gibbs, son of an Aberdeen merchant and trained in Italy. He also built the Church of St. Martin's in Trafalgar Square, the Radcliffe Library at Oxford and the Senate House at Cambridge.

English Homes.

Anything more hopelessly uncomfortable and inconvenient than the English home of the Middle Ages could hardly have been conceived. The rich man's house was a castle, built simply with the idea of being safe against the attack of enemies. The walls were enormously thick—sometimes as much as 16 feet! There was

a great central hall, in which everyone lived and ate, but the sleeping rooms were small, cold and inconvenient beyond words. There was, of course, no means of heating them, and since the windows were mere slits, they were very dark.

As for the poorer folk, they lived in the most miserable hovels, and the only people who had any comfort at all were the townsfolk. But the streets were so narrow that their homes were dark and ill ventilated, and, since there was no drainage or proper water supply, the towns were terribly unhealthy.

It was in the reign of the seventh Henry that matters began to improve and the first manor houses were erected. Tattershall Castle, built by Lord Cromwell in 1453, was the last of the old castles, and this noble was the first to build an unfortified manor house. That was South Wingfield, which set the fashion of a large open building with a court-yard in the centre.

Hampton Court

In 1515 the great Cardinal Wolsey took over the site of Hampton Court and began to build a stately home. He used brick for the walls and made mullioned windows and a Great Gatehouse. Italian artists were employed for the decorations, both outside and inside, and presently there was built such a house as had never before been seen in England. Henry VIII. came to look at it, and rather curtly inquired of his cardinal why he was building such a palace. Wolsey was equal to the occasion.

"In order to show how noble a palace a subject may offer to his sovereign," he replied. That is how Hampton Court came to be a royal palace.

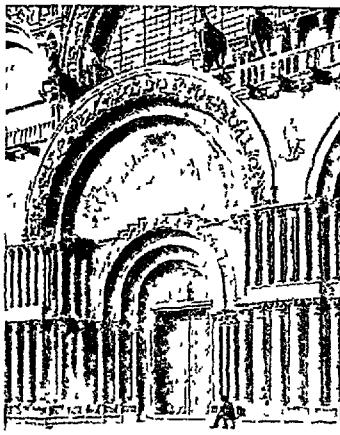
Huge Mansions

Wolsey had no fewer than 500 people in his household, and other great men of his date had retinues almost as large.

CATHEDRALS OF OTHER LANDS



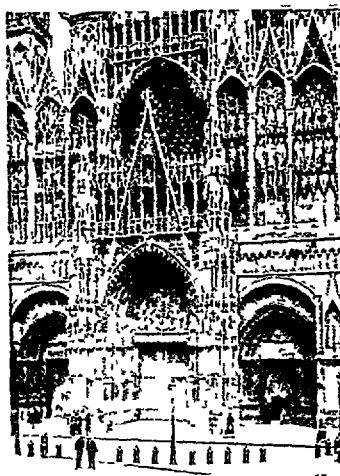
St Peter's at Rome is the chief church of Roman Catholic Christendom, in which the Popes are crowned. The building, which is 450 feet wide and 615 feet long inside, is of several types of architecture



This fine picture of St Marks at Venice shows the half-circle of mosaic work illustrating the Last Judgment, as well as the famous bronze horses overhead. The architecture is Byzantine



The Church of St. Anthony at Padua is a combination of Byzantine and Gothic architecture. To this church pilgrims come from all parts of Italy to be cured of ills



Photos Donald McLach
Here we see the magnificent front or facade of Rouen Cathedral, dating from 1509. The upper part is adorned with statues of saints, prophets and martyrs,

OLD-WORLD ENGLISH BUILDINGS



Thus entrance to the George Inn, Norton St Philip, near Bath, is a splendid example of domestic architecture as followed in England about four centuries ago



The houses here illustrated are known as Ireland's Mansions, and may be seen in High Street, Shrewsbury. That city is noted for its half-timbered buildings



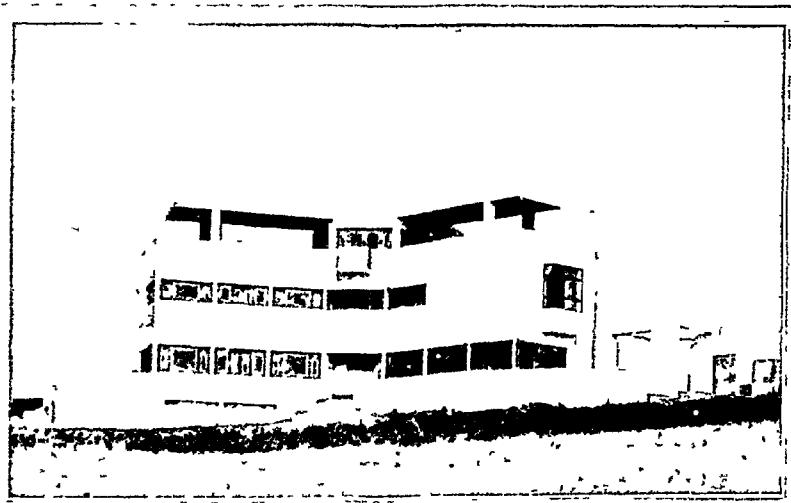
The Abbey of Glastonbury, in Somerset, was one of the most important in England, and thither went pilgrims from all parts. They stayed at the Pilgrim's Inn (now the "George"), the front of which we see in this print. The building was erected in 1475, and has a front of panelled stone with windows of singular charm and dignity

Prints J Dixon-Scott

THE HOUSE OF NINE WORTHIES



Not far from Yeovil in Somerset stands Montacute House built in 1580 from designs prepared by John of Pidur for Sir Edward Phelips. The east front, illustrated above, has remarkably beautiful Tudor windows. The statues, one in the centre gable and four on either side, are known as the "Nine Worthies".



Photos J Dixon-Scott

Shall we in the future live in houses built on these lines? This very modern structure was designed by a New Zealand architect and erected on a hillside that overlooks the old-world village of Amersham, in Buckinghamshire. It certainly affords its inmates a great abundance of light and fresh air.

so it is no wonder that some of those early houses were simply enormous. They had to be in order to provide sleeping rooms for such a number. Audley End is a tremendous house, yet is only about half its original size. Another immense mansion is Longleat, built for Sir John Thynne about 1567. Robert Smytheson, "fremason," was the builder, and it is interesting to learn that his wages were sixteen pence a day, together with "a nagge kept at your worshepe's charges."

At Knole the Earl of Dorset housed 200 people, and apparently all sat at meat in the great hall. There were

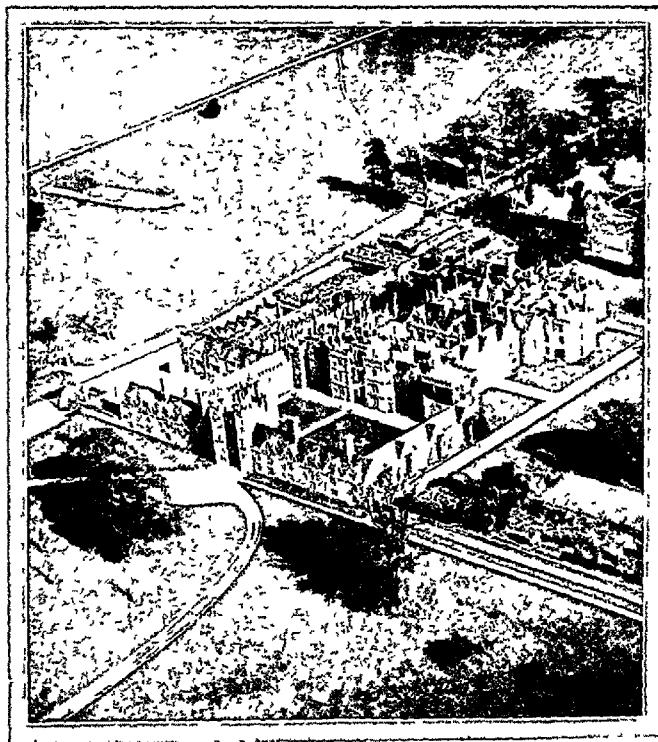
eight at the high table, twenty-two at the parlour table, including the chaplain, usher, secretary and pages, twenty-one at the clerks' table; and it is amusing to read that the carpenter sat at the nursery table. Besides these there were the long table, the laundry-maids' table, the kitchen and scullery table, at which sat six men, including John Morockoe, a negro.

Sir William Cecil had three houses—"one in London for necessity, one at Burghley of competency or the mansion of his barony, and another at Waltham for his younger son." This last became the huge Theobalds which James I coveted and obtained. He gave Hatfield in exchange, where the Cecils still live.

Lovely English Ceilings

There is one amusing point about Burghley House. When the mansion was built English architects were simply crazy on the Greek style of building, but of course the Greeks had no chimneys to their houses. So the architect made the chimneys into Doric (Greek) columns.

Plaster work is a great feature of the fine houses of the sixteenth century. The art



KNOLE HOUSE, SEVENOAKS

Topical Press

Our photograph was taken from an aeroplane, and shows Knole House, the seat of the Sackville family, at one time owned by the Archbishops of Canterbury. It is regarded as one of the finest houses in all England, and has a great hall. There are said to be as many rooms as there are days in the year, i.e., 365.



BUILT IN THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY

Photchrom

This picture illustrates the front of Knole House, Sevenoaks, the seat of the Sackville and Sackville-West family, and gives us an idea of an English building erected in the fifteenth century. The massive gateway in the centre is probably the oldest portion of the structure, of which we can see an aerial view on the previous page.

may have come originally from Italy, but English plasterers became famous, and even the names of the plasterers themselves have come down to us. One of the best-known was James Dungan, the King's plasterer, while another was Charles Williams, and a third was called Cobb, all true English names. There is a letter in existence from Sir William Cavendish, who wrote from Hardwick to ask for the services of "the cunning plasterer who had made divers pendants and flowered the Hall at Longleat." Hardwick Hall was built by the Countess of Shrewsbury, known as Bess of Hardwick, and though finished in 1597, remains very much as it was in the sixteenth century. It contains hunting scenes modelled very beautifully in plaster.

How a Style Committed Suicide

For centuries the art of building grew

naturally. As we have seen, the Gothic arch succeeded the Norman because it gave greater scope to the builder. Each fresh step was based on the use of some new material or some new social demand (as, for instance, when chimneys followed a mere hole in the roof). It is an interesting point that these various changes came about almost at the same date in different countries.

Then came the Renaissance which was based on the revival of ancient learning. The literature of classic times was found to be so greatly superior to that of the day that a belief grew up that the ancient architecture must be equally superior to the Gothic art then practised, and everyone went mad on it. The classic orders were exalted as if they were divine, and it was supposed that nothing could be better.

You can easily see what the result

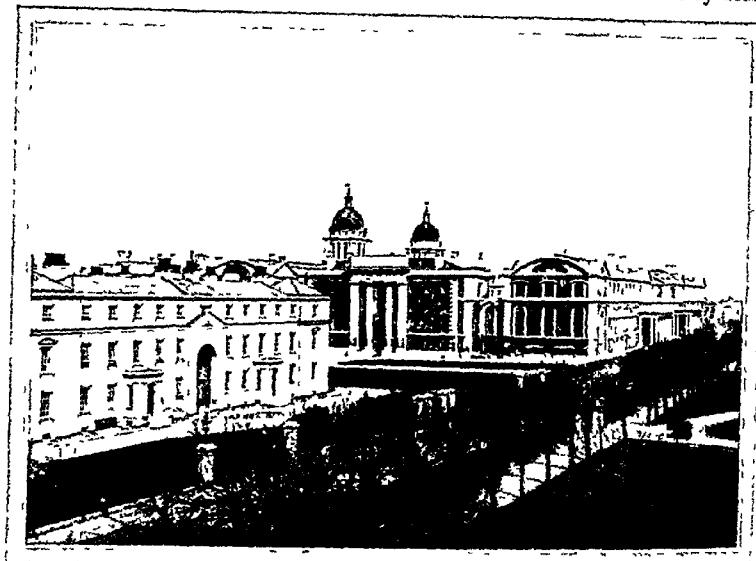
was Natural growth stopped dead, and the great art of designing buildings was reduced to a state of utter stagnation. It was in Italy that people first tired of this utter sameness, and the Gothic style was revived in that country. Then the revival spread north of the Alps ; and, by degrees, all over Western Europe. But the revivalists brought with them much of the Classic Style, and there are many famous buildings of the eighteenth century in which we can see this mingling of the two styles. At any rate, the old stagnation was ended, and to-day there is no art more progressive than that of architecture.

London's Best Buildings

Apart from St Paul's, the two finest buildings in London are the Houses of Parliament and Greenwich Hospital.

A distinguished Frenchman visiting England once said, " You English are curious people. You put your poor into palaces and your princes into poor houses " The palace to which he referred was Greenwich Hospital, built as a home for old sailors, while the " poor house " was, of course, Buckingham Palace, which, though it has now been re-fronted, is certainly a very ugly building. Greenwich Hospital's west wing was built from the designs of the famous Inigo Jones, and the rest of the building had as architect Wren himself. Although the four separate blocks are of different heights, the general effect as seen from the river is very fine indeed.

The Houses of Parliament at Westminster were built to the design of Sir Charles Barry. In 1834 a workman having been ordered to destroy some

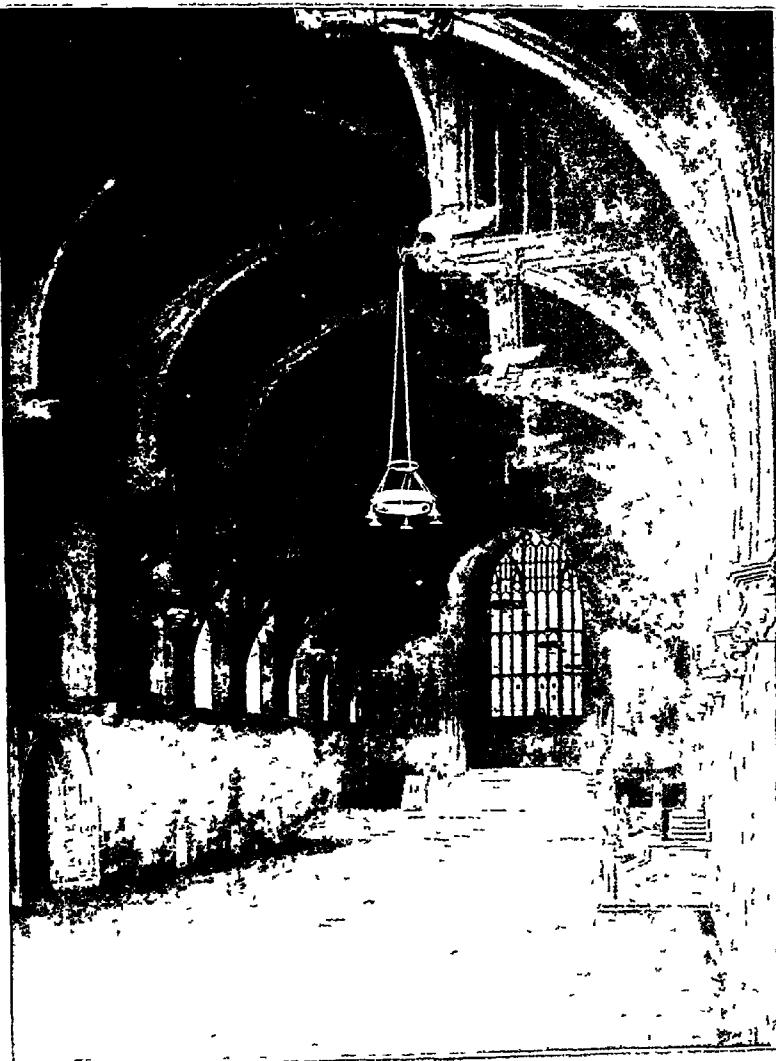


Campbell's Press

DESIGNED BY INIGO JONES AND WREN

Greenwich Hospital, portions of which are here seen, stands on the banks of the Thames some five miles below London Bridge on a site once occupied by a royal palace. The present building was begun in the reign of Charles II, and some of the designs were by Inigo Jones, an English architect who travelled widely and introduced the Palladian style, so called after Andrea Palladio. Later portions of these buildings were designed by Sir Christopher Wren, who planned the present St Paul's Cathedral and many of the City of London Churches.

WHERE CHARLES I. WAS TRIED



Walter Scott

Westminster Hall, standing in close association with the Houses of Parliament, is one of the most notable buildings in England. It was started at the time of William Rufus, and enlarged by his successors. The wonderful oak roof, a marvel of capacity, was added by Richard II in 1397. Much of the Norman workmanship remains, though largely re-lined. The roof is of stone slabs, supported by the huge beams, and there is no hall in the world so large whose ceiling is not carried by pillars, except of course steel buildings of our own day. King Charles I was condemned by Westminster Hall

old "tally sticks," burned them in a stove in the original House of Lords. The stove was not fitted for burning a lot of dry wood ; it got red hot, and the result was a terrible fire which burned up almost all the old Parliament buildings. Only Westminster Hall, the Cloister of St. Stephen's Chapel and the Crypt were saved. Sir Charles Barry's idea was to make the new Houses of Parliament conform with the splendid old Hall, and very well he did the work. He used what is called the revived Gothic style, and

certainly the buildings are remarkably fine.

The mistake that was made was that the stone chosen is not suited to the smoke-laden air of London, which, in less than a century, has rotted it so that to-day many of the beautiful pinnacles have crumbled completely. In 1926 it was decided that repairs should be made, Stanchiffe stone being used for the main portion of the building, but it was a shock to the Treasury to find that these repairs will take between twelve and fifteen years to complete, and that the bill will be £1,063,350.

Stone and the Weather.

The Houses of Parliament are by no means the only buildings in London to suffer in similar fashion, for the smoke which hangs so thickly over the great city, especially in foggy weather, rots most building stones. Some stones, however, are much more sensitive to smoke than others. Bath stone is particularly delicate. The best is that from Combe Down, where it is mined like coal, and must not be brought to the surface in winter, or it weathers hard. It has to be nursed and matured before it can be used, and unless it is set the right way of the grain it will not last.

The stone from Painswick in Gloucestershire, which will stand for centuries in a house built in the open country, powders rapidly away in smoke-laden air. This was the stone



Campbell's Press

IN THE TOWER OF LONDON

The above photograph shows us the entrance to St. John's Chapel in the Tower of London, which served as a place of private worship to our kings and queens who resided at the Tower. Norman architecture is here seen at its very best. You will note the massive pillars, and the arches with half-circular curves.

used about 120 years ago for repairing Westminster Abbey, and in the present century every bit of it is found to be in a state of ruin and has had to be taken out and replaced by Portland stone.

The whole front of the imposing Carlton Club in Pall Mall, which was erected in the middle of the eighteenth century, has crumbled, and at date of writing is being repaired. This was of Caen stone, which cannot stand against London's foggy atmosphere. Even St Paul's, about the stone of which Sir Christopher Wren took the greatest trouble, has suffered, and is covered with a crust-like stalagmite which consists largely of calcium sulphate.

The finest of all building stones is Aberdeen granite, which lasts practically for ever, but which is so difficult to "work" that it is not so much used as the cheaper granites from Norway, Sweden and Finland.

London's Great Fortress

Someone has called the Tower of London a volume of England's history, a great quarto bound in grey stone, closed by massive clasps of iron. It was William the Conqueror who began this immense pile of grim buildings in the year 1078, and his architect was a Benedictine monk called Gundulf. "Gundulf the Weeper" he was called, but whether he wept or not he built the



Campbell's Press

ARCHITECTURE OF THE NORMANS

We obtain a peep in this print at the interior of St. John's Chapel, within the Tower of London, a very perfect example of Norman architecture. Each of the stones of which the great pillars are formed must have been cut to shape in advance by the masons. The pedestals and capitals are singularly massive.

Sweden and

great Keep so well that he was made Bishop of Rochester, where he afterwards erected the famous Castle of Rochester. This Keep, now known as the White Tower, is 92 feet high with walls from 9 to 15 feet thick. It has a range of dungeons, a floor for the garrison, and, above that, a state floor, where the judges of the King's Bench sat, and in the whole of the great building there are *only three fireplaces!*

Other kings slowly added to the Tower. The Inner Ward was enclosed

by William Rufus, but Henry III. did most of the building and beautified his towers with sculpture and stained glass, none of which, however, remains to-day.

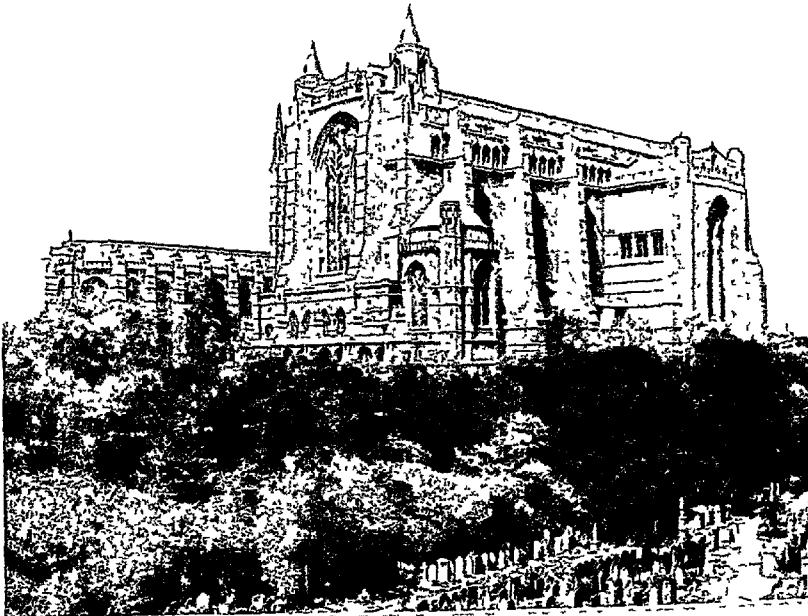
The Tower may not be anything wonderful from the point of view of the architect, but it is a very splendid and impressive pile of masonry.

Should Buildings be Signed?

If you read a book which interests you, the first thing you do is to find out who wrote it, and if you see a picture which pleases, you at once ask who painted it. Now a fine building is a much greater work than a picture or a book, yet how many people ever think

of inquiring the name of the architect? Authors, painters, sculptors and musicians, all put their names to their works, but a building is rarely "signed," and the names of the great architects of to-day are far less well known than those of music-hall performers or cinema stars.

Take one of the finest examples of a modern English building, namely, Liverpool Cathedral, and the chances are that not one person in a thousand, either young or old, could tell you off-hand that the architects were Sir Giles Gilbert Scott and Mr. G. F. Bodley. Sir Giles, whose design was chosen in open competition as being the best sent in, was only twenty-one



Stewart Bo'e

OUR NEWEST CATHEDRAL

Standing on St James's Mount, this is the new Liverpool Cathedral, the foundation stone of which was laid by King Edward VII in 1904. It was built from the designs of Sir Giles Gilbert Scott, and it is interesting to note that he was only twenty-one years of age when he prepared them, a wonderful achievement that should greatly encourage all young people.

THE LADY CHAPEL AT LIVERPOOL



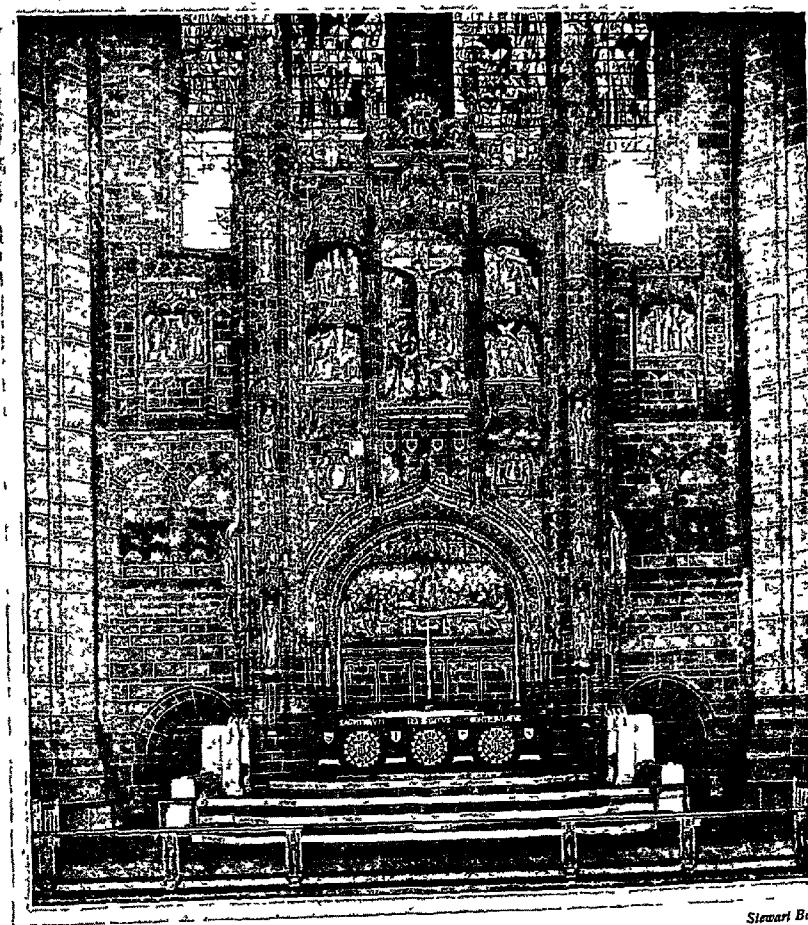
Stewart Ball

When finally completed, Liverpool Cathedral, which belongs to the twentieth century, will be the largest and longest in England. In length it will exceed Winchester, at present our largest cathedral, by over 90 feet. Here we see the Lady Chapel, looking to the East. This was the first part to be opened for public worship, and it is as large as an ordinary parish church.

years of age at the time Liverpool Cathedral is said to be the finest example of a young man's genius as applied to building, of which history has any record.

The Great Tower of Liverpool Cathedral has recently been re-designed, and when completed will be some 323 feet above St James's Road. It will be

approximately 90 feet square. The inside height of the Cathedral is much greater than that of any other British Cathedral, and its perspective of lofty arches gives a most majestic effect to the interior. In the area of ground which it covers Liverpool Cathedral also exceeds any other church in Britain.

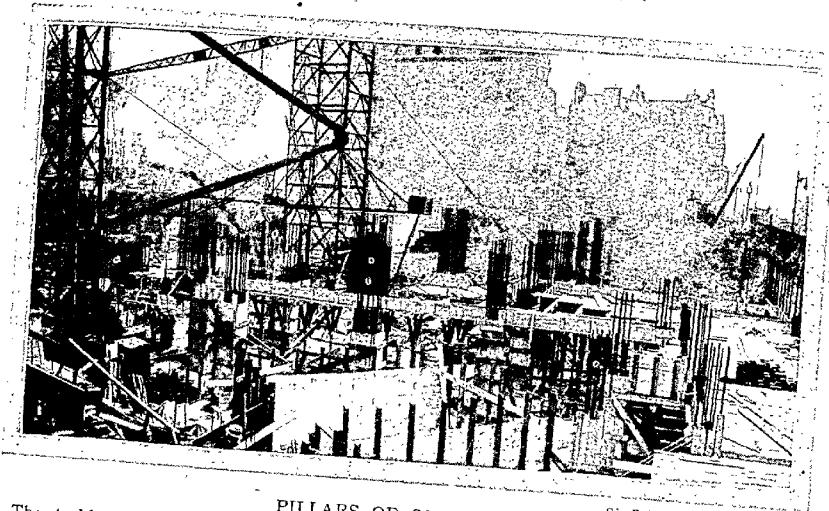


Stewart Bale

LIVERPOOL CATHEDRAL—THE SANCTUARY AND REREDOS

The Sanctuary is fronted by bronze altar rails, and the Reredos, partly gilt and formed of sandstone, extends the full width of the Choir. The relief panels depict principal events in the life of Our Lord. Above the Reredos is the Great East Window, containing figures of apostles, prophets, martyrs, and representatives of the Holy Church, its subject the Te Deum.

IN THE AGE OF STEEL



Sir Robert McAlpine & Sons.

The steel bars seen rising in groups in different parts of this illustration will presently be closed with moist concrete and so form pillars. Pillars of this type are referred to as being made of "reinforced concrete," the metal rods giving strength to the mixture of cement, sand and gravel. The photograph was taken when the Dorchester Hotel, London, was in course of erection.

FOR thousands of years man built his houses of stone or clay, but when Bessemer found a way of making steel cheaply a new material for building came into being. To-day almost all great buildings in cities, especially offices, flats and hotels, are made of steel and brick or steel and concrete. Concrete, a mixture of Portland cement, sand and gravel, sets as solid as rock. Sometimes it is used plain, but the modern practice is to "reinforce" it with fine webs of steel, around which it is allowed to set.

"Sky-Scrapers."

When a steel building is to be constructed the metal frame is first erected, forming a huge bare skeleton of girders, strongly bolted and braced together. Then the walls are built in with brick or concrete, sometimes beginning at the top and continuing to the bottom.

The enormously tall buildings, called in America "sky-scrapers," are invariably steel-framed. Indeed they could

not be built in any other way. The cost of land in New York is so enormous that it is necessary for the owners to make the best possible use of it, and that is the reason why these very lofty buildings came into being.

A very famous example is the Woolworth Building in New York, which has no fewer than fifty-seven storeys and towers to the prodigious height of 792 feet above the pavement. It weighs 160,000 tons, and is based on solid rock far below the street level. It rests on sixty-six immense steel cylinders called "caissons," each of which is filled with cement. Thus the foundations are as firm as the solid rock on which they rest.

Although the space of ground on which the Woolworth Building stands measures only 200 feet by 155 feet, the building itself has no fewer than twenty-seven acres of floor space. Seventeen million bricks were used to make the walls, 7,500 tons of terra-cotta, and 2,500 square feet of cut stone. Seven

million white hot rivets were required to bind together the 20,000 tons of steel which forms the skeleton of this giant erection. The building cost nearly two and a half millions, but was built in two years.

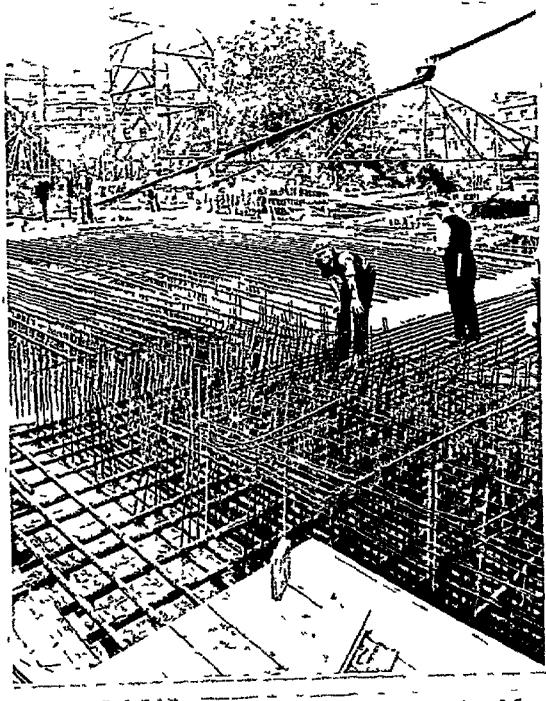
Higher and Higher.

It is a town in itself, with its own restaurants, telegraph, telephone and post offices. It has in it doctors, lawyers, insurance agents, barbers, brokers and shops of all sorts.

Tall as is the Woolworth Building, it has been surpassed by two other New York giants, the Chrysler Building

(1,046 feet high) and the Empire State Building. The last is the loftiest structure in the world. Including the 200-foot mooring mast for airships on its summit, it rises 1,248 feet above the pavement, and it has 86 storeys. As much steel (57,000 tons) was used in its construction as went into the Forth Bridge. Its walls have 6,400 windows in them, and its 58 lift shafts total seven miles in length. It is a curious experience to be at the top of one of these great sky-scrappers in a gale of wind. The whole building seems to rock or sway, yet owing to its construction it is actually safer than a much lower building made of stone or brick.

Speaking to the National Association of Building Owners in Montreal not long ago Mr C T Coley, who is one of the chief authorities on steel building, said that the height of such buildings would be limited only by the efficiency limit of the lifts. He pictured offices soaring to immense heights and at the same time penetrating deeply below the ground. They would be served by double-decked high-speed motor streets.



Sir Robert McAlpine & Sons

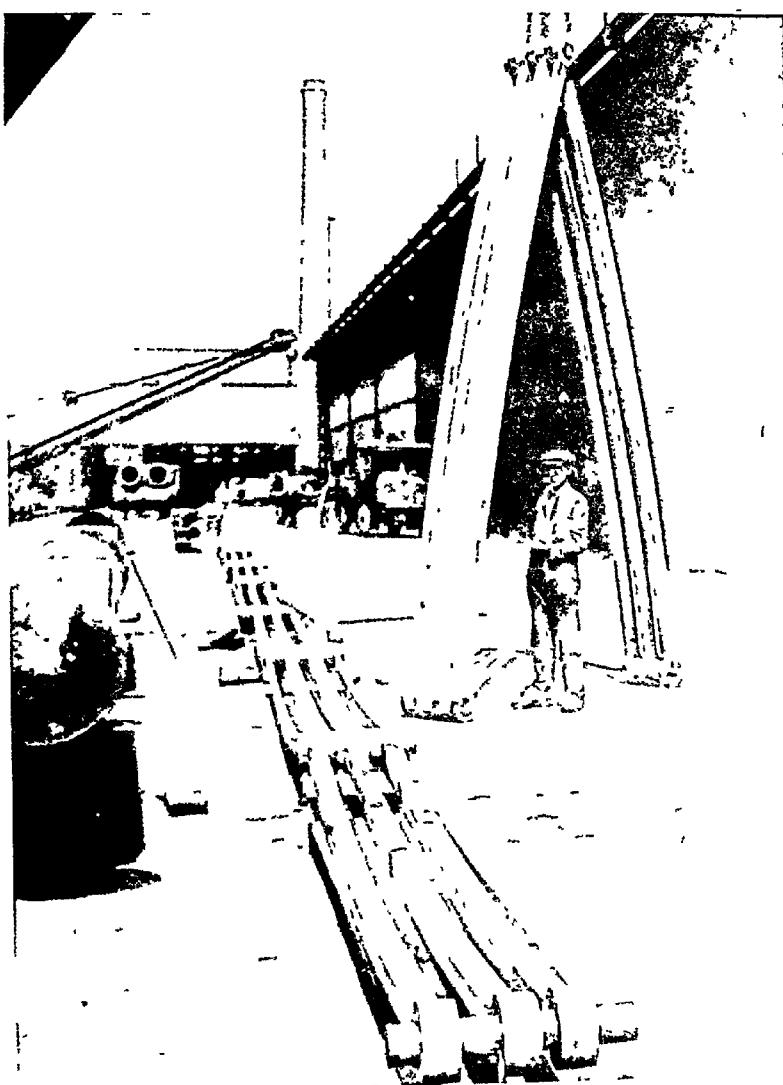
BUILDING A HUGE LONDON HOTEL

This maze of metal rods formed the commencement of laying a floor at one of London's great new luxury hotels. These rods will have the openings round them filled with concrete to form a reinforced floor that will be actually three feet in thickness when finished. To-day almost all our very large buildings, more especially hotels and offices, are made of steel frames filled in with brick or else of steel and concrete

By Light Rays

Lifts would have no operators, the opening and closing of doors being controlled by light rays, which would count the passengers and close the doors when the lift car was full. All offices, he said, would be equipped with wireless, so that business-men could listen in to the rise and fall of

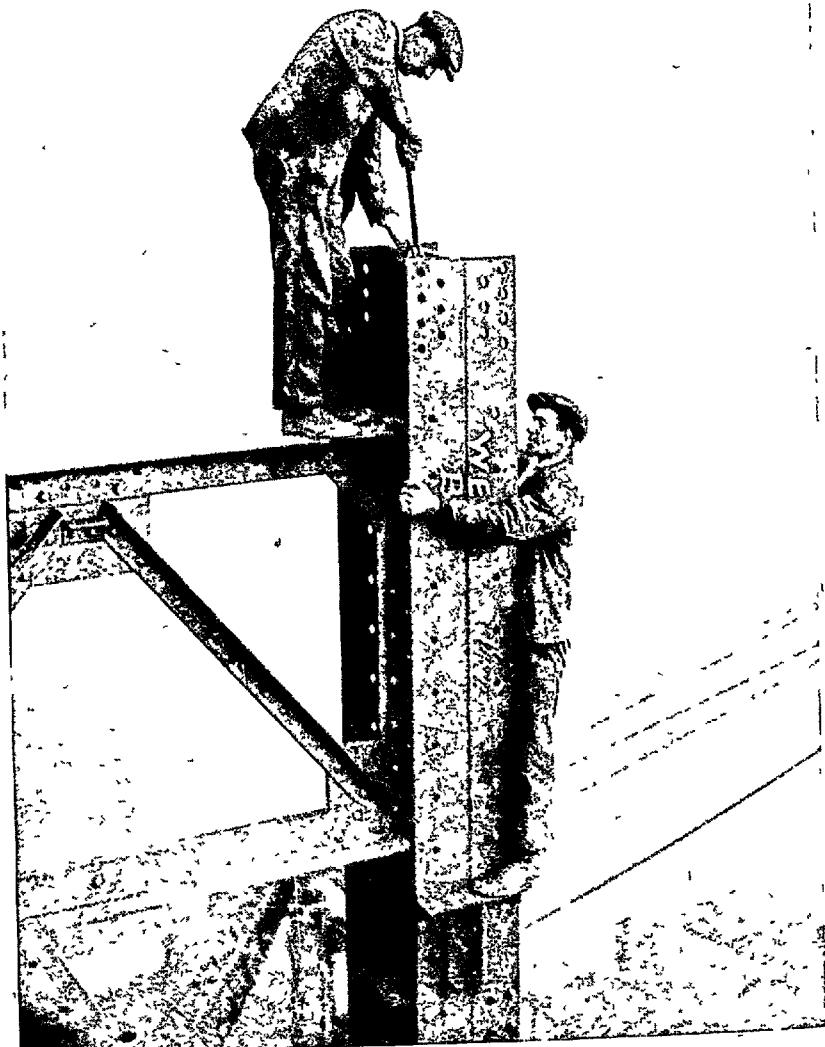
THE CHAINS FOR ST. PAUL'S



Topical Press

When Sir Christopher Wren rebuilt St Paul's Cathedral after the Great Fire of London, he bound the base of the dome with a chain of iron links encased in lead. In your own time, however, owing to a weakening of the foundations, the dome has been given fresh strength and support by a new chain of specially-hardened and non-rustable steel. Here some of the links in this wonderful chain are depicted, each at least twice the height of an ordinary man when standing on its end.

ALL PART OF THE DAY'S WORK



Topical Press
The riveters seen above are at work bolting together parts of the steel framework of the largest electrical power station in Great Britain, erected to the order of the London Power Co., Ltd., at Battersea. Though they are so far above ground level, these men are carrying on with their task as calmly as though they were standing at a bench in a workshop.

HOW WE BUILD TO-DAY



Though this structure is so immense, no one can describe it as being disproportional. It is the new Fisher Building, recently completed at Detroit, Michigan, in the United States of America. Built entirely of granite and marble, this towering mass has thirty stories and a gleaming, gold-capped summit. Within the walls are hundreds of offices and shops, a large theatre and an eleven-storey garage.

SKYSCRAPERS OF NEW YORK



Wide World Photos

All the huge buildings here illustrated have been erected within the last few years in the Midtown district of New York. Land in New York is so costly that the greatest possible use must be made of it, which mainly accounts for the existence of skyscrapers.

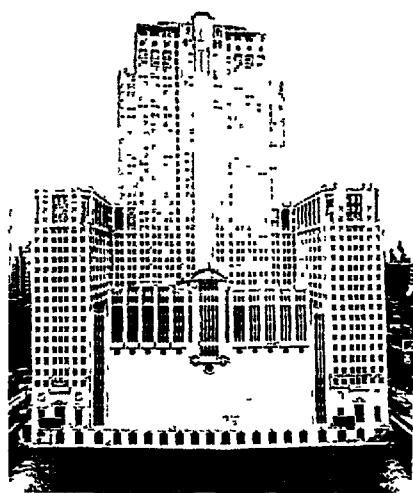
AT THE EIGHTY-FIFTH FLOOR



Topical Press

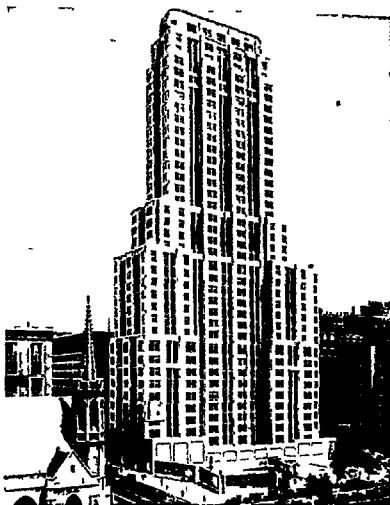
The artisan here seen smiling so light-heartedly is named Carl Russell and we find him engaged in erecting the steelwork of the eighty-fifth floor of the Empire State Building in New York. This is the loftiest structure in the world. It has eighty-six storeys. Including the tall mooring-mast for airships, it rises 1,248 feet above the pavement

IN AMERICA'S SECOND CITY



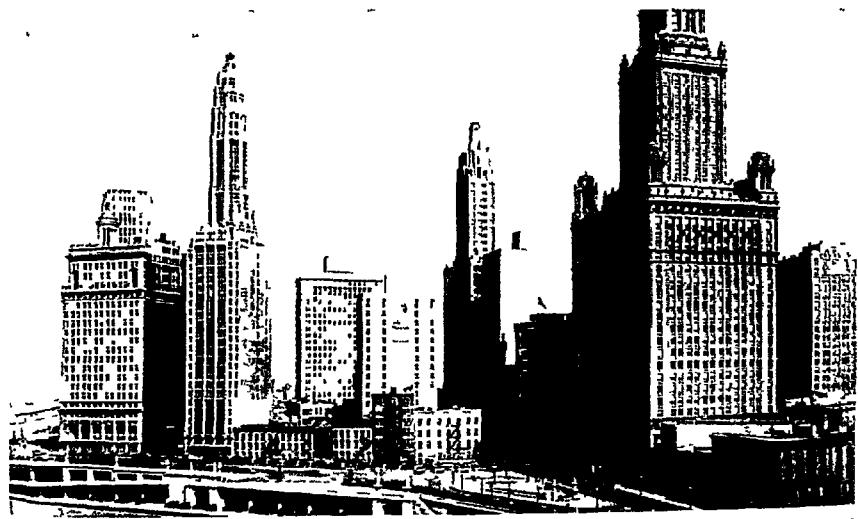
EN A

The skyscraper exists in American cities other than New York. Here, for example, is the Civic Opera House recently erected in Chicago, the second city of the U.S.A.



EN A

This is the Palmolive Building, also to be seen in Chicago. The city is chiefly interested in livestock and its by-products, and supplies meat food to the entire world.



GPA

In the above print we see the famous Wacker Drive, which skirts the river at Chicago. On the skyline the three tallest buildings (from left to right) are the Mather Tower, the Carbon-Carbide Building and the Pure Oil Building. To make such structures efficient much depends upon the high speed of the lifts.

THE EMPIRE STATE BUILDING



E.N.A

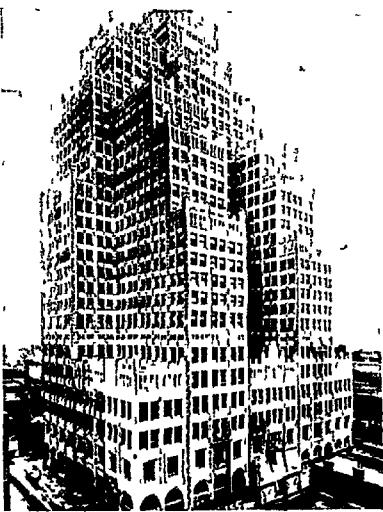
If you could stand on the pavement and look up at the new Empire State Building in New York, this is the view you would see. In the structure are 57,000 tons of steel, and, during the busy hours, the tenants and their staff number 20,000 people—perhaps as many again if we reckon their callers—sufficient to populate a large town

ROUND THE CHRYSLER SPIRE



E N A

Known as the Barclay-Vesey Building, this pile grew up in a slum area facing the Hudson River. It houses the New York Telephone Exchange



E N A

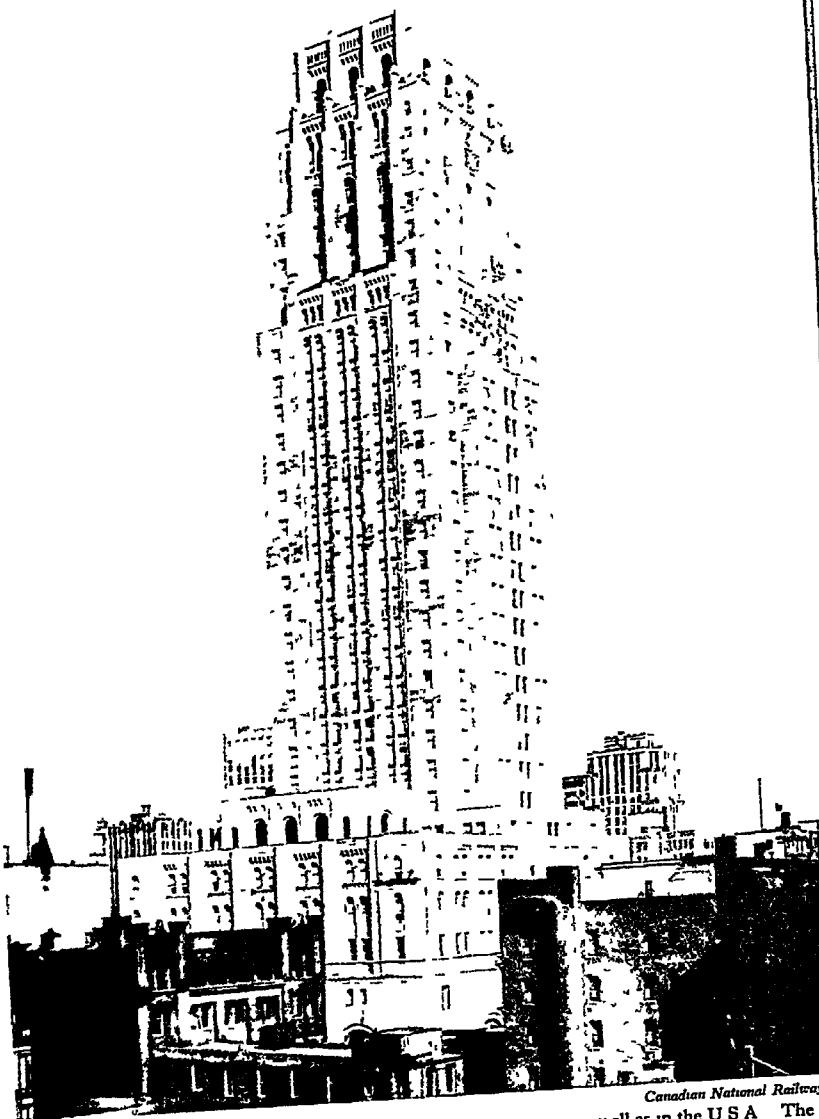
Here is the South-western Bell Telephone Company Building in St Louis, Missouri. St Louis is the fourth largest city in the U.S.A., and stands on the Mississippi



Wide World Photos

In the centre of this birds-eye view the silver-like spire is part of the Chrysler Building, upwards of one thousand feet in height. In the background is seen the business section of Long Island, New York. This photograph was taken from the new Empire State Building, which vies with the Chrysler Building for height.

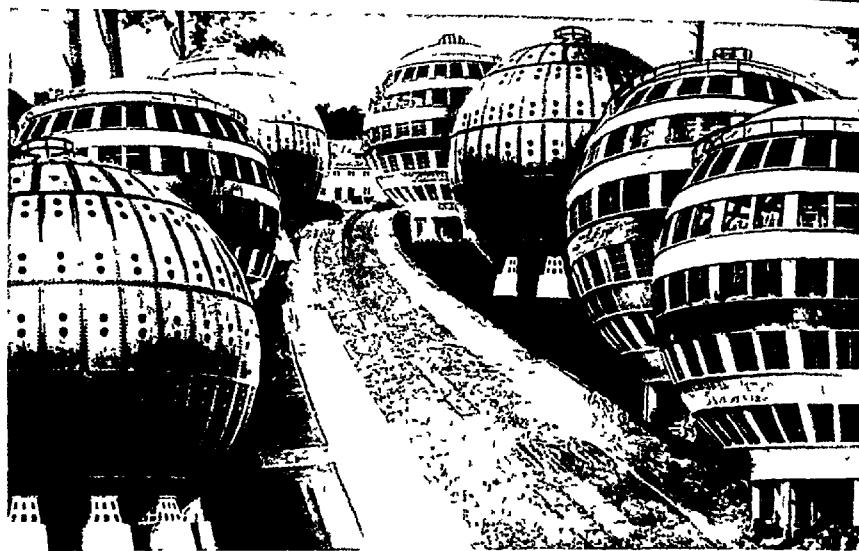
A GIANT OF TORONTO



Canadian National Railways

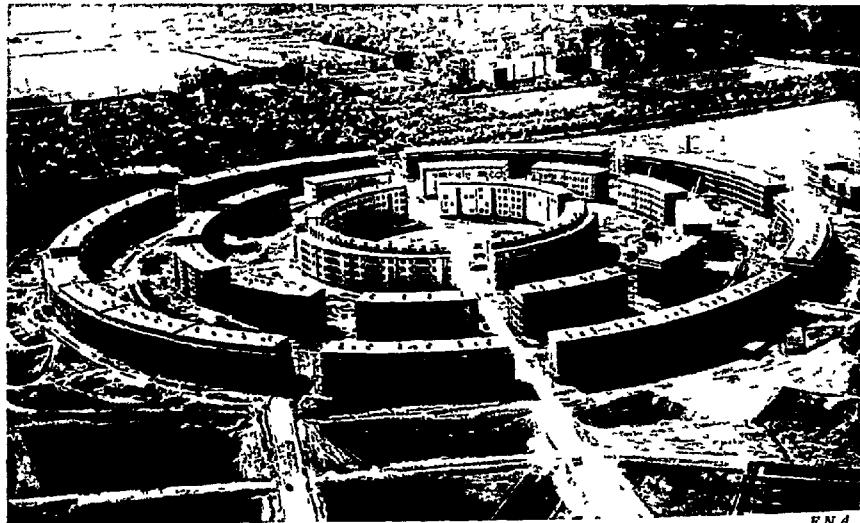
Skyscrapers are found in some of the cities of our Canadian cousins, as well as in the U.S.A. The graceful structure shown above is the Bank of Commerce Building in Toronto, Ontario. Toronto is the capital of Ontario and its population is about half a million.

ROUND HOUSES OF GERMANY



L.N.A

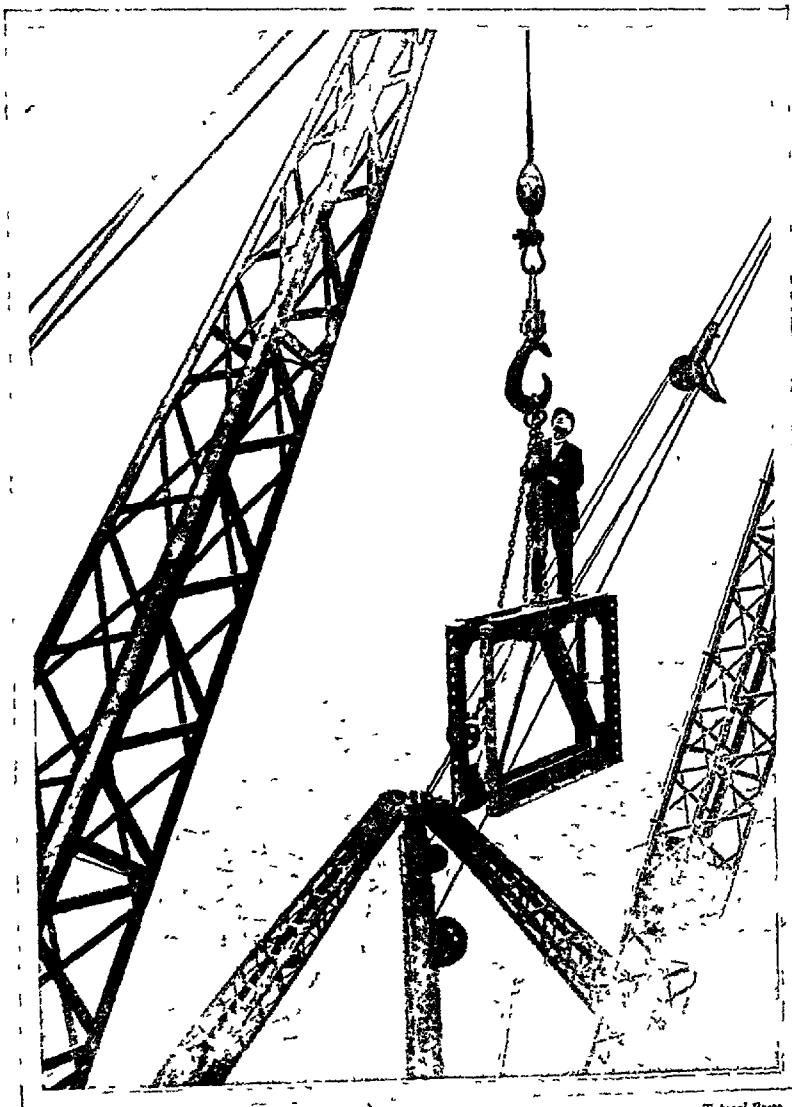
It will come as a surprise to many readers to know that a street of perfectly circular houses has been built at Dresden, as is illustrated above. The houses are said to be very healthy and are thoroughly practical in both construction and amenities.



E.N.A

This series of buildings makes one at first glance think of a Roman amphitheatre. It represents an experiment in building healthful homes on the flat principle for the artisan classes. Known locally as "The Round House," this series of buildings has been constructed at Leipzig, the third city in size in Germany.

UP ABOVE THE WORLD SO HIGH



Topical Press

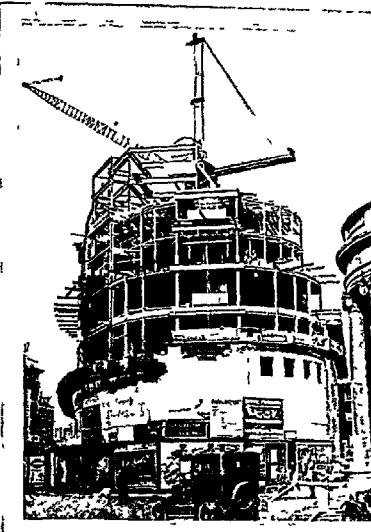
Here is another photograph taken during the construction of the great electrical power station at Battersea, London. The crane is hoisting from street level two massive pieces that will be riveted into the parts of the girders which they were made to fit. The man may have travelled through space to save himself a long climb. It is more than likely, though, that the place to which the frames have to go can only be reached by this method

THE LORRY ON THE ROOF



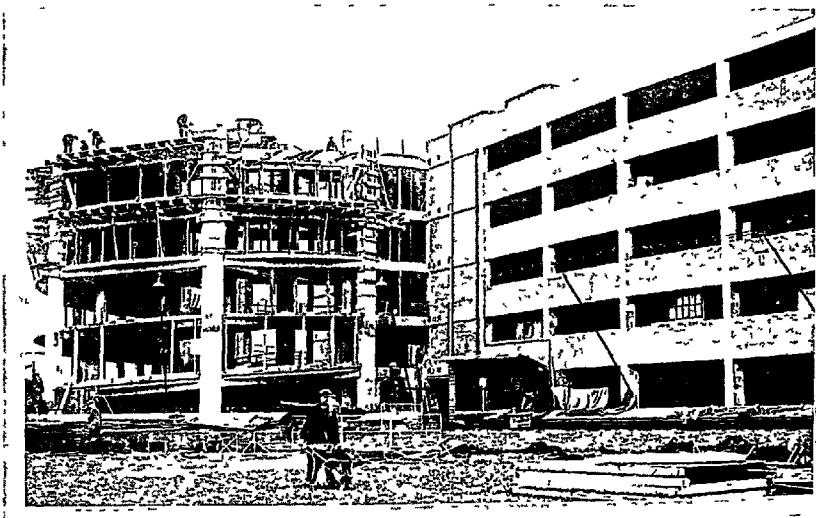
G P A

These men, so closely concerned with their work of riveting the ends of steel girders, are high above city streets, and use no safety devices of any kind, relying on their nerve



Fox Photos

This is Broadcasting House, the Headquarters of the B B C , or British Broadcasting Corporation, when under construction, and shows a steel framework allied with concrete



Fox Photos

How did the 3-ton motor lorry get on to the roof of the building on the left? The answer is a simple one, because inside the structure is a spiral "run-up," designed after the manner of a corkscrew. By means of the steep and winding way, motor cars can, under their own power, be driven up to or down from the upper floors of the concrete garage on the right

stocks on the market, and clerks would each carry pocket receivers so that they could be called back to their offices when wanted.

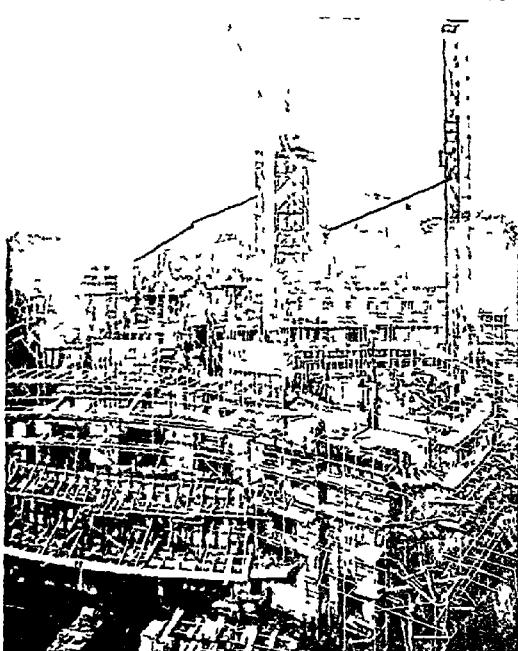
Safe from Fire.

Another great advantage of reinforced concrete as a building material is that it is, or can be, made fire-proof. The new Sun Life Assurance Company's building in Trafalgar Square is said to be a perfect example of a building of this kind. The framework is of steel, the floors of steel, tile and concrete. Partitions are made of terra-cotta blocks and bricks, and even the doors and their frameworks are all of metal. There is nothing combustible in the whole building, and its owners have proved their belief in its safety by leaving it uninsured against fire.

London Lower than New York

London is built mainly on clay, while New York has rock beneath it. That is the principal reason why there are no sky-scrappers in London. But there are other reasons, among them the fact that the water authorities refuse to pump water to the tops of excessively tall buildings on the ground of expense, while a third is the fact that Londoners dislike the darkness caused by towering buildings on either side of narrow streets.

The highest block of flats in London is Queen Anne's Mansions in Westminster, which rises 180 feet above the pavement. The highest buildings in



Sir Robert McAlpine & Sons

THE GIANT WHICH GREW IN PARK LANE

We see here how the walls of the Dorchester Hotel were gradually reared. The very scaffold poles are of iron or steel made to fit together in sections, and the giant cranes carry the materials from street level and deposit them where wanted taking the place of countless men ascending and descending dizzy ladders.

London are St Paul's Cathedral, the Victoria Tower at Westminster (336 feet), and Westminster Cathedral, the tower of which rises to 284 feet.

Since Queen Anne's Mansions were built the London County Council has put a limit on the height of buildings in all the area over which it rules.

Concrete London

If London has no sky-scrappers, yet the material—that is, concrete—which enabled sky-scrappers to be built is now being used in London and other English towns just as widely as in New York. Concrete was first used on a large scale

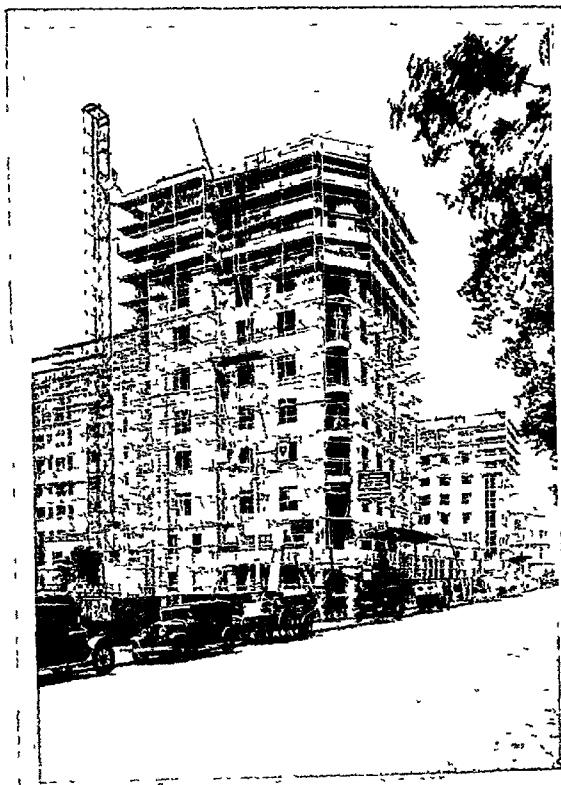
in London about twenty-five years ago, when a huge concrete shop was built in Oxford Street with eight acres of concrete floors. The "Ritz," in Piccadilly, was the first large London hotel to be built on the modern principle with a framework of steel girders. The fine Science College at Kensington is another example of concrete work.

Not that there is anything new in concrete, for the Romans were using this material 500 years before the

birth of Christ. The great dome of the Pantheon at Rome is made entirely of concrete, and a floor in the House of the Vestals consists of a slab of concrete 1 foot thick and 20 feet across.

Even in England concrete was used very long ago, for the foundations of Salisbury Cathedral are of this material, and so are the walls of Corfe Castle.

One great advantage of concrete is that a building of concrete can be made with a perfectly flat roof. In old days the only covering for a flat roof was lead, which was heavy and extremely costly. Now concrete with a covering of asphalt is perfectly weather-proof and has made possible the formation of roof gardens, which are very popular in New York. Even in London, within a quarter of a mile of the Bank of England, grapes may be seen growing and fruiting on the concrete roof of a large building.



Sir Robert McAlpine & Sons
THE BUILDING APPROACHES COMPLETION

We have seen how the Dorchester Hotel, Park Lane, London, began, watched its main floor being laid and seen its walls rising higher and higher. In this print the shell of the building is nearing completion, to look out over the wide expanse of Hyde Park. Contrast this with the rude hut in which primitive man made his home in the Stone Age, and you realise the progress in construction that Time has brought about.

Luxury Flats

The greatest change in modern building is that from houses to flats. In London, Paris and Berlin, as in New York, people are flocking from the old-fashioned houses with their steep staircases, cold, draughty rooms and risks of frozen pipes, into flats.

The chief objection to the flat in the past has been the risk of being disturbed by noise made by neighbours above and below, but the architects of the new luxury flats have made them soundproof.



Copyright, Wellcome Historical Medical Museum

THE "FATHER OF MEDICINE" GIVES A LECTURE

Hippocrates (460-377 B.C.) was the first man to attack disease and illness in a commonsense way. Previously, medical treatment and religion had been linked together, to the great profit of the priests. Hippocrates, who is here seen lecturing his students under a plane-tree in his native island of Cos, taught that proper food and Nature's healing powers are two very good doctors, and that the treatment of a disease should be based on the nature of the disease itself.

WISE MEN OF ANCIENT TIMES

MAN is an animal, so far as his body is concerned, but one of the great reasons why he differs so much from the lower animals is that he is able to think for himself. Man has a thinking brain, he is not led through the world by instinct alone like animals are, and it is because man possesses this thinking brain that great nations and civilisations have arisen, that countless inventions and discoveries have been made, and that we now know so much about the marvellous forces of Nature.

We all think for ourselves by means of our brains in one way or another, but we are not all great thinkers. The

great thinkers of the world are men who have arisen in all ages and nations, and who have spent their lives in thinking out the causes of things, or, as we say, in searching for the truth of things. It is with the very greatest thinkers of the world's history that we are now going to deal, and as you read the many fascinating stories of these great men you will be able to learn much about their lives and the work which they did in their search for the truth.

Thales the Wise

One of the very first thinkers of the world was a man named Thales. He lived in the days of the ancient Greeks,

over six centuries before Christian times began Thales was a very great man indeed He was called "Thales the Wise," and many were the discoveries that he made

It is to Thales that we owe the beginnings of electricity, because he discovered that if a peculiar yellow resin called amber is rubbed, it becomes able to attract to itself little chips and particles of fluff which are placed near to it The act of rubbing electrifies the amber, but Thales did not know this Still, he was the first man to make electricity

Studying the Stars

Thales discovered many things about arithmetic and geometry He was a great astronomer, too, and studied the motions of the stars and even foretold eclipses of the sun

One day, the story tells us, Thales went out walking with his old maid-servant, who, as we can guess, was rather a shrewd woman Thales was an elderly man at the time, and, being feeble on his legs, he fell accidentally into a ditch

From all accounts, however, his maid-servant did not sympathise very greatly with him, for when she saw that her old master had fallen into the ditch she cried "How can you, O Thales, expect to view the stars in heaven when you cannot see what is under your feet?"

We do not know what Thales replied to this, but we can expect that he scolded the woman severely

At the Greek Games

Another great thinker of ancient times was called Pythagoras He was known by his friends as "Pythagoras the Philosopher," and he, too, thought out many important things connected with astronomy and other sciences

Pythagoras was very fond of playing in the old Greek games in his youth. He won many prizes for running, leaping and wrestling. He was a wonderfully strong swimmer as well, and some

people say that it was he who invented boxing

However, no matter whether this be true or not, we know that when Pythagoras became older he gave up his life entirely to the study of Nature and the sciences. Pythagoras invented the multiplication table, a thing which nowadays everybody knows by heart, but which in the times of the ancient Greeks was considered to be a very wonderful invention indeed

When Pythagoras became famous by his discoveries he had many pupils, and these pupils banded themselves together into what they called the "Brotherhood of Pythagoras" The members of the Brotherhood wore a certain badge so that they could pick each other out in the streets and talk about matters in which they were interested This Brotherhood of Pythagoras lasted a long time after the death of Pythagoras himself, and many other Greek thinkers began their youth by wearing Pythagoras' badge and by studying his theories

Euclid, Father of Geometry

A third great thinker, or "Philosopher" as such great men are called, is one whose name you must have heard very often He was called Euclid, and he thought out all the wonderful truths about lines, squares, triangles and circles which are contained in modern geometry books In fact, we often call the science of geometry "Euclid," because Euclid was the first man to collect all these "propositions," as they are called, about lines and triangles and circles, and to write them down, in addition to finding out many of them for himself

Euclid lived over three hundred years before Christian times He was a professor at the University of Alexandria, in Egypt, which at that time was the greatest school of learning in the world He was a kind old man, this Euclid, and many were the students who came to him to learn all about his discoveries

A GREAT PHILOSOPHER'S FALL



Speci ally drawn for this work

This picture shows Thales, the earliest of the ancient Greek philosophers, in an undignified position quite out of keeping with the immense reputation which he enjoyed as the founder of Greek geometry, astronomy and philosophy. One day, while busily engaged on some mental problem, he fell into a ditch, drawing down on himself a rebuke from his maid-servant. Though Thales held that the earth was flat, he knew that the moon gave out no light of her own.

GEOMETRY LESSONS OF LONG AGO



The central figure of this picture is a man whose name was better known to children of a generation ago than to those now at school—Euclid, or, to give him his full Greek name, Euclides. His great work, "The Elements of Geometry," in thirteen books, was written 2,200 years ago. Euclid is here seen kindly rebuking a pupil for his impatience.

Specially drawn for this work

THE DISCOVERY OF SPECIFIC GRAVITY



Specially drawn for this work

The great Greek inventor, engineer, and scientist, Archimedes of Syracuse, is here explaining to his ruler, King Hiero, how he had detected the presence of base metal in a gold crown made for that monarch. The accidental overflowing of his bath had revealed to him the secret of specific gravity, which is the weight of a substance as compared with that of an equal bulk of some other substance taken as the standard, or, more briefly, the relation of weight to volume.

in geometry and in the science of measuring things

There was one student, however, who did not get on as quickly as he would have liked. After he had learned the beginnings of Euclid's books, he asked his master how much better off he was for knowing what he had learned.

The Story of Archimedes

Euclid said nothing to this impatient pupil, but he turned to his servant, saying "Give this gentleman a piece of silver, since he can't learn without making money!"

The student began to learn more patiently after that remark of his master, and we, too, should bear that little true story in mind whenever we become impatient with our learning of geometry and other things.

Over 2,000 years ago there lived in Greece a wonderfully clever man. His name was Archimedes, and he found out many things about the forces of Nature which had not been known before.

The reason why Archimedes made so many discoveries was because he saw the great importance of making experiments, whereas before his time the older thinkers and philosophers had always thought it very undignified to experiment with anything.

Gold in the Crown.

When Archimedes had become very famous with his discoveries the King of Syracuse, who was very rich, sent a quantity of gold to his goldsmiths to be made into a crown. Presently this crown was made and the goldsmiths sent it to the King. The King, however, was rather a clever man himself, and he began to suspect that, instead of putting all the gold which had been sent to them into the making of the crown, the goldsmiths had kept back some of it for themselves, and had mixed a baser metal with the gold of the crown.

The King sent for Archimedes and told him of his suspicions. Archi-

medes, at the moment, was unable to suggest any good way of telling whether the crown contained pure gold or not, but he promised the King that he would think over the matter and try to find out some way of telling just how much gold there was in the crown.

One day Archimedes was preparing to take his usual bath, and his servant, who had been rather careless, had filled his bath right up to the brim. Consequently, when Archimedes stepped into the bath a great deal of water overflowed.

Many men would have been very angry about this, but Archimedes was not. On the contrary, when he saw the water flowing over the sides of the bath he began to think very deeply, for a new idea was beginning to strike him.

A Measure of Bulk.

He noticed, in the first place, that the lower he sank his body into the water the greater was the quantity of that liquid which overflowed the sides.

"Thus," thought he, "the amount of water which flows out of the bath is an exact measure of the bulk of that part of my body which is below the level of the water."

Immediately the thoughts of Archimedes flew to the King's crown. He saw that if the crown were made of pure gold it would, when placed in a vessel quite full of water, cause the same amount of water to overflow as would a lump of pure gold the same weight as the crown.

On the other hand, Archimedes saw that if the crown contained some base metal in it it would not cause the overflowing of exactly the same amount of water as would a piece of pure gold of the same weight as the crown.

"Eureka! Eureka!"

As soon as Archimedes realised the truth of these thoughts he leaped out of his bath without completing his ablutions, crying. "Eureka! Eureka!"

HOW ARCHIMEDES EMPTIED A SHIP



Specially drawn for this work

The snake-like object occupying the centre of the picture is a device invented, so the story goes, by Archimedes for removing the water from a ship's hold. It consists of a coil of tubing, open at both ends, wound corkscrew-wise round a shaft. On the shaft being revolved, the water scooped up by the bottom end is raised through the coils, and delivered at the top

which means, "I have found it out! I have found it out!"

Archimedes then went to the King and made an actual experiment with the crown, placing it in a vessel full to the brim with water. He noticed that the crown made more water flow out of the vessel than did a lump of gold of the same weight, and, therefore, he was able to prove that the crown contained some metal other than gold.

In this way Archimedes was able to bring the dishonest goldsmiths to justice, and he was well rewarded by the King for his work.

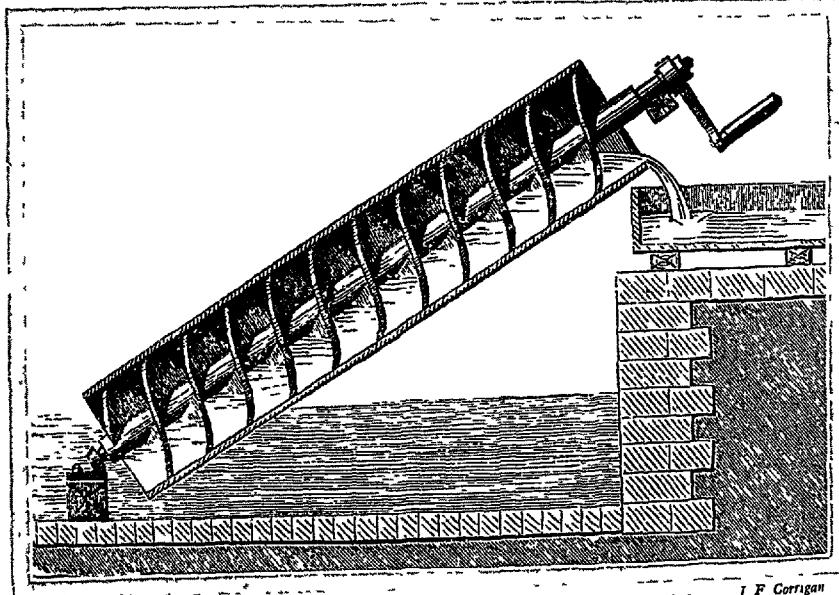
Archimedes made many other discoveries besides the one about which we have just read. He found out a way of raising water by means of a "screw," and, like the other great thinkers of his day, he made many discoveries in arithmetic and geometry. However, Archimedes is most famous for his practical discoveries. He showed men how

to experiment with things, and, even in our own days, scientists follow the example of Archimedes of old when they make experiments and thus discover new things about Nature.

Some Wise Men of Greece

In the days of ancient Greece there lived three very wise men. They were called Socrates, Plato, and Aristotle. They were all very great and clever thinkers, and they found out many wonderful things about men and animals, and also about mathematics, geometry, astronomy, and many other sciences.

Socrates was a very curious individual. He was very ugly. He had a broad flat nose and thick lips, and the ancient Greeks, who were great admirers of beautiful men and women, found it very difficult to believe that Socrates could be so wise. But Socrates cared little about what people thought.



ANOTHER FORM OF THE ARCHIMEDEAN SCREW

J. F. Corrigan

This device acts in just the same way as the coiled tube of the preceding illustration. It is a metal spiral fitting tightly inside a cylinder which turns with it. The nearer half of the cylinder has been removed, to show how the water travels. Though the device is little used now for raising water, its principle is still employed in various kinds of conveyors.

THE FIRST USE OF STEAM POWER



Specially drawn for this work

Our artist has here depicted Hero, a citizen of Alexandria, who lived in the first or second century B C, making an experiment with steam. His servant is stoking a furnace below a boiler from which steam issues through a jet and strikes vanes on the rim of a wheel, causing the wheel to spin. Hero is credited with many inventions, including a fire-engine, a water-clock, and an organ worked by water power. He was also a great mathematician.

of him. He went on in his usual way, finding out things and teaching them to others

Socrates, indeed, would often walk about the streets trying to find somebody interested enough to learn from him. He was always asking people what they thought of this and what they thought of that, and he would argue with anyone who would let him.

Plato and his Pupil

There was one man, however, who admired Socrates very greatly and who became his pupil. This man was Plato, and afterwards he became as famous as Socrates himself. Socrates did not write any books, but Plato wrote many learned volumes, in which he set down in his own wise way all the wonderful things which he had found out and which the great Greek thinkers who lived before him had found out.

Plato, in his turn, had a pupil who became very famous for his discoveries and his general wisdom. The name of Plato's pupil was Aristotle. Aristotle wrote many books, and some of his writings are read even at the present day. Plato's books, too, are read by learned men nowadays, for there are many things in the books of both of these great thinkers that are of interest to us.

Aristotle's teaching was not quite the same as Plato's. These two great thinkers had different ideas about things. Plato, for instance, taught much about the actions of men, and about men's minds, but Aristotle was more practical, and he found out everything he could about men's bodies, and about animals and plants, rocks and minerals, and the earth.

Alexander the Great

There was a rich king who, hearing of Aristotle's great interest in animals, sent some of his men into Asia to catch and bring home all the strange animals and creatures upon which they could set their eyes so that Aristotle might

be able to see them and to study their habits. The name of this king was Alexander the Great, about whom you will read more elsewhere in *Pictorial Knowledge*.

Another great thinker of the days of ancient Greece was a man named Hippocrates. Now, Hippocrates was a doctor, and he studied the different ways of curing diseases. Before the time of Hippocrates doctors tried to make people believe that their complaints could be cured by magic, but Hippocrates changed all that nonsense. He studied the different parts of the human body very closely, and found out ways of making different medicines which would cure people much more readily than the older medicines had done.

Hippocrates, therefore, was one of the first great doctors or physicians of the world, and some of the remedies for diseases which he discovered are still used by the doctors of our own days.

Engines and Machinery.

There is still another famous man of these times with whom we ought to deal although he did not live in Greece. His name was Hero, and he dwelt in the city of Alexandria, in Egypt. He was a professor at the University of Alexandria.

Hero is now very famous on account of his discoveries in the science of engines and machinery. He invented a little steam engine in which the steam escaping from a boiler blew against a wheel and so made it go round. Unfortunately, people did not take very much notice of Hero's invention at the time, and so it was almost forgotten. However, when we talk about steam engines and the wonderful things which they are able to do in modern times, we ought to remember Hero of Alexandria because, of all men, he was the first to make a wheel move by means of the power of steam.

THE EARLY ASTRONOMERS



GALILEO BEFORE THE INQUISITION

Rischgitz

For teaching that the Earth and other planets revolved round the sun the great astronomer Galileo was accused by the Church of heresy. In 1632, when nearly seventy years old, he was summoned to appear before the Inquisition at Rome, where he was made to kneel and affirm that his views were wrong. "I am at your mercy," said the aged astronomer, "and I must say whatever you wish me to say." But his beliefs remained unshaken.

EVERYBODY knows nowadays that the earth is round, and that it moves round the sun, but in ancient times men thought that the earth was quite flat and that it stood still, while the sun and stars moved round it. They believed these things for many hundreds of years until there arose a few clever men who showed that the earth was not flat and that the sun and the stars did not move round it.

From a High Tower

One of the first of these clever men was called Nicholas Copernicus. Copernicus was the son of a well-to-do Silesian merchant and, in addition, he had an uncle who was a priest, and this uncle looked after young Copernicus and educated him at the best schools. In a few years' time, Copernicus became a doctor, and he also became a priest like his uncle was. After this time he spent most of his days near a big church, looking after the poor people of the district, preaching to them, and, in his leisure, studying astronomy.

So interested did Copernicus become in astronomy that he sat up night after night in a high tower watching the stars and studying their movements. Very soon Copernicus saw that the sun does not revolve round the earth but that the earth goes round the sun. He wrote a book to tell people about the things that he found out.

There was another clever man who was interested in the sun and the stars. His name was Tycho Brahe and he lived in Denmark. Tycho Brahe was rich. When he was thirty the King of Denmark built for him the biggest and finest observatory which the world had ever known, and here for twenty years Tycho Brahe watched the sun and the stars and studied their movements and distances day after day. Tycho Brahe did not quite agree with the ideas of Copernicus. He thought that the earth remained still, but that the other planets went round the sun and that the sun itself revolved round the earth. This is quite untrue, of course, but, despite the great mistake which Tycho

Brahe made in thinking these things, he found out many valuable facts about the movements of the moon and the positions of the most important stars.

Watchers of the Skies

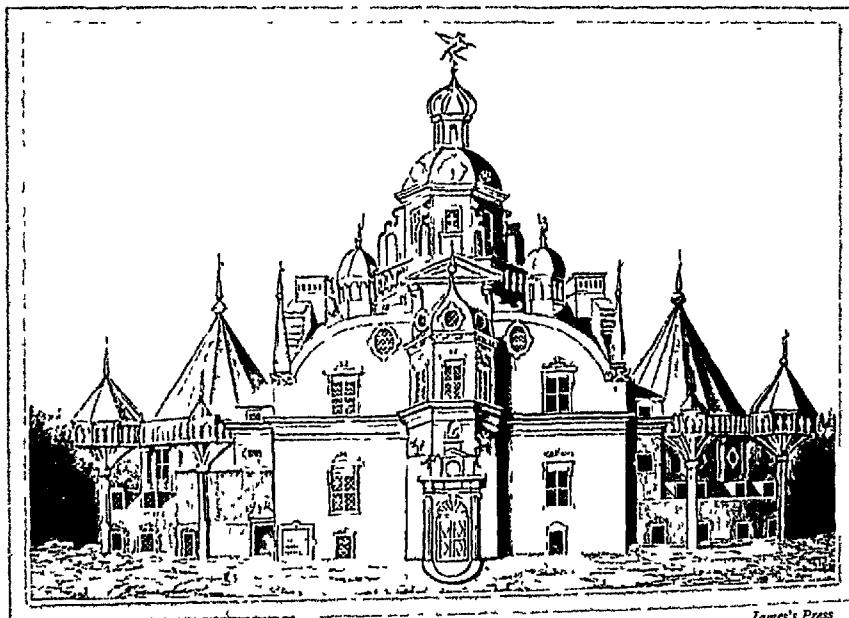
Tycho Brahe in his old age had an assistant whose name was John Kepler

Now Kepler became an even cleverer man than Tycho Brahe had been, and, after the death of Brahe, Kepler began to find out many things for himself about the sun and the stars. For instance, he discovered means by which we can tell the exact path in which the planets revolve round the sun, and this new knowledge helped astronomers enormously in their work.

The very greatest astronomer of the time, however, and perhaps the greatest

astronomer who has ever lived, was a man called Galileo Galilei. He was born in Italy, and even as a boy he was very clever at making models and other things.

When Galileo was quite a young man he happened to be sitting in a big church near his home and he noticed a large lamp swinging from the roof of the church. Now, most people would have thought nothing at all about such a matter, but Galileo looked for a long time at the swinging lamp until suddenly he saw that, no matter how much or how little the lamp swung, its swingings to and fro were *perfectly regular*. He thought for a long time over the swinging lamp which he had watched and then it occurred to him that the swinging of a heavy weight on the end of a piece of string or wire might be used as a measure of time, because the



TYCHO BRAHE'S OBSERVATORY

James's Press

This reproduction from an old print shows you the splendidly equipped observatory built for the great astronomer, Tycho Brahe (1546-1601), on the island of Hven, between Denmark and Sweden. It was erected at the expense of the Danish King, Frederick II., at a cost of over £20,000—a very large sum in those days. The name of Uraniborg, meaning "the castle of the heavens," was given to the observatory, in which Brahe worked for over twenty years.

GALILEO AND THE PENDULUM



Specially drawn for this work

While attending a service in the Cathedral of Pisa one day, Galileo—then a young man—noticed that a lamp hanging from the roof was swinging slowly to and fro on its chain. Using his pulse as a timekeeper, he found that, though the swings became smaller and smaller, the time taken for a swing remained the same. As a result of his discovery pendulums came into use for clocks.

swinging of the weight would be quite regular

In this way, Galileo invented the first pendulum. Pendulums are common enough nowadays, and it is interesting for us to know how they were first thought of

Man's First Telescope

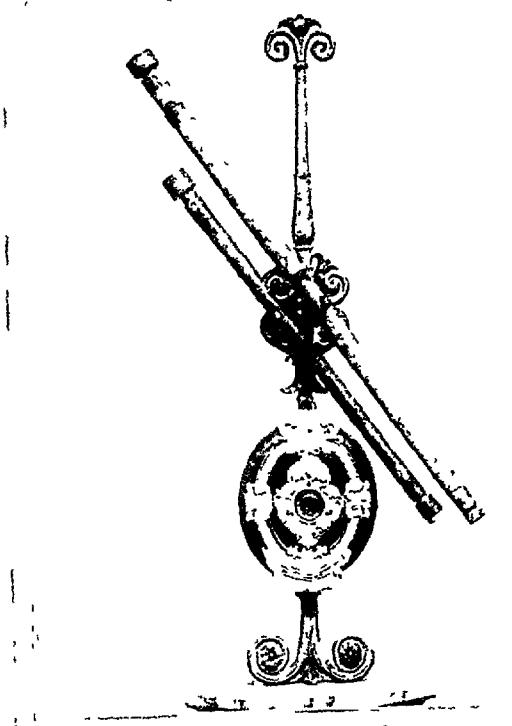
Galileo made many other discoveries, but the greatest things which he found out were those concerned with the earth, sun and stars

Up to the time of Galileo none had ever seen the sun and the stars through

a telescope. Galileo was the first to make a real telescope, and to look at the stars through it. By means of his telescope he found out many very wonderful things. He saw that there are mountains on the moon just as there are on earth. He found out, too, that the planet Jupiter also had little moons revolving round it. All these things were at that time absolutely unheard of and naturally many people did not believe the things that Galileo said

Perhaps the chief thing that Galileo found out was that the earth and the planets revolve round the sun. Copernicus, of course, had thought these things before, but he did not make them as clear as Galileo did. Still most people did not believe Galileo, although he wrote a long book to prove the things which he had found out.

The men belonging to the Church of those days were, in particular, very vexed with the things which Galileo said, and in the end they made him deny the truth of many of his wonderful discoveries about the earth and the sun. Naturally, all this was wrong on the part of the Church and its ruling members, but still we must remember that many of the greatest thinkers of the day who were not connected with the Church at all refused to believe the things that Galileo said about the earth and the sun. Therefore one can hardly



TWO OF GALILEO'S TELESCOPES

If ever you visit the Tribuna di Galileo at Florence, you will be able to see this pair of telescopes, made by the famous astronomer. Though not the actual inventor of the telescope—that honour belongs to Lippershey, a Dutchman—Galileo was the first person to produce a really serviceable instrument. His telescopes had concave lenses as eyepieces, like those of a pair of field-glasses.

WHAT A FALLING APPLE DID



CRISOLET.

Speci ally drawn for this work

In the year of Galileo's death (1642) there was born at Woolsthorpe, Lincolnshire, a baby so small that its mother said she could get it into a quart pot. But that tiny infant grew into the greatest of natural philosophers, Sir Isaac Newton. This picture records the incident of the apple which fell from a tree and directed Newton's thought to the greatest of scientific discoveries—the law that every atom in the universe attracts every other atom.

blame the bishops for not believing Galileo, also

Galileo worked so hard with his telescopes that in the end he became blind. He was a very old man when he died and he had not been dead for very many years when men began to see the truth of the things which he had taught. It is to Galileo that we owe many of the things which we know about the wonders of the sky, and his name nowadays is greatly honoured by men of science, and by thinkers of all nations.

Newton's Falling Apple.

In the reign of Queen Anne there lived a wonderfully clever man whose name was Sir Isaac Newton. Perhaps you may have heard of him before because he made so many remarkable discoveries that most people know at least something about him.

When Newton was a boy he did not go out to play after school hours as other boys do. Instead of this he

stayed at home and spent all his spare time in making little models from pieces of wood. When he grew up he began to study very hard, and all through his life he studied one thing or another, so that he became a very wise and clever man indeed.

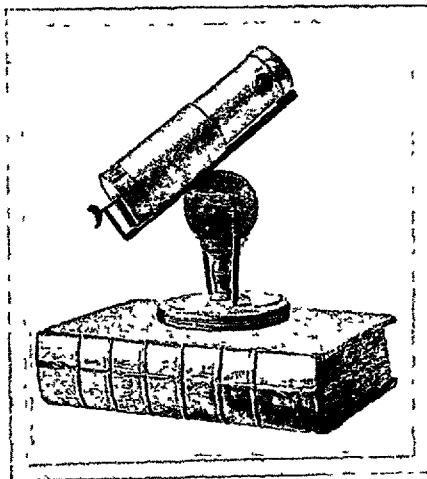
One of the greatest discoveries which Sir Isaac Newton made was about the earth, the sun, and the other heavenly bodies. Newton knew that the earth and the planets went round the sun, but he wanted to know *why* they did so.

He was sitting in his garden one afternoon and thinking very deeply over many matters. Looking up, he happened to see a ripe apple fall from a near-by apple tree. Perhaps many a person would have picked that apple up and eaten it. Newton did not do any such thing, however. Instead, he began to ask himself why that apple fell to the ground, and why it did not rise up in the air like a balloon.

Suddenly Sir Isaac Newton realised that some force of the earth must have *pulled* the apple down to the ground, and it was not long before he began to see that the force of the earth which pulled the apple down to the ground must also be the same force as the one which pulls the earth and the planets round the sun.

Newton called this mysterious force "gravity," and after thinking a great deal about these matters, he showed men that the earth and the planets were actually pulled round and round the sun by this force of gravity. He also made it quite clear that it was the earth's force of gravity which pulled the moon round our world. In fact, taught Newton, everything in the skies is held up by this very mysterious force of gravity.

But Newton made very many other wonderful discoveries besides the one mentioned above. He found out, for example, that the sunlight really consists of a mixture of seven differently-coloured lights, and that when all these



James's Press

NEWTON'S REFLECTING TELESCOPE

This is the ancestor of most of the reflecting telescopes now used. The invention of Sir Isaac Newton, it is open at the top, and has a hollow-faced mirror at the bottom. The image is reflected forward on to a small flat, oblique mirror, which turns it into an eyepiece in the side of the tube.

NEWTON LOSES HIS DINNER



Specially drawn for this work

This picture records an amusing example of Newton's absent-mindedness. A visitor called one day at dinner-time, while Newton was at work, and was kept waiting so long that in revenge he ate Newton's dinner. When Newton at last appeared, he remarked, on seeing the empty dishes, "I thought I had not yet had my dinner, but I see that I am mistaken."

coloured lights were combined together they made up ordinary white light. He found out all these wonderful things by very simple means. All he did was to shut himself in a dark room on one side of which was made a small hole through which a ray of sunlight could enter. Newton then held a three-cornered piece of glass (called a "prism") in the ray of sunlight, and in front of his piece of glass he fixed a white sheet. Instead of getting a spot of white sunlight on the sheet, Newton, when he held the prism in the ray of sunlight, found that a pattern of seven different colours was thrown on the sheet, and in this way he showed that white light is made up of a mixture of differently-coloured lights.

Absent-minded Sir Isaac!

Newton made very many discoveries in astronomy as well, for he was very clever at making telescopes. He studied so much, however, that in his later years he became very absent-minded indeed. One day a friend called to see him, but Sir Isaac was very busy at the time and he kept his friend waiting. The friend was very hungry, and seeing a roast chicken on the table he ate it. When Newton entered the room, after greeting his friend, he turned to the dish, but, seeing that it had already been emptied, he said "Ah! it is strange I thought I had not yet had my dinner, but I see that I am mistaken!"

Sir Isaac Newton wrote a very great book in which he told people all about his great discoveries. Sir Isaac was a very modest and shy man, and in all probability he would not have published his great book at all if he had not been made to do so by his friend, Edmund Halley. Halley himself was a famous astronomer. He made maps of the stars, just as other men made maps of the world.

Edmund Halley told men many things about a very famous comet which appeared in the skies. After

it had disappeared he prophesied just when it would come again, so people called that comet "Halley's Comet," and it is still known by that name.

About this time there lived also a very clever Dutch astronomer named Christian Huyghens. Huyghens did many clever things. First of all he showed how to make pendulums control the works of clocks. Then he found ways of making better and more powerful telescopes than had ever been made before, and with the telescopes which he made he discovered many new things about the planets. One of his greatest discoveries in astronomy was that the planet Saturn is surrounded by a wonderful ring. As a matter of fact, we know in these days that Saturn has several rings, but Huyghens only saw one of them, because his telescopes were not powerful enough to separate them from one another.

Huyghens had a very quaint way of telling people about his discovery of this ring of Saturn. Instead of imparting the news in the clearest way possible, he wrote down the following mysterious jumble of letters:

aaaaaaaa, ccccc, d, eeeee, g, h, iiiii, IIII, mm, nnnnnnnn, oooo, pp, q, rr, s, tttt, uuuu

These letters, when they were sorted out and put together in the right way, formed a Latin sentence which told men that the planet Saturn was surrounded by a ring.

A Mysterious Puzzle

Why, you may ask, did Huyghens inform people of his discovery in this strange way? Well he might have had many reasons for so doing, but the chief reason was that he wanted time to make perfectly sure of his new discovery, and that he was afraid of other men finding the same thing out and thus taking the great honour of the discovery from him. So he made known his discovery in the mysterious jumble of letters, and it was not until three years later that he told men just what these letters meant.

SOME PIONEERS IN SCIENCE



Rischgitz

WILLIAM HARVEY AND KING CHARLES I

The discovery by William Harvey of the circulation of the blood through the body was made known to the world in a book which he published in 1628. Ten years earlier he had been appointed special physician to James I. In this picture he is seen explaining his discovery to James's successor, to whom he was greatly attached. The boy watching Harvey so keenly afterwards ruled as Charles II.

HUNDREDS of years ago there lived in this country of ours a very learned friar named Roger Bacon. A friar, as you will perhaps know, is a monk who lives in a monastery away from ordinary people and who spends most of his time in prayer and study. Friar Bacon was a very clever man. In fact, he did so many amazing things that people began to call him a wizard.

It would take far too much time to write down all the various sciences which Friar Bacon studied. He knew everything there was to know in his day about astronomy, chemistry and mechanics, and he wrote down most of

his wonderful knowledge in three great books.

Bacon's Magical Fire

Some people say that Bacon invented spectacles, but whether he did so or not is not known. Friar Bacon, however, invented gunpowder, which he called "Magical Fire." He told the people of his day that at some future time men would sail the seas in ships without sails, and that carriages would be built which would move without horses. He said, also, that the day would come when men would fly in the air. All these things have come true in our times, for by means of steamers,

railway engines and motor-cars we can travel without sails or horses, and it is not very long ago since men learned how to make aeroplanes, and to fly from place to place in them.

There is a very strange tale concerning Friar Bacon, which, no matter whether it be true or not, shows us how very clever the people of his day thought him to be.

"Time is Past"

After much labour and study, so the story goes, Friar Bacon constructed a man's head out of brass. This was no ordinary statue made in metal, but it was a head which Friar Bacon said would be able to speak and to tell many learned things. Before the brass head would speak, however, it had to be treated in a special way for a month, during which time it would begin to talk.

After a week or two, Friar Bacon grew tired of waiting for the head to speak, so he told a man to watch it carefully and call him immediately it spoke.

Soon afterwards, the brass head began to move its lips. "Time is," it said.

The man watching, however, did not think these words of sufficient importance, and did not call the friar.

Half an hour later the head again spoke. This time it pronounced very clearly the words, "Time was," but again Friar Bacon's man did not think anything about the matter.

Again, the brass head spoke

"Time is past," it said this time, and then it fell to pieces on the floor with a terrible noise. The man was thoroughly frightened at this, and he called in Friar Bacon at once. The Friar was very grieved to find that the head which he had made so carefully had spoken in his absence and that it had now fallen to pieces, and although he made other heads of brass none of them ever spoke.

A Master of Magnetism

In the days of Queen Elizabeth a man

spent many years of his life in the writing of a famous book. This man was called William Gilbert, and the book which he wrote was all about Magnets and Magnetism. There is a curious stone called *Loadstone*, which is found in certain countries, and when this stone is hung up from a thread it always points to the north. The strange behaviour of the loadstone had been known long before Gilbert's time, but Gilbert in his book told people all about it. He found out that when many things, such as amber, sealing-wax, and resin, are rubbed they become able to attract other things to them.

The ancient Greeks were acquainted with the way in which amber attracted other things to it after it had been rubbed. Now the Greek name for amber is *elektron*, and Gilbert changed this name into the word "electricity" which name he gave to the attractive force of amber, sealing-wax, and other things after they had been rubbed. Thus we see how and why the word "electricity" was first used.

The Doctor's Discovery.

One of King James I's doctors was a very clever and famous man. He was the first to find out that the blood actually flows in the veins through our bodies like water flowing through pipes, and also, that the blood flows through every part of our bodies. The name of the man who made this very famous discovery was Dr. William Harvey. Before Harvey's time, men knew that the blood in our bodies did not remain still all the time. They thought that it was just shaken about as we moved like water being shaken in a bottle. Dr. Harvey, however, showed that this was not the case, and that, as we have seen above, the blood flows round and round through every portion of our bodies. This is what people mean when they talk about Harvey's discovery of the "Circulation of the Blood."

Dr Harvey was very modest about

FRIAR BACON'S MAGIC HEAD



Specially drawn for this work

Among the many legends about Roger Bacon, the inventive friar of the thirteenth century, is one of a wonderful head which he cast in brass. It would, he said, presently speak of wonderful things. As it told him nothing, however, he set another friar to watch it. To this man the head said, "Time is", then, "Time was", and, finally, "Time is past". It then dashed itself to pieces. The picture shows us its maker being informed of the disaster.

his great discovery. He merely told it to his own students at first, but gradually other doctors got to know about it. They all said that Harvey's ideas were quite wrong and they were very vexed with Harvey for teaching such things. After a time, however, doctors and scientists began to see that Harvey was quite right when he said that the blood flows round and round our bodies, and nowadays we know this fact to be so true that we would laugh at anybody who stated seriously that our blood did not flow round our bodies in our veins, but remained almost perfectly still instead of doing so

Sir Francis Bacon.

In the days of Queen Elizabeth there lived a famous man named Sir Francis Bacon. He was a very clever man indeed, and he was noted for his great learning in matters of the law and, also, for his scientific knowledge. We must be careful here not to mix up Sir Francis Bacon with Friar Roger Bacon, who lived much earlier, but who was, of course, quite as clever a man.

Sir Francis Bacon lived at a time when thinking men were all taking a very great interest in scientific matters, and although Sir Francis did not actually invent anything very useful, he studied the sciences most carefully, and he wrote great books about them in which he showed how, by careful study and experiment, men could find out ways of discovering new things and so gaining new knowledge; for, said Bacon, "Knowledge is power." Sir Francis Bacon, in his writings, showed men how to *think* clearly and how to search out the reasons of the many wonderful things which they saw about them.

There was also another wise man of the time who sought for new ways of knowledge. He lived in France and his name was René Descartes. This great thinker studied hard in his youth, but when he was twenty-four he became so dissatisfied with his books that

he threw them all away and decided to travel about and to try to gain new knowledge by thinking things out for himself, and by making experiments. After a time, however, Descartes returned to his books, and he studied first mathematics and afterwards that science known as "philosophy," which teaches us many important things about ourselves and the world in general. Descartes, however, was not satisfied with the philosophy of his day, and so he began to think out new things for himself. Like Sir Francis Bacon, Descartes tried to show other learned men how to use their brains in the best possible way.

There is a curious story about the great thinker, René Descartes. He was very good at making little machines, and at one time he made a wooden doll which was a very wonderful piece of work indeed, because it was able to perform all sorts of movements. People in fact said that this doll was a real girl, and that she was the daughter of Descartes.

The "Wooden Daughter."

Anyway, after a time, Descartes wanted to send his wonderful doll to a friend overseas, so he carefully packed up the doll in a box and put it on board a ship. The rolling of the vessel, however, put the machinery of the doll in motion, and the captain of the ship was very startled when he heard something tapping away inside the box. He at once opened the lid of the box, whereupon the wooden doll jumped out and danced about the ship. So frightened became the captain that he seized the doll and threw it overboard into the sea. And that was the end of Descartes' "Wooden Daughter," as the doll was sometimes called.

While men such as Sir Francis Bacon and René Descartes were showing folks how to think, there was a lonely man who worked day after day in a laboratory trying to find of what many things, such as minerals, liquids, foods and

"KNOWLEDGE IS POWER"



Rischbiets
This is a very fine portrait of Francis Bacon, one of England's greatest thinkers. He held important public offices under James I, and was created a peer as Lord Verulam. His famous "Essays" are packed with pithy worldly wisdom, and his books on the science of reasoning are masterpieces. Many people maintain that Bacon was the author of the plays that bear Shakespeare's name, and that their true authorship was concealed because play-writing was then looked upon as an unworthy pursuit for a man in Bacon's high position.

so forth, were made. He was the Honourable Robert Boyle, and he was called "Honourable" because he was the son of an Earl.

Facts About Chemistry.

Boyle lived a very lonely and hard-working life. He never married because he had no time to look after a wife. Boyle invented an air-pump with which he found out all sorts of things about air. He discovered facts about fire and flame as well. His chief work was in the science of chemistry, and he found out many things of real importance about that science. Before Boyle's time, chemical experimenters had merely mixed various chemicals in haphazard ways, hoping all the time to be able to discover some means of making gold. Such people were called "Alchemists," and they held very peculiar notions about chemical matters. The great work which Boyle did, therefore, was to show that new knowledge about chemistry can only be gained by careful study and experiment, and that it is useless to mix up all sorts of liquids together in the hope of finding out new things.

Boyle's experiments took up nearly the whole of his time. When he was very busy at his work—which was often the case—he used to hang up outside the door of his room a little card which bore the words:—

MR. BOYLE IS NOT TO BE SPOKEN WITH TO-DAY.

When he was ill Boyle would often work out mathematical problems to try to make himself better! A strange sort of man you may imagine him to have been; and, indeed, he was a curious individual in many ways, but he found out many things of practical importance by his experiments; and, what is more, he set an example to other thinkers in the making of experiments, so that by his work he not only made discoveries himself, but he also led other men to make discoveries themselves.

Chemistry is a very wonderful science, because it tells us so much about what things are made of, and, by means of it, chemists can make all sorts of substances and materials of great value and use.

Centuries ago, however, there was no such thing as chemistry as we know it nowadays. In those times, men, called "Alchemists," used to spend their lives in mixing up all sorts of liquids in the hope of being able to make gold. It is not very probable that any of the alchemists ever did make any gold, however.

When men began to think seriously about the wonders of Nature, some of them were attracted to the art of experimenting with various chemicals. They wanted to know what different things were made of, and, gradually, they were able to find out most of the things they wanted to.

One of the first great thinkers in the science of Chemistry was a man called Antoine Laurent Lavoisier. As a boy he was very fond of experimenting with different chemicals, and, when he grew up, he made very many important discoveries. He told us many things about air. He found out oxygen, and he showed that when things burn they combine with the oxygen in the air.

In the French Revolution.

Unfortunately, Lavoisier was a fairly rich man, and he lived during the time of the French Revolution. The people who ruled France in those days did not like rich men, and they put to death as many of them as they could. They put Lavoisier to death by cutting his head off, and, even when it was pointed out to them that Lavoisier was a very clever chemist, they said that such a fact did not matter to them at all because they had no need of chemists.

There was a very clever man in England at this time whose name was Henry Cavendish. Cavendish led a very lonely life in a big house outside London. He did little else all day long than experi-

DESCARTES' "WOODEN DAUGHTER"



Specially drawn for this work

René Descartes, the greatest of French philosophers, could use his hands as well as he used his head. He made a mechanical doll, which could walk and do other things in a wonderfully lifelike manner. He sent this doll overseas to a friend, packed in a case. During the voyage something started the doll's "works," and it began knocking loudly on the wood. When the captain of the ship opened the case, the doll jumped out and the seaman flung it overboard.

ment with various things Cavendish discovered that water is made up of two gases which are called *Oxygen* and *Hydrogen*, and he experimented in the science of electricity as well. He made all sorts of electrical machines, and he showed how electricity could be used for many different things.

The Clever Man who was terribly Shy.

Henry Cavendish was a very strange man, and many curious stories are told about him. Although he was immensely rich, he was terribly shy, and if you wanted to talk to him you had never to look straight at him, otherwise he would probably run away from you altogether. Indeed Cavendish spoke to very few people. In his big house outside London he kept many servants, but he seldom saw them, for he wrote down all his orders on a piece of paper and left the paper on the hall-stand so that the servants could pick it up afterwards and read it.

Cavendish became very famous through the discoveries which he made, and as he grew more famous more and more people wanted to see him, and sometimes they crowded round his house, waiting for the time at which he would go for a walk. Very few ladies could ever go near Cavendish, because he was particularly afraid of them. A party of ladies once saw him climbing over a stile one day, but they never saw him again because, when he caught them looking at him, he ran all the way home and took great care never to go near that stile again.

Still another great thinker in the science of chemistry was a clergyman named Dr. Joseph Priestley. This famous man found out a vast number of chemical substances. He told men lots of things which had never before been known about chemistry, and, like Lavoisier and Cavendish, he was one of the makers of our modern science of chemistry. Unfortunately, however, Dr. Priestley held many religious opinions with which other people did

not agree, and so eventually he had to leave the country and sail to America. Soon afterwards he died. Although his strange religious opinions have long been forgotten, his great work for the science of chemistry remains as famous as ever it did.

Nearly everybody has heard of the great Sir Humphry Davy, the inventor of the Miner's Safety Lamp. When Davy was a boy he made experiments for himself outside his own home. Later, when he had become a great chemist he discovered many different things. He found out, for example, that electricity could be used in separating metals from various substances, and by means of this discovery he obtained metals which had never been known before from substances such as soda and potash.

As we have seen above, Sir Humphry Davy invented a special kind of lamp which would not set fire to anything outside it. He showed how this lamp could be used in coal mines without setting fire to the explosive gases which are often found in such places. In this way Davy must have saved the lives of many thousands of hard-working miners, and all honour is due to him for this great discovery.

Justus von Liebig.

There was another great chemist, too, named Justus von Liebig. He was, as his name shows, a German, and he discovered that the various chemicals of which our bodies are made up follow the same laws as do the chemicals with which the chemist deals in his laboratory. Liebig discovered many chemicals which had never been known before. He found that by boiling meat with water most of the nourishment could be taken out of the meat and stored in bottles in liquid form. This was a very great discovery indeed, because it showed men how to prepare the nourishment of meat in a very concentrated form. Even to-day we rely on Liebig's discovery in this



A SCIENTIFIC ARISTOCRAT

Rusden

The original of this portrait, Robert Boyle, a son of the Earl of Cork, has been called the "Father of Chemistry," on account of the many chemical experiments that he made. He was even more distinguished as an explorer of Nature's laws in other directions. We owe to him the discovery of what is named after him "Boyle's Law," about the relation between pressure and volume in gases. He invented the compressed-air pump, and made the first sealed-up thermometer.

direction when we drink our "Oxo" and "Bovril."

If you had lived in Manchester a hundred years ago you might often have met in the streets of that city a

rather strict-looking gentleman with almost white hair and stooping shoulders. He would be dressed in plain knee-breeches, a long drab coat, and shoes with buckles fitted to them.

Perhaps, too, if you looked at him carefully, you would have been able to tell that he was a schoolmaster. His name was John Dalton, and a very famous man he was indeed.

Dalton was born among the hills of Cumberland. His father and mother were poor handloom weavers, and so their son John, as we can well expect,

had to work very hard to reach the first rung of life's ladder.

Dalton's New Theory.

The boy John was always fond of study and reading, and when he was only twelve years of age he opened a little school for himself in his own village, and there he taught other boys and girls. A few years later he taught in another school, and after that he taught in a big school in Manchester.

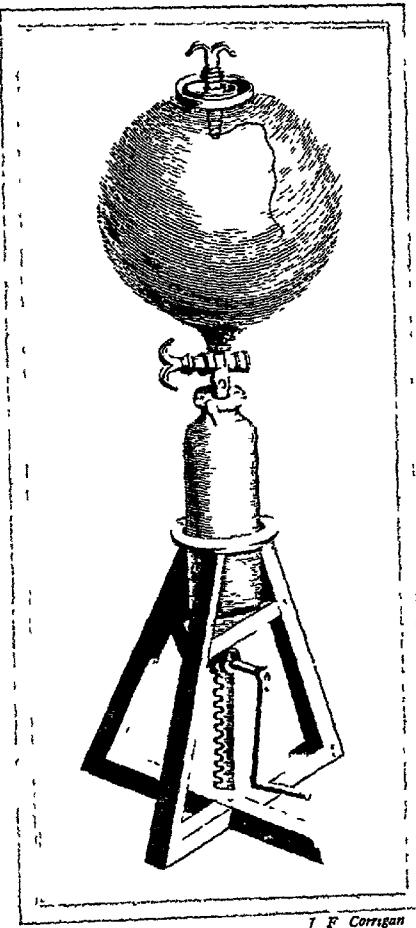
It was not for being a schoolmaster that John Dalton was famous. In his spare time he studied chemistry and other sciences. Men had known for a long time that everything is made up of tiny particles called "atoms," but John Dalton found out ways of measuring these atoms and seeing how they combined with one another to form compounds. He thought out a great new scheme about atoms which is now called Dalton's "Atomic Theory," and which is a very important theory indeed, even at the present day.

Dalton also showed us how to take proper notice of the different states of the weather, and almost every day of his life he took particulars of the weather and wrote them down in his books.

Blind to Colours.

There was one very peculiar thing about John Dalton which is bound to interest us to read about. He was "colour-blind." That is to say, although he could see everything perfectly clearly, just as any average boy or girl can, he could not tell the difference between many colours. For instance, Dalton could not tell the difference between bright red and bright green. Both those colours seemed a dull grey to him.

One day Dalton wished to take a present to his mother in her village home in Cumberland. He saw some bright red stockings in a Manchester shop, and bought these for her, thinking all the time that the stockings



BOYLE'S AIR-PUMP
J. F. Corrigan

This is one of the many pieces of apparatus made and used by Robert Boyle. The lower part of it is a cylinder with piston moved by a rack and handle; the upper, a spherical chamber connected with the pump through a stop-cock.



Rischgitz

THE COAL-MINER'S FRIEND

This is a portrait of Sir Humphry Davy, who is best known to us as an inventor of the miner's safety-lamp, which makes it possible to use a light in dangerously "gassy" mines without causing explosions. We say "an" inventor, because, by a strange coincidence, George Stephenson invented a safety-lamp, which is much used, independently of Davy, and in the same year (1815) Davy was a very great chemist, and he also made a name for himself as an electrician

were of a soft grey colour. His mother was very surprised when she received the stockings, because she never wore such brightly-coloured articles, and Dalton had to tell her afterwards that the colour of the stockings appeared grey to him

Many were the honours which people showered upon Dalton because he had become so famous in finding out things about atoms and their ways of combining together. The King gave him a pension of £300 a year to live on, but,

despite this, he still dwelt in his own quiet way in a gloomy house in Manchester, working day after day in his laboratory. When John Dalton died the people of Manchester built statues of him to his memory, and they even named one of the principal streets, "John Dalton Street," in his honour.

What is Energy?

There was another very clever man who found out many things which no one knew of before. His name was James Prescott Joule, and he, too, lived in Manchester. Now Joule was very interested in finding out all about *energy*. We have all used the word "energy" often enough, but if we were asked to tell others just exactly what "energy" means we might have some difficulty about doing so.

Energy, we may say, is the thing which makes anything work. When we speak, or when we walk about, we use up energy, and this energy is supplied to our bodies by means of the food which we eat. In the same way the energy which makes a railway train move is supplied to it from the coal which heats the water in the engine boiler, and which thus produces steam to work the engine. Again, a motor car works on the energy which it takes out of the petrol which is put into its tank.

About Perpetual Motion.

For long years men had tried to invent a machine which would go on working for ever. Such an engine they called a "perpetual motion" machine. Needless to say, nobody ever did make a perpetual motion machine, but it was only when Joule came along that people began to see that an engine which would go for ever was quite an impossibility.

Joule spent most of his life in finding out things about this mysterious kind of force which people call "energy," and one of the great things which he showed men was that it is quite impossible to get more energy out of a

machine than is put into it, or even as much.

Joule showed us, too, that there are different kinds of energy, and also that one kind of energy can be changed into another kind. By taking notice of the things that Joule found out about energy, men were able to build better engines than they had done before, and Joule became very famous indeed on account of his discoveries.

There was another man who taught things about energy. His name was Sadi Carnot, and for several years of his life he was a soldier in the French Army. Still, although these clever men found out so much useful knowledge about energy and its different effects, no one yet has been able to tell us what energy really is. It will take a tremendously clever man to do that, but there is no doubt that when we do know everything there is to know about energy we shall be able to do many very wonderful things with our engines and machinery.

A Wonderful French Doctor.

Many of the diseases which cause us so much suffering are brought about by tiny microbes which get into our blood and so upset the workings of our bodies. Although men, women and children had suffered from such diseases as long as anybody could remember, nobody ever thought that microbes were the cause of these diseases until two very clever doctors made the truth of this quite plain.

The first of these doctors was a man named Louis Pasteur. He was a Frenchman, and, by means of his powerful microscope, he found out the microbes which sometimes grow in people's bodies and which thus cause them to suffer from diseases.

Almost from the beginning of the world men had known that if you leave milk to stand for a few days it will turn sour. They knew also that beer and wine and other liquids would turn sour. Many clever men had wondered why

A GREAT BENEFACTOR OF MANKIND



Henry Manuel

This photograph of the French chemist, Louis Pasteur (1822-1895), shows you a man to whom humanity owes a vast debt. As a result of long study he discovered that tiny living organisms, called ferments, bacteria and bacilli, are the cause of diseases in plants, animals and human beings. He also—what is equally important—discovered ways of defeating these tiny enemies.

these liquids turned sour, but it was Louis Pasteur, the wonderful French doctor, who found out that it was because microbes got into the liquids from the air, and that they fed upon the liquids, and so made them sour.

There is a very terrible disease called *hydrophobia*, which people get after they have been bitten by a mad dog. Pasteur found that this disease is caused by certain microbes getting into the blood of the person who has been bitten. He found, also, that another terrible disease called *anthrax* is caused in the same way, and he actually saw many of these deadly microbes through his microscope.

Under the Microscope.

He showed these microbes to other doctors, but most of the doctors laughed at him when he said that the microbes caused these diseases. "What can be

the use of studying those ridiculous little microbes?" they asked.

Pasteur, however, took very little notice of what they said, and he went on studying many different kinds of microbes under his microscope. In time he found out ways of curing some of the diseases which the microbes caused.

In the great hospital which Pasteur attended there lay a little boy who had been bitten by a mad dog. He was suffering from the disease called *hydrophobia*, and everybody thought that he was going to die. Pasteur, however, said that he would try to cure him, and he put into his blood a few drops of a liquid which he had made from microbes, and gradually the little boy got better. That was the first time that anybody had been cured of *hydrophobia*, but, nowadays, that terrible disease, and many others as well, are cured in that way.

Pasteur was a great and a good man.



James's Press

PASTEUR IN HIS SURGERY

Pasteur first defeated the ferments which cause trouble in the making of wine and beer. He then dealt with the terrible disease called *anthrax*, which had scourged cattle and sheep. Encouraged by his successes, he next gave his attention to the dreadful malady named *rabies*, or *hydrophobia*, which affects animals and people bitten by animals already suffering from it. This picture shows us Pasteur in his surgery at Paris, to which patients flocked from all parts of the world to be "inoculated" by him.



James's Press

IN THE PASTEUR INSTITUTE, PARIS

In this laboratory microbes causing certain diseases are "cultivated" to produce liquids called vaccines. A person suffering from, say, diphtheria is inoculated with diphtheria vaccine by having a small quantity of it injected into a vein. The dead vaccine fights and overcomes the living microbes in the patient. Pasteur Institutes are now to be found in many parts of the world.

He was very modest about his discoveries, and nobody ever heard him praising himself, although he found out so many wonderful things about microbes and the way in which they make us ill.

There was a famous English doctor named Joseph Lister who found out many things about microbes also. Before Lister became famous, many of the people who had been operated upon in the hospitals died, because their wounds quickly decayed, and so spread poisons through the whole of their bodies.

Fighting the Microbes

When Lister was a young doctor in the hospitals, he was dreadfully upset to see so many people dying from their operation wounds, and he made up his mind that he would try to find out ways of making wounds heal up quickly after operations.

We all know that when meat is exposed to the air for some days it will go bad. Now, Lister knew all about Pasteur's wonderful work on microbes, and he began to see that microbes also must be the cause of meat turning bad. He saw, too, that if microbes settled on the wounds which had been made in the flesh of people undergoing operations, these wounds would also decay just like meat does. So immediately he set about trying to find something which would kill the microbes without doing any harm to the person.

After a time he discovered certain chemicals which would do this, and he showed doctors that they must always use these chemicals whenever they operate upon people. He showed them also that all the knives and the other instruments which they use for the operations must be washed with these chemicals, so that all the microbes are killed. For a time the doctors hardly

believed Lister's words, but gradually they began to do the things which he said, and when they did so they found that people's wounds healed up nicely, because all the microbes which would cause them to decay were killed by the chemicals (now known as anti-septics) which had been used.

About Animals and Plants.

As you may expect, Lister became very famous indeed for these wonderful things which he had found out about microbes. He was made a lord, and doctors everywhere paid great honour to him, because his clever discoveries had been the means of saving so many people's lives.

A gentleman once saw a gardener digging away in the garden of a large country house, and, knowing the

gardener's master, the gentleman asked how he was.

"Ah!" said the gardener, "my master has been very strange of late. He walks about in the garden, and I have seen him stand doing nothing before a flower for ten minutes at a time!"

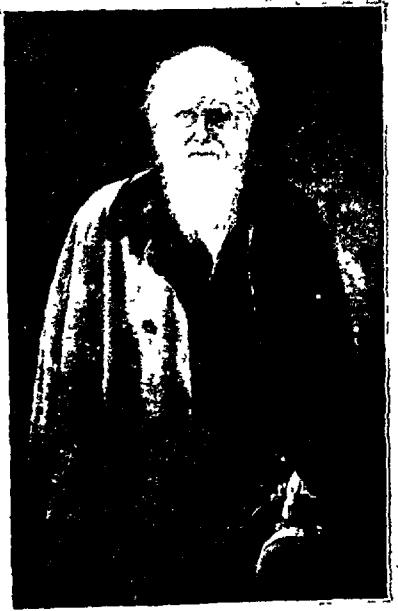
The gardener's master was a very famous man named Charles Darwin, and, of course, when Darwin had been seen by his gardener gazing at one flower for ten minutes at a stretch, he was certainly not wasting his time, for he found out many wonderful things about flowers by watching them so carefully.

Darwin was not a particularly clever boy at school, but when he became a young man he began to think deeply about plants and animals. He went on a voyage round the world, and during that time he examined as many plants and animals and minerals as he could. Then when he came back he wrote a great book telling people about all the wonderful things which he had seen.

Darwin said that plants and animals had not always been the same as they are now. He said that they have "evolved," which means that plants and animals have gradually become better and better during the course of long ages. He said that we ourselves had "evolved" also, and suggested that we might have come from animals which had lived millions of years ago.

Naturally, many people did not agree with what Darwin said. Some of them told him that his ideas were all nonsense, but most men have now come to see that in many things Darwin was right, and that it is very probable that plants and animals, at least, have gradually come from other animals and plants which were much simpler than themselves.

Another clever man thought much the same as Darwin did, and he, too, found out many things about animals and plants and living things in general. His name was Thomas Henry Huxley.



Rischgits

CHARLES DARWIN

This is a portrait of the author of a book, "The Origin of Species," which has had more effect on human thought than any other yet printed, excepting, perhaps, the "Principia" of Sir Isaac Newton.

and he went about the country lecturing to people and telling them in simple words about the discoveries which Darwin and he had made

The Cab-driver who was Honoured.

Huxley became very famous as a lecturer. One evening he hailed a cab-driver to take him to a hall at which he was to give a lecture, and, arriving at the building, he got out of the cab and offered the driver his fare

The cab-driver would not accept the money, however.

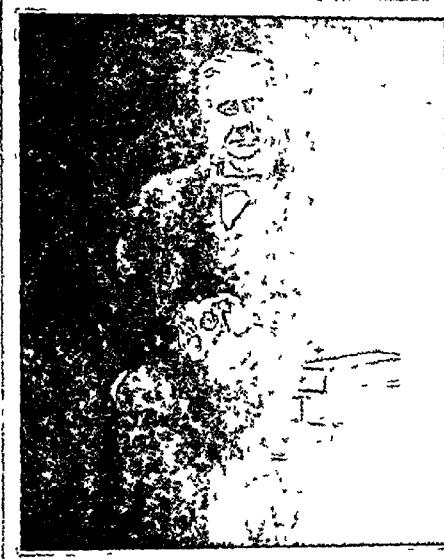
"No, Mr Huxley," he said, "your lectures have done me too much good for me to let you pay the fare. It is an honour to have driven you, sir."

Needless to say, Huxley was very pleased at this compliment which the poor old cabman had tried to pay him, and the story shows us how very famous Huxley had become when even a cab-driver recognised him

Some Plant Experiments.

About this time there lived a humble priest who spent most of his days in a big monastery. John Gregor Mendel was his name, and he was also very interested in plants and in the work which Darwin had done. Now, people for a long time had been trying to grow more and more beautiful flowers, and bigger vegetables, but they could not find out the proper way of doing so.

Mendel made many experiments with plants in the beautiful gardens of his monastery, and, in the end, he found out ways of growing better and better plants. He discovered certain things



Rischgitz

THOMAS HENRY HUXLEY

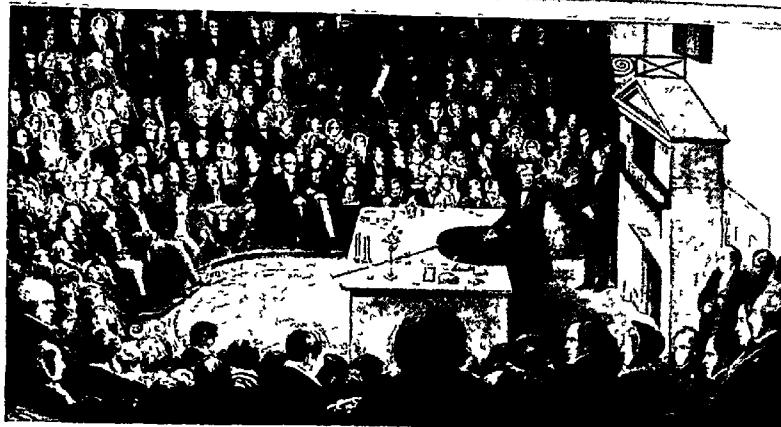
This English man of science, who lived from 1825 to 1895, was one of the greatest supporters of Darwin's theory of the evolution of plants and animals, that is, their gradual change in the course of ages to meet changing needs and conditions. Huxley's ruling passion was the search for absolute truth, whatever it might cost the seeker.

about the breeding of plants and animals. For instance, he found that it was possible to breed plants and animals which would not be attacked by many diseases from which ordinary animals and plants suffer. He found out, too, many of the differences between "thoroughbred" animals and "mongrels".

The government of Mendel's country was not kind to him, however. They made him and his fellow-monks leave their beautiful monastery and set up another one elsewhere, and this work took up so much of Mendel's time that he was not able to go on with his wonderful experiments.

The word "Mendelism" is now used regarding of the laws of breeding and descent discovered by this great man.

ELECTRICITY AND ITS DISCOVERERS



MICHAEL FARADAY LECTURING AT THE ROYAL INSTITUTION

Rischgitz

The Royal Institution, in Albemarle Street, London, has been the scene of lectures on scientific subjects for 130 years, but none of the lectures delivered there has attracted more enthusiastic audiences than those of Michael Faraday, the great English chemist and electrician. The picture seen above shows among Faraday's listeners the Prince Consort, who is facing the lecturer. The subject of Faraday's discourse on this particular occasion was evidently chemistry.

WE are so used to seeing things worked by electricity in modern times that many of us but seldom stop to consider what a very wonderful force electricity really is. In days gone by, however, clever men worked very hard and thought deeply, so that they might be able to understand as much as possible about the wonderful force of electricity, and in order, too, that they might be able to invent machines which would work by electricity.

One of the first men to think a great deal about the subject of electricity was a very famous American statesman named Benjamin Franklin. For a long time Franklin had thought that the lightning which flashes through the sky so vividly in thundery weather is really a form of electricity, but he had not been able to show that this is so. One day, however, when Franklin was walking along a country road he saw a boy flying a kite. At once a new idea came into Franklin's

mind. He would fly a kite also, but he would fly the kite up into a thundercloud to see if he could collect any electricity from the cloud.

In the Thunder Clouds.

So Franklin made a large kite for himself, and on the very next thundery day he went out into the rain and flew his kite into the thunderclouds. He had made also a special kind of bottle for collecting electricity, and he fastened this to the end of the kite-string. You may imagine his delight when, after he had flown his kite for a few minutes, he found that the bottle was full of electricity which had poured down from the clouds along the string of the kite. Franklin was able to draw large sparks of electricity from the bottle, and in this way he showed men that lightning flashes are in reality large electrical sparks.

Another very famous electrical experimenter was a man called Luigi Aloisio Galvani. One day, while he was

ELECTRICITY AND A FROG



Specially drawn for this work.

While dissecting a dead frog in his room one day, the Italian scientist, Luigi Alonzo Galvani (1737-1798), noticed that its muscles twitched when touched with his knives. Later on, he discovered the movements to be caused by electricity, though he thought that some kind of fluid passed through the muscles when they were electrified. This kind of twitching was called after him, "galvanism". We also owe to his name the words "galvanic" and "galvanise".

cutting up some dead frogs in his laboratory he noticed that the frogs jumped whenever he put his knives into them in a certain way. "This," said Galvani, "must be caused by the electricity in the frogs."

He was wrong here, however, and another great electrician, named Alessandro Volta, showed that it was not any electricity in the frogs which made them jump when Galvani put his knives into them, but that the electricity was made when the two knives (which were of different metals) touched each other.

Volta proved that this must be so because he made a little instrument which he called a "Pile," and which consisted of a lot of copper plates having between them plates of zinc, each of the pairs of plates having a piece of cloth moistened with acid placed between them. He then fastened a wire to the bottom plate of the "pile" and another wire to the top plate, and when he touched the other ends of the wire together he found that they made an electric spark.

The First Electric Battery.

In this way Volta made the first electric battery. Very quickly he found out ways of making better and more powerful batteries for producing electricity. Nowadays, of course, electric batteries are very common articles, but that is how they were first made.

There was a Danish professor, called Christian Oersted, who was very interested in the wonderful discoveries which men like Galvani and Volta had made. He thought that there might be some connection between electricity and magnetism, and, after making experiments, he found that this was the case. In one of his experiments he placed a wire near an ordinary magnetic compass, and when he sent a current of electricity through the wire he found that the compass needle moved.

Perhaps this may not seem much of a discovery to read about, but, nevertheless, it was a very important one indeed,

because when men saw that an electric current flowing through a wire would move a compass needle, they began to invent telegraphs and many other kinds of useful electrical instruments in which a current of electricity flowing through a wire is made to move things.

Another very clever man who experimented in the science of electricity was called André Marie Ampère. He found out many wonderful things about the way in which electricity flows through wires, and he showed that, when an electric current is made to flow through a coil of wire, the wire coil acts just like a magnet.

Volts and Amperes

Nowadays these clever men who found out so many useful things about electricity are remembered in a very good way. When men measure electricity in our times they measure it in "Volts" and "Amperes," the word *Volt*, as you will see, being in memory of the famous electrician Volta, and the word *Ampere* being spoken in remembrance of André Marie Ampère.

Michael Faraday is the name of the greatest electrical experimenter who ever lived, and many of the wonderful electrical machines which are used nowadays were first found out by him.

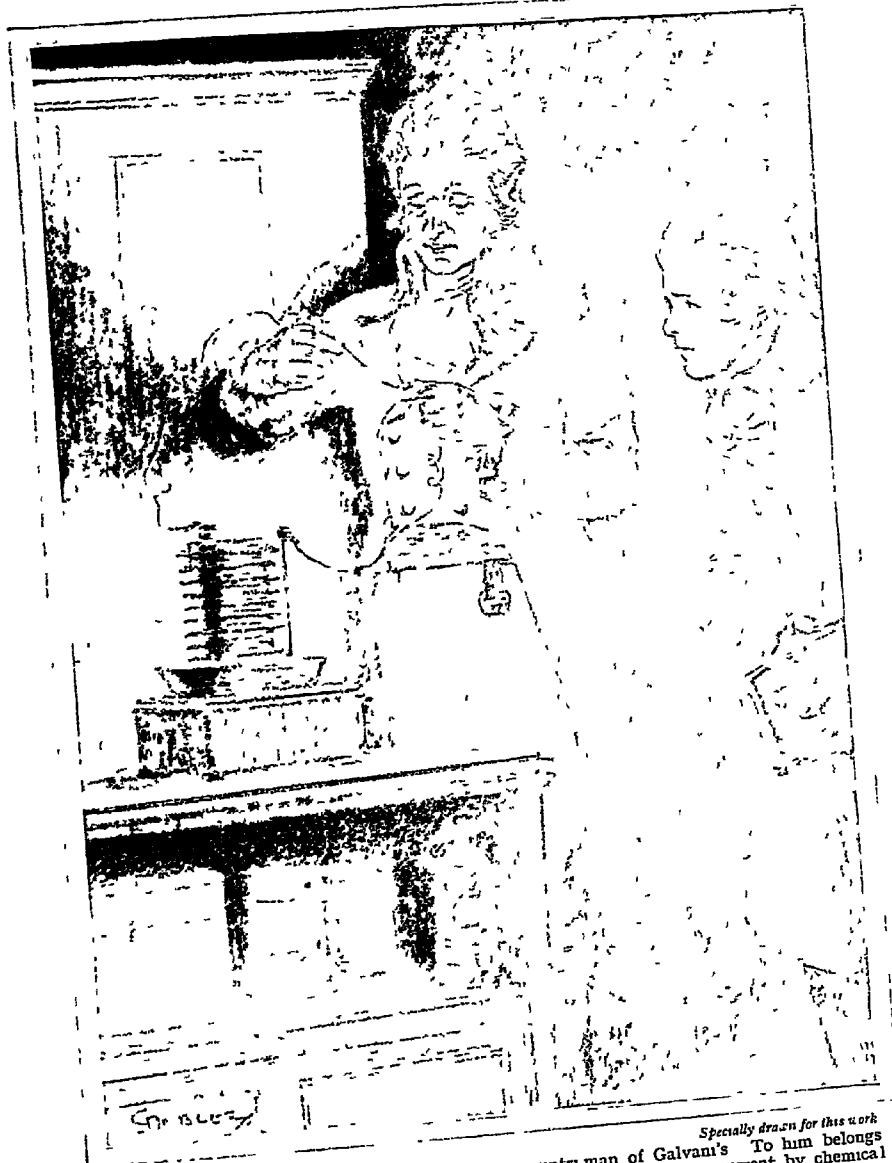
Faraday was very poor when he was a boy. His father was a blacksmith, and he could not afford to give Faraday a good education, so he apprenticed his son to a bookbinder.

Learned from his Work

Faraday, therefore, went to be a bookbinder, but during his work he read many of the learned books which he had to bind, and in that way he began to gain knowledge for himself.

One day, a gentleman walked into the shop in which Faraday was engaged, and he was rather surprised to see young Faraday reading a scientific book, because in those times most young apprentices were not able to read at all. The visitor asked Far-

THE FIRST ELECTRICAL BATTERY



Specially drawn for this work
Count Alessandro Volta (1745-1827) was a fellow-countryman of Galvani's. To him belongs the honour of having first discovered how to produce a steady electric current by chemical means. Our picture shows him making sparks by touching together the ends of two wires connected with the poles of a contrivance of his invention, named after him the Voltaic pile. This consisted of a pile of alternate copper and zinc discs, with a pad between each pair

day some questions, and found that he knew many things about chemistry and electricity. Also, Faraday told him that he had built a tiny laboratory for himself at home in which he made experiments after his long business hours were over.

These things pleased the gentleman so much that he gave Faraday four tickets for the lectures which were then being given in London by the great scientist of the day, Sir Humphry Davy.

Nothing could have pleased young Faraday more than to be given the tickets for the lectures. He went to every one of them and when they were over he showed the notes which he had

taken to Sir Humphry Davy. Sir Humphry was so struck with the excellent way in which Faraday had made the notes that very soon afterwards he appointed Faraday his assistant in his own laboratory.

At first Faraday washed out bottles and tubes in Sir Humphry Davy's laboratory, and then he was allowed to assist Sir Humphry in his experiments. But, little by little, Faraday began to make experiments for himself, and in time he became even more famous at making experiments than Sir Humphry Davy had been himself.

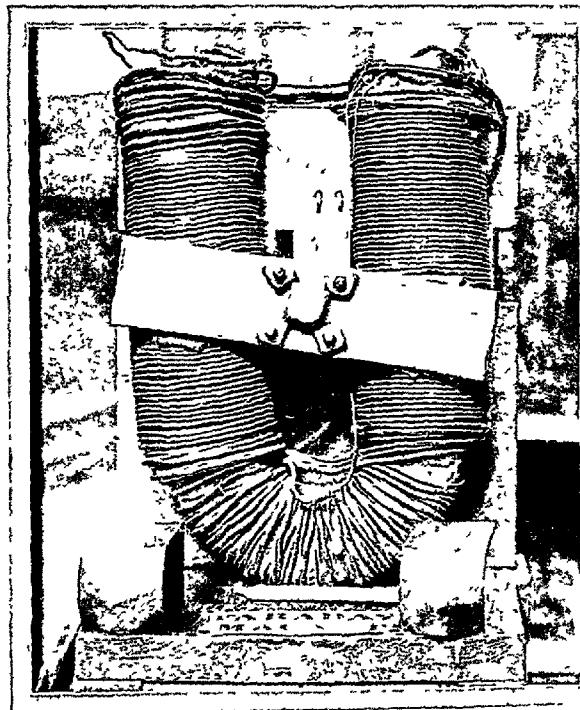
Faraday, in his laboratory, found out more useful things about electricity than anybody else had done. He dis-

covred how to make electricity turn wheels round, and thus gave other men ideas as to how electric motors could be made which would be able to be used instead of steam engines for working machinery.

When Faraday Lectured

Then, again, Faraday found out a way of making electricity simply by turning a bundle of wires between two magnets. Other clever men took up this idea also, and in time big dynamos were invented for making large quantities of electricity.

All the fashionable men and women in London went to hear Faraday lecture about the many wonderful things which he had found out, and when he had finished speaking about them the people wanted to hear



"The Times"

AN HISTORIC MAGNET

Things that have been used by great men acquire a special interest. This very crude electro-magnet is treasured because it was made for Faraday, in 1845, for some of his famous experiments. The photograph proves clearly enough that in those days the construction of electro-magnets was in its early infancy.

A GREAT MASTER AND A GREATER PUPIL



Specially drawn for this work

This picture shows us Michael Faraday working as a young man in the laboratory of Sir Humphry Davy, the great chemist, who is seen standing behind him examining the contents of a test-tube. Like many another great man, Faraday had to begin right at the bottom of the ladder. Before his death he had reached the very top of it. A hundred years have passed since Faraday's greatest discovery—the true relation between electricity and magnetism.

more and more, for they never became tired of his lectures

Faraday loved boys and girls and he was always very kind to them. He had a little niece whom he used to take into his great laboratory. There he would show her all kinds of pretty experiments, and sometimes he would even allow her to make simple little experiments for herself. You would hardly have thought that such a great man could have found time to play with boys and girls, but Faraday never forgot that he had been a boy himself, and so he was always very good and kind to all the children he knew.

In our own time huge electric dynamos make electricity for us. They give us powerful electric currents which light up our homes. They drive the complicated machinery of factories, and they even heat up our fires and furnaces. Electric cars run in our streets and we take them for granted. All these wonderful things which electricity does for us, however, were first brought about by Faraday's experiments. He was, indeed, a great and a clever man, and his name will be remembered for many years to come.

James Clerk Maxwell.

A very clever Scotsman, named James Clerk Maxwell, was very interested in the subject of electricity, because he had read all about the many wonderful discoveries which the great Michael Faraday had made. Now, although Faraday made so many discoveries about electricity, he did not explain the reason for them, so Clerk Maxwell took upon himself the work of explaining the reasons for the wonderful things which Faraday had found out about electricity.

One of the greatest things which Clerk Maxwell found out was that electricity and light are very similar. Light rays are made up of vibrations in space, and Clerk Maxwell discovered that electric force was also made up of vibrations. Therefore, he said, light

and electricity are very nearly the same thing.

Clerk Maxwell told men that at some future time they would actually be able to make electrical vibrations for themselves and to send these from place to place, just as rays of light can be sent here and there, and it was not very long afterwards that the words of this very clever Scotsman came true.

The Man Who Foretold Wireless.

Nowadays men send electrical vibrations to all parts of the world. We call these vibrations which they make and send out "Wireless," and so you will see that Clerk Maxwell really foretold some of the many wonderful things connected with wireless, of which we are witnesses to-day.

Perhaps you will think that James Clerk Maxwell was rather a dull and uninteresting sort of man for thinking about these difficult things, but such was not the case, for a jollier and a kinder man than Maxwell was would be hard to find.

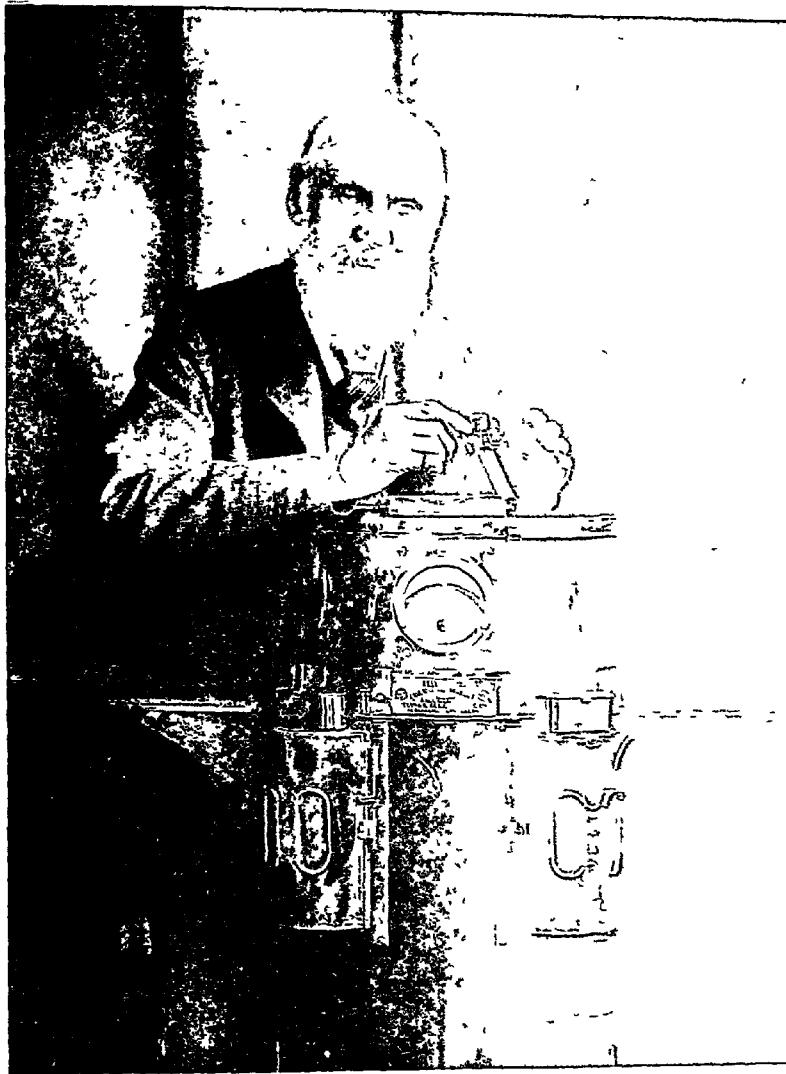
Clerk Maxwell loved children, and he used to give them rides on his horses. He would make his favourite horse perform tricks to amuse his young friends, and he would do many other things to please the boys and girls whom he knew.

His Dog "Toby."

This clever Scotsman was also very fond of dogs. He had many of them, but his favourite dog was called "Toby," and Clerk Maxwell often used to take Toby into his laboratory to watch him making experiments. So, you see, Clerk Maxwell, although he was so extremely clever, was certainly anything but a dull kind of a man.

Another famous man who found out many wonderful things about electricity was named William Thomson. It would take pages and pages to write down all the wonders which Thomson discovered about electricity. He showed men how to lay cables at the

LORD KELVIN, AN ELECTRICAL GENIUS



L.E. 4

His Grand Old Man of electrical science, Lord Kelvin whose portrait you see above, began life as plain William Thomson. He was raised to the peerage in 1892, with the title of Baron Kelvin of Largs, in recognition of the great work that he had done in the field of electrical science. Among the scores of things invented by him may be mentioned especially the mirror galvanometer and siphon recorder, used for receiving messages sent through submarine cables and his improved magnetic ship's compass (on which he is seen leaning).

bottom of the sea so that telegraph messages could be sent through them. In this way he helped to lay a cable over 2,000 miles long, from the British Isles to America, and he invented a special kind of instrument for reading these telegraph messages. This instrument consisted of a tiny mirror which was moved about under the influence of the electric current, and men found it very easy to tell when the mirror moved because it reflected a spot of light on to a screen. People say that Thomson first got the idea of making this instrument by noticing how his eyeglass reflected the rays of the sun when it dangled in front of his coat, but whether this little story is true or not is very hard to say.

Thomson told us many other wonderful things about electricity. He said that nearly everything consists of electricity in one form or another. He told us how old the earth is. He invented a special kind of magnetic compass for the use of ships at sea; he showed sailors how to measure the depth of the oceans, and he did many other wonderful things besides.

Queen Victoria made Thomson a lord, and he took the title of Lord Kelvin. That is the name by which he is known nowadays.

Wonderful Tubes which make X-Rays.

Still another famous man of this time was Sir William Crookes. Crookes was a chemist as well as a great electrician,

and he discovered a new metal which he called "Thallium". He made glass tubes from which he took out all the air, and then he passed a current of electricity through these tubes. He found that when he did this the tubes lit up and sometimes glowed very brightly in different colours. Men use some of the electrical tubes which Sir William Crookes invented for making the flashing advertisement signs which we see nowadays in every big city.

There was another thing to which Sir William Crookes' experiments with his electrical tubes led. This was the discovery of the wonderful X-rays which doctors use so much for looking into our bodies. Although Sir William Crookes himself did not discover the X-rays, another clever and famous man, Professor Röntgen by name, found these rays out while experimenting with a special kind of electrical tube which he had made, and he used this tube for manufacturing the wonderful X-rays which enable us to see the bones in people's bodies.



J. F. Corrigan

SIR WILLIAM CROOKES

This great English experimenter in electrical and chemical matters is famous for his researches into the nature of electrical discharges through the interior of glass tubes entirely exhausted of air. His observations paved the way for the discovery, by Dr. Röntgen, of X-rays.

Specular painted for this work

WILL A GLASS PRISM DO? TO WHITE LIGHT

A beam of the brilliant light from a lamp resembling that of the sun is here being thrown through a triangular glass prism and imaginary glass on to a white screen. The effect of the prism is to break up the light into the series of colours called the spectrum of which white light is composed. The colours are seen in number—violet, indigo, blue, green, yellow, orange, red. The trifid word line on will help the reader to remember their order. The separation is due to rays of different colours being bent out of their original course in different degrees—violet most red least. This particular spectrum called the solar spectrum is peculiar to light of the same nature. Lines of various kinds produce distinctive spectra, so that the trained observer can tell what a substance is composed of by burning at in a gas flame and examining its spectrum by means of the spectroscope an instrument containing a glass prism. The spectroscope can enable the astronomer to determine of what stars millions and millions of miles away are made.



Wireless, or "Radio," as some people term it, is one of the most wonderful things which men of science have ever found out. They did not invent it in a day however, for it has taken many years of constant development for wireless to become as perfect as it is at the present time.

If we have already read the stories of the other great electrical inventors, we shall remember that a very clever Scotsman, named Clerk Maxwell, told men that they would in time be able to send out electrical vibrations or waves which would travel through the air to distant places.

Making Electric Waves.

Well, about the first man who ever made these electric waves or vibrations was a young professor named Heinrich Hertz. Hertz made experiments with electric sparks, and he found that every time he made a spark it caused electric waves to travel outwards from it. He found out a means of showing the presence of these waves, but he could not make his electric waves travel for more than a few yards.

Other people began to grow interested in these new electric waves or vibrations which Hertz had discovered, and not many years later a very clever young Italian read about them and began to make experiments on them for himself. The name of this



J F Corrigan

A MYSTERIOUS LITTLE MOTOR

This little device, which may sometimes be seen revolving in a sunny shop window, is called a radiometer. It was invented by Sir William Crookes. Four metal vanes, silvered on one side and blackened on the other, are mounted on a spindle inside a bulb from which air has been almost completely exhausted. When exposed to light or heat the vanes revolve, bright sides leading, showing motion caused by light.

young man was Guglielmo Marconi. Everybody has heard about Marconi, for he was the first man to make wireless of practical use.

At the time of our story Marconi was hardly more than a grown-up boy, and he made experiments in his father's garden in Italy in order to see whether he could send out electric waves. He placed a high pole in the garden,

and from the top of this pole he fixed a wire reaching to the ground. The lower end of the wire he fastened to his electrical machine, which he knew would make electric waves. When he had done this he set the machine to work, and he found that the electric pulses or vibrations set up by it in the long wire attached to the pole created ether waves able to travel through space on their own account.

Marconi at once saw that he could telegraph by means of these waves, and he succeeded in sending messages for a distance of $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles.

Then, with this wonderful new discovery in his mind, he came to England and made experiments in this country. First he sent his new wireless messages

over Salisbury Plain. Then he sent them across the Bristol Channel, and next from England to France. Finally, he was able to send perfectly clear messages by means of his wonderful new system across the Atlantic Ocean from England to America.

Sir Oliver Lodge and his Famous Invention

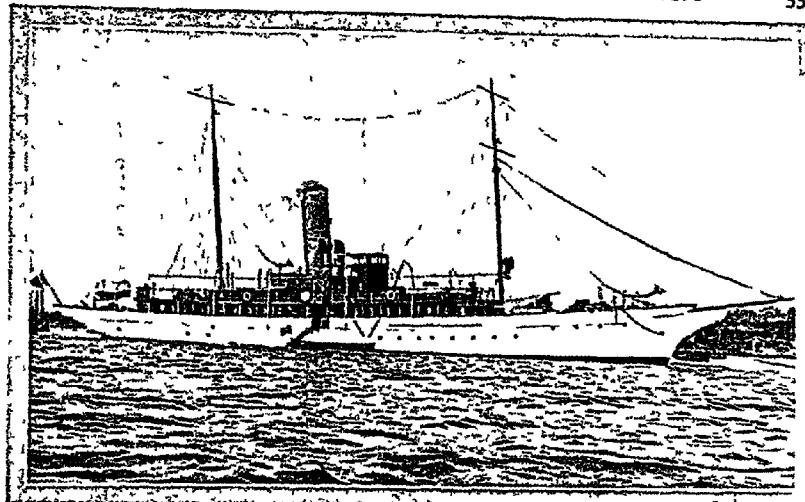
Other clever men were interested in the new science of wireless also. That very famous scientist, Sir Oliver Lodge, was one of these men. He was a professor at that time, and even when Marconi was busily engaged in experiments Professor Lodge was also trying to find out ways of making wireless possible. In the end Lodge found out a marvellous way in which



Central News

THE WIZARD OF WIRELESS

Every reader will know by name, if not by sight, this great Italian, Guglielmo Marconi. He was created a marquis by his King in 1929 for his wonderful inventions in the sphere of wireless telegraphy and telephony. This picture shows the Marchese in the "wireless" room of his yacht, the *Elettra*. To Marconi, more than to anyone else, belongs the credit of having developed wireless from an interesting scientific discovery into a great commercial success.



Central Press

THE STEAM YACHT ELETTRA

This is a view of the graceful vessel used by Senator G. Marconi in the carrying out of many experiments in radio telegraphy and telephony, especially "beam" or directional wireless. Probably no other vessel in the world contains so complete an equipment of wireless apparatus of all sorts for receiving and transmitting, and for making delicate tests.

wireless messages could be sorted out so that one wireless station could signal to another station without its messages getting mixed up with those coming from a third station. Professor Lodge called this sorting-out of the wireless messages the "tuning" of the receiver, and when we turn the various knobs on our wireless sets at the present day we "tune" the receiver so that it will sort out the music or speech of the station to which we desire to listen from all the others.

In the times mentioned above, however, men could not talk by wireless; they could only send messages in dots and dashes. A few years afterwards a famous London professor, who is now Sir John Ambrose Fleming, invented the little glass bulbs which we have in most of our wireless sets at the present day, and which are called "valves". Clever American scientists made better valves still, and they found that not only could they send wireless messages by means of them, but that

they could actually talk by wireless as well.

Talking by Wireless.

During the Great War our soldiers used wireless a great deal for sending messages from one place to another, and for enabling men up in aeroplanes to talk with men on the ground.

After the war was over big wireless stations were built to send wireless messages in speech or music to anyone who wanted to listen to them and who had a wireless receiving set for that purpose. These big wireless stations are now called "Broadcasting" stations.

That, in short, is the fascinating story of how wireless, as we know it now, came to be invented. Wireless is a great and wonderful thing, and when we realise the great amount of pleasure and enjoyment which it gives us we ought to remember the remarkably clever men, such as Marconi and Sir Oliver Lodge, who spent so much of their lives in making wireless possible.

SOME FAMOUS THINKERS



A PHILOSOPHER AND HIS PERSECUTORS

James's Press

Baruch Spinoza (1632-1677) the great philosopher, was a Jew by birth, but his studies made him give up the Jewish faith and dress, and even his Jewish name, which he changed to Benedictus. This drew down on him the hatred of other Jews in Amsterdam, where he lived. They insulted him, as our picture shows, and offered him violence. When at last he was attacked by a would-be assassin with a dagger he left his native city.

ABOUT the time at which many great men were finding out things about the forces of Nature, other famous thinkers were trying to discover still more important things about men's souls and their minds.

One of these great thinkers was a man called Baruch Spinoza. Spinoza was a Hebrew. He lived in Holland, but, as he grew up, he began to disbelieve in the Jewish faith. Neither did he believe completely in the Christian faith, like most other men did.

His Scientific Mind.

Spinoza, for a time, made his living by making lenses for telescopes and other instruments. While he worked away at his lens-making he thought deeply about the souls and minds of

men. Spinoza had what people call a "scientific mind." That is to say, he was trained in the sciences of his day. He knew mathematics, and he knew how to think things out for himself. And so he tried to find out all about the workings of men's minds in the same way as one would try to solve a very difficult problem in arithmetic.

Spinoza did not try to advise men what to do. He did not say that they should do this, or that they should do that. He simply tried to understand the reasons for men's actions, and, from their actions, he tried to get to know something about the souls of men.

Again, Spinoza tried to get men to see how great and good God is. He said that men and women can only be truly happy when they know God, and

he did his best also to discover the real meaning of that never-ending state of things which we call eternity. All of which, as you will agree, are very difficult matters to think clearly about.

There was another man, too, who was interested in the workings of men's minds. He was an Englishman named John Locke. Locke looked at the various workings of men's minds in much the same way as an engineer would examine the parts of a machine. In other words, John Locke was a very practical sort of man. He found out many useful things about the reasons for the conduct and behaviour of men and women, and he wrote a very famous book on the subject. Although some of the things which Locke said were not very true, he showed us that we all have to use our brains, and that we can generally do so to the best advantage by reasoning out carefully the things that we see or come in contact with, or, in other words, the things that we *experience*.

There was still another very deep thinker in matters such as these. His name was Gottfried Wilhelm Leibnitz. He was a German, and even when a boy, he set himself to study questions which the average boy would think far too dry and boring to be looked at. When he was only fifteen he went to the University, and there he studied Law, Chemistry, Religion, Mathematics, and all sorts of other things.

A Discovery and a Quarrel

Leibnitz, like Spinoza, had a "scientific mind," and he used it very greatly in his study of mankind. In addition to this work, he found out many facts about the various forces of Nature. He made, too, valuable mathematical discoveries, and he showed men how they could solve difficult problems in figures by methods which had never been thought of before. Our own Sir Isaac Newton made the same discovery at about the same time, and the friends of Newton and the friends of Leibnitz

quarrelled very greatly over this discovery because they wanted all the honour of the discovery to go to their particular side. However, the quarrel was settled, so that everybody was satisfied in the end.

Kant and Adam Smith

One of the greatest thinkers about the souls and minds of men and women was a German professor named Immanuel Kant. You would hardly have taken Kant to be a great man if you had seen him, because he was very small and his body was crooked. But he had a fine, noble head, and he was always very kind, merry and cheerful.

Every day of the year Immanuel Kant rose from his bed at about five o'clock in the morning. He would then settle himself down to study for the morning, after which he would go for his dinner at a restaurant in the town where he lived. The people of the town knew Kant well, and they liked



Rischbiets

THE GREATEST OF MODERN PHILOSOPHERS

Immanuel Kant, a German who lived in the eighteenth century, had an almost dwarfishly small body, but the brain of a mental giant. His "Critique of Pure Reason" is one of the world's greatest books.

so much to hear him talk that they used to crowd around the door of the restaurant when Kant was having his mudday meal. On account of this, Kant had very often to change the restaurant at which he dined. For, although he was fond of good company, he did not like to be stared at, as we can all very well understand.

Ideas from Within.

The things which Immanuel Kant thought about and which he taught to his pupils were all very fine. You will remember that the great English thinker, John Locke, thought that a man's mind was pretty much the same as an engine, and that it would only work when ideas were given to it from outside. Kant, however, said that this was not true. He said that our minds will work from ideas which come from inside us.

For instance, Kant said that no one had ever seen the great Majesty of God.

Our ideas of God, therefore, must come from *inside* our minds. The things outside us, that is to say, the world round about us, make up one kind of world which we call the *physical* world, but there is another world inside ourselves which we call the *moral* world, and it is the force of this world within us which makes us try to understand about God, and goodness, and so forth.

Kant taught that it is very silly for any person not to believe in God, for he said that no man would ever be able to understand everything. Indeed, he said, we cannot even think of the wonderful things which are on the earth, and in the skies, without thinking of the Creator of them, Who is God, and Who alone is capable of understanding everything.

From Clouds of Gas.

Still, Kant tried to understand as many things as he could. One of the great ideas which he put forward was that the sun and the stars were made

many millions of years ago out of great luminous clouds of gas which astronomers call "nebulæ". Another astronomer of the time, named Pierre Simon Laplace, thought the same thing, also, and, by means of his telescopes, he looked at some of the clouds of gas which can be seen far away in the heavens.

And now we turn to another very interesting man who was a Scotsman named Adam Smith. Adam Smith lived at a time when men, after inventing many wonderful machines and other things, were beginning to make goods in large quantities and to sell them to people in other countries. This clever Scotsman was interested in the workings of men's minds, but in a way different from that in which Immanuel Kant and the other great thinkers had been interested in men's minds and actions. In short, Adam Smith studied the actions of men in buying and selling from one another, and he wrote a big book on the matter which he called, "The Wealth of Nations". This book made men think a great deal about their ways of trading.

Out in His Nightgown

Like many other great men, Adam Smith was at times very absent-minded, because he was always thinking about very complicated matters. One Sunday morning, the story tells us, he awoke from his sleep, and, dressed only in his nightgown, went down into his private garden to bask in the early morning sunshine. He quickly began to think very deeply over certain problems. Then, without realising that he was only dressed in his nightgown, he began to walk about his garden. He went out at the gate and walked along the road, all the time thinking very deeply. It was not, indeed, until he found himself in the streets of the next town, some twelve miles away, that he discovered that he had nothing on but his nightgown. The church

AN AWKWARD INCIDENT



Specially drawn for this work

Like another great thinker, Sir Isaac Newton, Adam Smith, author of "The Wealth of Nations," was a very absent-minded man. One morning he rose from his bed and strolled out, clad only in his nightgown. He had walked twelve miles into a neighbouring town before he suddenly became aware of his extremely light and unsuitable attire. Our artist pictures his dismay on making the discovery.

bells were ringing and the people were all going to worship, and there was old Adam Smith in his nightgown, almost in the middle of the road, and looking, as we may well imagine, very much ashamed of himself. However, he managed to seek refuge in a friend's house, and there to borrow a suit of clothes in which to walk home.

John Stuart Mill.

When England first became a great manufacturing nation the people who worked in the mills and factories were very unhappy, for they were badly treated by the masters of the mills. After a time, however, they began to stick up for themselves. They made their masters give them regular holidays. They tried also to educate themselves a little, and when they gained knowledge in this way they began to get Members of Parliament to take an interest in their lives.

There lived in this country a very famous man named John Stuart Mill, who spent most of his life in trying to find out ways of making people happy and contented. It was a very difficult thing to do, however, because the conditions under which the people worked and lived could only be changed by Acts of Parliament.

Improving the Conditions

Now, Mill saw that all thinking men took a great deal of notice of what men of science said, and therefore he tried to make the methods of governing the country into a science as well, so that, as he thought, the working people in the country would be governed and looked after in the proper way.

Mill wrote a long book on the science of government, but many of the country's leading men would not agree with the things he said. And so, in this respect, he failed to make people very much happier than they were.

Still, in other ways, Mill was able to improve the conditions of the working people. He tried to teach them to think

clearly. He told them that they could only make their lives happier and nobler by educating themselves more and by sending men to Parliament to look after their interests. In this way Mill succeeded in improving the lives of the poor people, but, nevertheless, it took him a very long time to do so.

John Ruskin.

There was another man who tried to make people happier than they were, but he went about the task in a rather different way. His name was John Ruskin, and he tried to teach people how to admire all the beautiful things which are to be seen in paintings, in fine buildings, and in other works of art. Ruskin wrote many books telling people how they ought to find much happiness in admiring beautiful things. He said that it was the ugliness of factories which helped to make people unhappy. For, he declared, factories are built principally to make gold for rich men, and gold is of very little value in itself.

Drowned by His Wealth

Ruskin wrote a book in which he told a story about gold, and of how little use it is when there is nothing else. A rich man was once shipwrecked, said Ruskin, and when putting a lifebelt round himself he fastened all his gold to it as well. Of course the lifebelt could not support the weight of the gold, and therefore it sank, and the rich man was drowned.

Ruskin said that everybody should work for the sake of working, and not for the sake of making money. When he was a famous professor at Oxford he once took his students on to the roadside, and made them break stones for many hours so that they could learn what hard work was like.

Although there are many people at the present time who do not agree with Ruskin's ideas, we are gradually coming round to some of his notions, for in modern times men are beginning to see that ugly things really do cause a great deal of unhappiness to people.

SCIENTISTS OF OUR OWN TIME



THE FIRST GREAT WOMAN SCIENTIST

Henri Manuel

Madame Curie, the Polish wife of a Frenchman, Professor Curie, of Paris, shares with her husband the honour of discovering the marvellous element named by them radium. Their great discovery was made in 1898. This photograph shows us Madame Curie in her laboratory at the Sorbonne, Paris, where she succeeded her husband as Professor of Chemistry after his death.

MOST of the individuals who have made great discoveries in science have been men, but, nevertheless, one of the most wonderful substances which have ever been found out was first discovered by a woman. A Pole by birth, this very clever woman married a French scientist, Pierre Curie, and they worked together in the same laboratory.

The wonderful and mysterious substance which Madame Curie and her husband discovered is called Radium. We hear a great deal about radium nowadays, for it is so much used by doctors for helping to cure suffering people.

On a Pin's Head

It was not many years after the X-rays had been discovered that Madame Curie found that a strange mineral seemed also to give off X-rays, because

it was possible to take photographs of small things by the rays given off from this mineral just as photographs could be taken by means of X-rays. So Madame Curie and her husband got together as much of this remarkable mineral (which is called "pitchblende") as they could, and, after much work, they managed to extract from it a tiny quantity of an entirely new substance which they called "radium." The amount of radium which they got was very small indeed, in fact, you could almost have placed it on a pin's head. Still, they found this new substance, radium, to be a very wonderful article, and they quickly became famous for their discovery of it.

There is a very well-known professor who is now at Cambridge University. His name is Sir Ernest Rutherford, and he was the first to find out why radium did so many strange things.

But Sir Ernest Rutherford has done more things than this. He has told us all about atoms and what they are made of; and, together with another very clever scientist named Sir J. J. Thomson, he has been able to break up many atoms, and to measure their sizes, and also to tell us many strange and wonderful things about electricity

Another famous man was Sir William Ramsay, who died a few years ago. He discovered no fewer than five gases in air, and these gases had never been known before. This was a very clever thing to do, because all these gases are perfectly invisible and they have not any smell or taste. What is more, they are only present in very small amounts

in the air, so that Sir William Ramsay showed himself to be very clever indeed in finding them out. Nowadays, some of the strange gases which Sir William Ramsay discovered are put into glass tubes of many different shapes and a current of electricity is passed through them. When this is done the gases glow in wonderfully bright colours and light up the whole of the tubes

A Clever Father and Son.

Two of the most famous scientists of our time are Sir William Bragg and his son, Professor W. L. Bragg. Sir William Bragg lives in London, whilst Professor W. L. Bragg teaches students at the University of Manchester. Both these men are very clever indeed.



Photo Press

SIR WILLIAM BRAGG GIVES A DEMONSTRATION

Perhaps the reader has been fortunate enough to attend lectures given at Christmas-time to young people at the Royal Institution by our leading scientists. However great may be their reputation, they put their knowledge willingly at the disposal of youthful listeners. Here you see Sir William Bragg talking to an audience which is as much interested in his explanations as he evidently is pleased to be giving them

They have shown how the atoms inside crystals can be seen, and they have found out also how the atoms of substances nearly always range themselves up in such a way as to form crystals.

Perhaps all this may not seem to be very important at first hearing, but these things which Sir William Bragg and his clever son, Professor W. L Bragg, have found out about crystals and the atoms of which they are made up are really very important indeed, because they show us just why some substances are easy to break and why others are not. These discoveries also tell us many things about chemistry which we did not know before.

Sometimes Sir William Bragg gives lectures to boys and girls of all ages, and he shows them many wonderful experiments with all sorts of things. He tells people things about the wonders of science over the wireless as well, so perhaps you yourself may have heard him speak about these things. All the year through his son, Professor W L Bragg, works in his wonderful



A DISCOVERER OF NEW GASES

James's Press

Professor Sir William Ramsay is here seen in his laboratory. Working with Lord Rayleigh, another great chemist, he discovered a gas named argon, present in the air. Later on he discovered helium, another gas, and presently three more hitherto unknown gases—neon, neon, and krypton—which, like argon, exist in the atmosphere in minute quantities.

laboratory at the University of Manchester, finding out new things about crystals and how they are made, so you may be sure that in future times both Sir William Bragg and Professor Bragg will make many more wonderful scientific discoveries.

Professor Einstein.

If you lived in Germany and knew many famous people there, you might, perhaps, call at the house of a very

clever professor and find him playing the violin as if nothing else in the world mattered to him but his music. The person referred to is the famous Professor Albert Einstein, who is certainly one of the cleverest men whom the world has ever known.

Yet, to look at, and more particularly to speak to, you would find Professor Einstein just like any other professor. He would, perhaps, play his violin to you, and he might also show you his books and pictures so that you would very quickly feel quite at home with him. Still, despite all these things, you would be in the presence of the most famous scientist of our time.

Professor Einstein, by his many discoveries, has made men think of things that they never thought of before. The things which he has found out are not easy to explain. Indeed, many grown-up people find it difficult to understand them thoroughly. This is because Professor Einstein's discoveries about measurements and space and time, and also about the earth and the stars, can only be explained fully by means of mathematics.

The Things which Einstein tells us.

Some scientists say that Professor Einstein has turned the world of knowledge upside down. Perhaps this may be true in some respects. For instance, Einstein says that the things which geometry books teach us about lines, triangles, squares, circles, and so on, are all wrong. They do not seem wrong to us, of course, because we live in a world which is full of square, round, and other solid objects. Still, Professor Einstein tells us by his discoveries in mathematics that if we could get away from our present world we might be able to see things differently; and that in such a case we might, for instance, find that a square had not four sides which are all equal in length, or, again, that a straight line is *not* the shortest distance between two

given points, as the geometry books tell us it is.

Professor Einstein has found out many other strange and curious things. For example, he has discovered that light rays do not always go in straight lines as we thought they did, but that when they pass near a heavy object they are bent nearer to that object.

Scientists found this to be true in a very strange way, as we shall see from the following story:

A Story of the Stars.

When there is an eclipse of the sun the sky goes almost black, and very often the stars can be seen shining brightly. Astronomers can calculate the exact position of any well-known star in the sky at any particular time, so they calculated the position of several stars which they knew would be seen near the sun in the sky at the time of the sun's eclipse. They then took photographs of the stars near the sun at the time of the eclipse, and they found that the stars on the photographs were not quite in the position which they calculated them to be. The stars in the photographs seemed, in fact, to have moved a little *nearer* the sun.

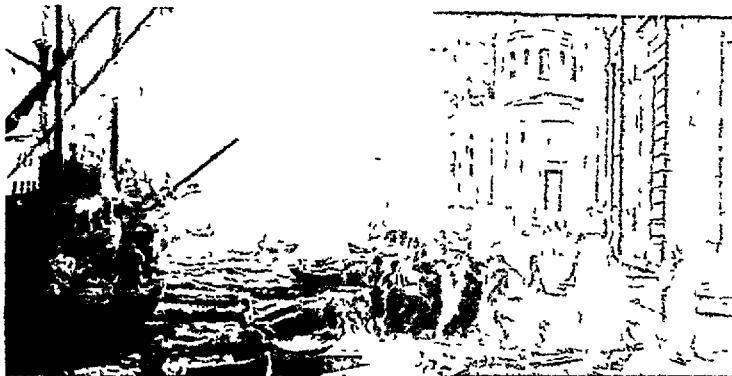
This discovery showed that Einstein was right when he said that light rays can be bent when they pass near to a heavy object. The light rays from the distant stars, in passing close to the sun, had been bent slightly out of their track by it, and, therefore, in the photographs the stars appeared to be nearer to the sun than they really were.

A very famous astronomer who helped to make these discoveries is Sir Arthur S. Eddington. He is an Englishman, and Professor of Astronomy at Cambridge University. It would be hard to find a cleverer man in this country, or, indeed, in others, than Professor Eddington. He has helped to explain all about Einstein's wonderful discoveries to people, and he has made great discoveries of his own, too.

Notable Women in the World's History



Who They Were and What They Did



H. F. Mansell

Tarsus is a city on the banks of the River Cydnus and the birthplace of St. Paul, who was known before his conversion as Saul of Tarsus. Thither came Cleopatra to meet Mark Antony, voyaging in a marvellous barge with purple sails. Above is a reproduction of the picture in the Louvre, Paris, painted by the artist Claude, showing the arrival of the Egyptian Queen.

THE STORY OF CLEOPATRA

CLEOPATRA is supposed to have been the most beautiful woman who ever lived, but if you visit the British Museum you will see there a head of Cleopatra cut in marble, which will fill you with surprise. For there is none of the wonderful beauty which made the great Cæsar and the brilliant Antony her slaves. The bust shows her as a handsome woman, but certainly not beautiful—not even pretty.

Egypt's Queen

Yet we know that this Egyptian queen fascinated every man she met. The great historian, Plutarch, says of her, that it was not so much her beauty, but her charm of manner and her delicious voice that made her so attractive.

She was the daughter of the thirteenth Ptolemy, and was only seventeen when, in the year 51 B.C., she and her brother, Ptolemy XIV, became joint King and Queen of Egypt. She and he quarrelled, and she went to Syria and raised an army to fight him. While she was busy about this, the great Roman Julius Cæsar arrived in Egypt and settled the trouble without any outside help.

Cleopatra did not approve of leaving him to govern Egypt. She got a friend to row her up the Nile to the palace where Cæsar was living, then to tie her up in a sack and so deliver her in the great man's presence. Once she got word with the Roman leader she felt sure it would be all right, and so it was. She talked

him over and he became her devoted slave.

Ptolemy, Cleopatra's brother, had, however, no idea of taking a back seat, and started a war which lasted nine months before the unfortunate boy was beaten. His end was that he was drowned in the Nile.

This left Cleopatra Queen of all Egypt, and she and Caesar celebrated their wedding by making a trip up the Nile. The royal barge had an escort of no fewer than 400 ships, and they

travelled on and on up the river until they reached the country of the black men and had to turn back.

Mark Antony Arrives.

When they reached Alexandria they had news of trouble in Rome, so Cæsar sailed at once, taking with him Cleopatra and her son Cæsarion. There she stayed until Cæsar was murdered, when she escaped and went back to Egypt.

Fresh trouble was brewing. Mark

Antony arrived in Egypt to ask some awkward questions as to why Cleopatra had aided Cassius and his republicans. Cleopatra sailed up the River Cydnus to meet him in a marvellous barge. Her gilded boat with purple sails was wafted over the water by silver oars. On deck was Cleopatra herself in the guise of Aphrodite, goddess of love, surrounded by nymphs.

It was the Caesar story all over again, and as Octavian said, Antony was "bewitched by this accursed woman." Antony gave a feast for her, said to be the most costly ever given, but Cleopatra beat it by dissolving a pearl of exceeding great price in vinegar and drinking Antony's health in it. Cleopatra forced Antony to divorce his own wife, Octavia, and utterly to neglect the business of governing Rome. The strange thing is that, though Cleopatra was a long way past thirty years old, she was still as fascinating as ever, and did just what she liked with Antony.



W. F. Mansell

CLEOPATRA, QUEEN OF EGYPT

This head of Cleopatra, cut in marble, may be seen in the British Museum, London. The face is scarcely that of a beautiful woman. It was her charm of manner that made Cleopatra such a notable personality in the world's history. The features are, of course, not of the Egyptian type, for Cleopatra belonged to the Greek dynasty which ruled in Egypt.



ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

Rischgitz

The reproduction above is taken from the picture painted by Sir Laurence Alma-Tadema, the Anglo-Dutch painter, who was particularly well-known for his renderings of historical subjects. Mark Antony was a Roman statesman, who commanded a portion of the army of Julius Caesar. When Caesar was murdered, Mark Antony set out for Egypt, where he came under the spell of Cleopatra's charms. The Romans afterwards declared war on Antony and Cleopatra.

But this sort of thing could not go on for ever, and when Antony flatly refused to return to Rome or attend to the business of the Empire, the Senate declared war on him and Cleopatra. The rival fleets, those of the Senate and of Antony, met at Actium, but Cleopatra's Egyptians soon had enough of it and began to make their escape. Then Antony himself lost heart and slunk away. He and Cleopatra reached Alexandria together and went back to their foolish feasting, while vengeance in the shape of Octavian and his legions followed them.

Their Traitor Generals.

Antony was prepared to fight, but his generals were traitors and went over to the young Roman leader, and Antony fled away to the great mausoleum or tomb temple which Cleopatra had

prepared and filled with all her marvellous treasures. There he stabbed himself and, half dead, was dragged up through a window by cords, to die at the feet of the woman who had ruined him.

For a third time Cleopatra made a brave effort to conquer by her fascinations the new ruler of the Roman Empire, but Octavian was of sterner stuff, or perhaps years had begun to rob the queen of her charms. At any rate, she failed, and having failed, decided to die rather than figure in the triumph of her conqueror.

Shakespeare has described her end in language which no writer will ever surpass, how she passed out of life by the bite of an asp, the deadly viper of the Egyptian sands. Her lovely slaves, Iras and Charmian, died with her by the same terrible means.

JOAN OF ARC



THE VISION OF JOAN OF ARC

W F Mansell

This beautiful picture, reproduced from the original painting by the artist G W Joy, shows us Joan of Arc, one of the world's most splendid women. She rode in armour and carried a sword, though she never killed a man. When night came she would sleep fully armed in the open and perhaps—who can tell?—dream visions concerned, you may be sure, with her beloved country, oppressed at the time by the English.

WHO is your Lord?" asked Robert de Baudricour, when the Maid applied to him to be taken to the king.

"The King of Heaven," she answered. Whereupon he dismissed her with cruel gibes, saying that she should be thrashed and sent back to her father. Then she told him of a defeat of which it was only possible for him to learn by ordinary means six days later, and so greatly was he impressed that he took her to the king.

A Woman In Armour.

When she was admitted, the king pretended that someone else was he, but Joan was not deceived. All through her brief but marvellous career she proved that she was guided by a Higher Power than that which was merely mortal.

Joan of Arc is one of the few characters in history who never disappoint you, and the more you study her the more you feel that enough cannot be

said in her praise. She was a splendid woman, "perfectly made," says the old chronicler, "tall and strong. She had small hands and feet. Her eyes were soft, tender and proud, her hair was black, and her skin very white. Her voice was soft, melodious and deep."

Though she rode in armour and carried a sword, she never killed any man, and at night she slept fully armed in the open air. Her food was rarely anything but bread dipped in a cup of thin wine mixed with water.

Always she longed to get back to her home. "Oh!" she said to the Archbishop of Rheims, "if only it would please my Creator that I should now lay down my arms and serve my father and mother by guarding their flocks with my brothers, who would be rejoiced to see me!"

In spite of all she did for her king and for France, she had few thanks and fewer friends. When she was taken prisoner by the English, the

THE MAID OF ORLEANS



H. F. Mans II

You will be inspired by this fine sculptured figure, to be seen in the Luxembourg Museum, at Paris, for it shows us Joan of Arc as she was in real life. From it we receive an impression of a beautiful face and one equipped with great strength. Joan's eyes were soft, tender and proud, her hair black, and her skin very white. "We have burned a saint," said an Englishman, when the girl saviour of the French nation was no more.

WHERE JOAN OF ARC WAS BORN



Joan of Arc was born in January, 1412, in the house here depicted, which stood in the village of Domrémy. The girl was really a shepherdess and her father a labourer in the fields. Throughout the period when she was battling for her country's cause she longed to get back to this simple home. Strangely enough, the venerable house was destroyed in the Great War.



Photos Rischgitz

The painting of Joan of Arc by Bastien-Lepage, here reproduced in black and white, shows the Maid of France in the garden of her childhood home at Domrémy. The expression on her face and the shadowy mail-clad figure in the background show her to be entranced in some vision which has come to her. On the opposite page a second rendering of the same scene but by another artist depicts the vision in a different manner.

THE VISION IN THE GARDEN



B. F. Mansell

A well known artist named Jules Lenepeu painted the original from which the above picture is reproduced. Its subject is the vision of Joan of Arc. Joan was attending to her duties round the homestead at mid-day when a strange voice came to her. That it was the Voice of God we can have no doubt, and the artist in illustrating the vision causes an angel from heaven to place a sword in the girl's hand that she might fight for France.

THE RELIEF OF ORLEANS



W F ManSELL

You will remember from your history how Joan of Arc, garbed as a true knight in armour, led a force of men to Orleans and was successful in entering the city, so causing the siege by the English to be raised. The above picture, also by Jules Lenepveu, is called in the French language "La Prise d'Orleans," and illustrates Joan of Arc with her standard

JOAN ENTERS THE CITY



This picture, the original of which was painted by H. Scherer, shows Joan of Arc riding triumphantly into the City of Orleans. She rightly claimed that her mission was from Heaven itself, and history regards the Fall of Orleans as being almost a miracle. It was for this success that Joan is known as the "Mud of Orleans", as a result of it Rheims was freed from the grip of the English, and Charles went there to be crowned, for the city was the French coronation place.

AT A KING'S CROWNING



Rischgitz

It was for the sake of Charles that Joan of Arc fought for the relief of Orleans from the English forces, and she had made known already that she would lead him to Rheims for his coronation. It is a matter of history that the girl actually stood beside the altar at the crowning of Charles VII, and the scene is illustrated in the beautiful painting reproduced above.

BURNED AT THE STAKE



Despite all she did for her country, Joan of Arc had no friends when brought to trial as a heretic, and her foes were nothing but brutes. Condemned to suffer death, this great French heroine was burned alive at the stake in the Market Place of Rouen in 1431. The above picture, painted by Jules Lenepveu, shows the preparations for the final scene in this terrible tragedy.

W F Mansell

Archbishop of Rheims sneeringly remarked.

"She would not heed advice, but acted her own pleasure; therefore God has manifested that the abasement of such pride is no matter for regret."

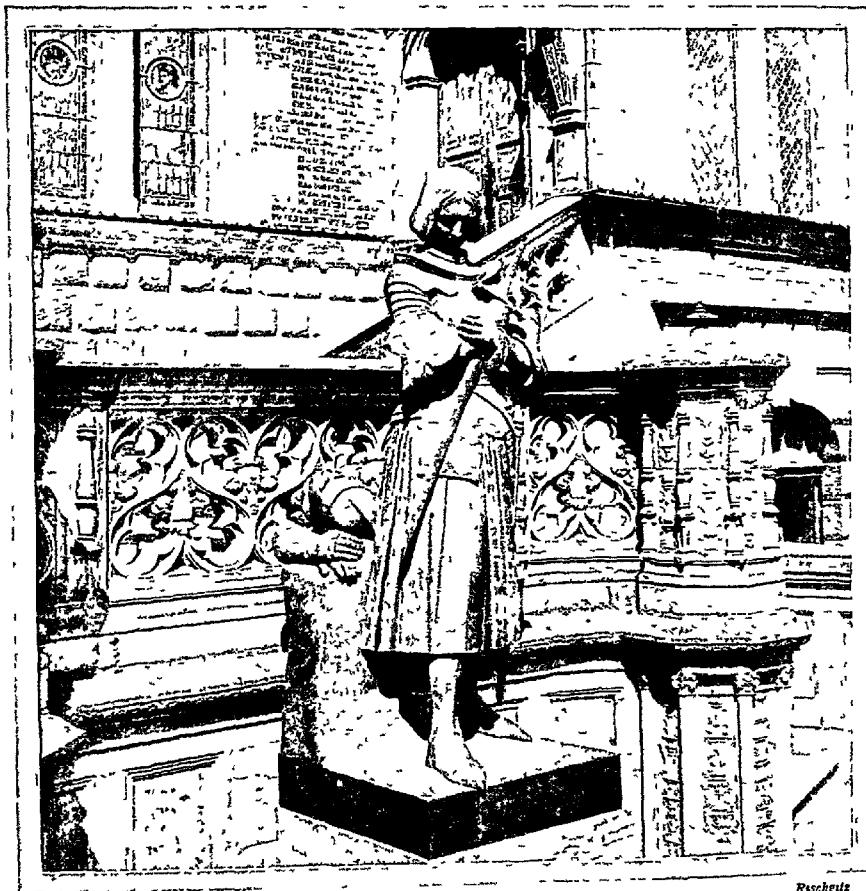
Before Her Judges.

She was imprisoned at Rouen in an iron cage, to which she was fastened by chains holding her by the neck, hands and feet. Her trial by seventy-one

judges, or assessors, was a brutal mockery. Dressed in woman's attire, she was taken in a cart, escorted by 800 soldiers, to the scaffold, where she prayed, forgiving all her enemies, and kissed a Cross which an Englishman had made for her out of two pieces of wood.

"We are all lost," said another Englishman sadly, when her tortures were over, "we have burned a saint."

Her martyrdom is a stain on both England and the country of her birth.



IN THE CITY WHICH SHE SAVED

Rueghitz

This beautiful statue of Joan of Arc was executed by Princess Marie d'Orléans and stands at the Town Hall of Orléans. The martyrdom of this wonderful girl—not twenty when she died—is a stain on England's name, though France must share the blame, for neither King nor people helped to rescue her.

MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS



Reprod.

THE ESCAPE OF MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS

Our reproduction of the famous picture by F. Danby (to be seen at the Bethnal Green Museum, London) shows Mary, Queen of Scots, escaping in a small boat from Loch Leven Castle in which she had been imprisoned nearly a year. Once she was free, Mary was disappointed for only a few loyalists came forward to give her the encouragement of their support.

MOST people seem to think that Mary, Queen of Scots, was a slim, fragile beauty. She was nothing of the sort. Her figure was tall and stately, her features were large and rather sharp. She was handsome rather than beautiful and it was her wonderful brightness and her joyous spirit that made her so popular with all who knew her.

Her eyes were large and sparkling, her hair, when she was young, was golden, she had really beautiful hands, but her great charm, like that of Cleopatra, was her voice. We do not know whether Cleopatra could sing, but Mary sang charmingly, and could play many different instruments—the harp, the lute and the virginal.

With Many Accomplishments

She had been well educated, and spoke three languages as well as Latin, which she knew a great deal better than most modern schoolboys. To add to her accomplishments, she wrote quite good verses, some of which have

been preserved. Six sonnets of hers are still to be found in print. She danced perfectly, could do wonderful needlework, and was gifted in almost every way.

It seems strange that so brilliant a woman should have had such a cruelly hard life. Her misfortunes began with her birth, for her father, James V of Scotland, was bitterly disappointed that a girl, not a boy, had been born to him, and said mournfully "It (meaning the Crown of Scotland) came with a lass, and it will go with a lass."

He was dying at the time, and the regent Arran at once promised the baby princess in marriage to Prince Edward of England. If this had gone through, the whole course of history might have been changed, but the Scottish Parliament would have none of it, and declared war. The Scottish forces were terribly beaten, but Mary was shipped off to France, where she grew up amid the gaiety of the French Court.

QUEEN MARY LEAVING FRANCE



Re-dit
At a very early age, Mary, Queen of Scots, was sent to France, growing up amidst the gay life of the French Court. When only eleven she was married to the Dauphin (the title borne by the eldest son of the Kings of France) Francis, but he died two years later, and his young widow returned to Scotland. We see her in this picture taking farewell of her adopted country.

MARY STUART FIRST MEETS RIZZIO



The figure of the man asleep at the foot of the stairs is that of David Rizzio. He was a Rizzio. musician who came to Scotland as the attendant of an Italian envoy, and Mary, Queen of Scots, took a close interest in him and eventually made him her secretary. In this picture, painted by David Neal, we see the first meeting between the Queen and Rizzio

REPROVED BY JOHN KNOX



David Rizzio's accession of power at the Court of Mary, Queen of Scots, bred feelings of acute jealousy in many courtiers and roused the enmity of the Queen's husband, Henry, Earl of Darnley. Eventually a plot was hatched to take the life of Rizzio, and, in this picture (after the painting by E. Sibert) we see Darnley and his supporters arriving to do this dreadful deed, whilst the Italian secretary clings desperately to the Queen.



Photos Rischtig

When Mary, Queen of Scots, returned to Scotland after her sojourn in France she found herself a solitary Roman Catholic amidst Scots people who were all ardent Reformers. Among these Reformers was the great John Knox, who sought to turn Mary to his ways of thinking and reproved her sharply. This picture represents Knox upbraiding his Queen. The original hangs in the Mappin Art Gallery, Sheffield, and the painter was William Powell Frith.

THE SENTENCE OF DEATH



Rischgitz

After being kept a close prisoner for about eighteen years, Mary, Queen of Scots, was brought to trial on various charges, most of them concerned with plots to obtain the throne of England. She was found guilty by her judges, and in the above picture (by the artist Herdman) we see how she received the sentence of death which was passed upon her. Shortly afterwards it fell to Queen Elizabeth to sign and seal the death warrant.

When only sixteen years old she was married to the Dauphin of France, a poor weakling who died only two years later, and his widow, not yet nineteen, went back to Scotland to find herself one Catholic among a host of stiff-necked Reformers under John Knox.

Suitors of High Degree.

On every side there were schemes to marry her. Among her suitors were the Kings of Sweden and Denmark, the Archduke Charles of Austria, Don Carlos of Spain, the Earl of Leicester, and others. She wanted Don Carlos, and when she found she would not be allowed to marry him, chose her cousin, Henry Stuart, Earl of Darnley.

No need to tell the story of that miserable marriage. Darnley was a worthless scoundrel and savagely

jealous. His worst crime was the brutal murder of David Rizzio, whose mangled body, bleeding from fifty wounds, was dragged into the Queen's own room. In turn, Darnley was murdered by Bothwell, who blew him up with gunpowder while he lay ill in bed of smallpox, and then Mary made the mistake of her life by marrying Bothwell.

That was the beginning of the sad end which led to Mary being dethroned and falling into the hands of the English. In 1586 she was brought to trial, and in the following year beheaded. So at the age of only forty-five the sad life of this beautiful and accomplished woman came to an end.

You can see her statue above her tomb in Henry VII's Chapel at Westminster Abbey.



ON HER WAY TO EXECUTION

Rischgitz

This reproduction from the painting by Herdman shows Mary, Queen of Scots, on her way to execution, with the tall, impressive figure of the headsman in the foreground. The Queen was beheaded at Fotheringhay, not far from Oundle in Northamptonshire, and in the Castle where she was kept a prisoner and which was also the scene of her trial. The year of the execution was 1587.

GOOD QUEEN BESS



QUEEN ELIZABETH AND LADY PAGET

Pl. A.

In this reproduction after the painting by H. Fridelberg we see Queen Bess drawing Lady Paget's attention to a window. Upon one of the panes Sir Walter Raleigh had crudely wrote the words "I am would I climb but that I fear to fall." To this sentence the Queen herself added "If thy heart fail thee, do not climb at all."

"A LADY of great elegance, both of body and mind," is how Michele, the Venetian ambassador, describes Queen Elizabeth, "though her face may be called pleasant rather than beautiful. She is tall and well made, her complexion fine, though rather sallow." He says she had very fine eyes and beautiful hands, of which she was proud, and that she had a wonderful knowledge of the Greek and Italian languages.

Difficult and Dangerous

From others who knew her we learn that she was witty as well as clever, and that "if ever any person had either the gift or the style to win the hearts of the people, it was this queen." We are aware that she dressed magnificently.

So much for her virtues, but we cannot deny that she was vain, fond

of admiration and also of power and money. In her defence it must be remembered that she had a loveless childhood, and that her life, while her sister Mary was queen, was difficult and even dangerous. One of the few people who were kind to the Princess Elizabeth during Mary's time was Lady Norris, who was "civil to her in those dangerous days." Elizabeth never forgot her, and called her "her dear crow," and when Lady Norris' son died wrote her a charming letter beginning "My own Crow."

The great crime of which Queen Elizabeth has been accused is the death by beheading of Mary, Queen of Scots, but it must be remembered that the guilt lies rather with her ministers than herself. One thing seems very certain—that Elizabeth's burst of indignation when she heard of Mary's end was quite genuine and not a piece of acting, as some have said.

GOOD QUEEN BESS



W. F. Mawell

From this picture we get a splendid idea of what Queen Elizabeth was like. She was a tall, well-built woman and her face is said to have been "pleasant rather than beautiful." She was very fond of fine clothes. We speak of "Good Queen Bess" because she did everything in her power for the uplifting of her people and gave great encouragement to art and literature. Many times she saw the plays of Shakespeare performed.

THE DEATH OF QUEEN ELIZABETH



Paul Delacroix's great picture, which hangs in the Louvre at Paris and is reproduced above, shows the closing scene in the life of Elizabeth. The Queen died at Sheen Palace, Richmond, Surrey, when in her seventieth year. During her long reign (forty-five years) England came to the front as a sea power among the nations

Almanac

1895 VOL VII

The queen earned her name of *Good Queen Bess* by doing everything in her power for her people. For instance, when she came to the throne the coinage was in a terrible state. As the historian, Camden, says, most of it was of "brass." One of the first things Elizabeth did was to call it in and replace it with honest silver and gold. Another very wise plan was to start the manufacture of gunpowder in England. Before her time most of the powder had been imported from abroad. She encouraged art and literature. We know that she was fond of the theatre and that she went to see the plays of Shakespeare performed.

She never forgot the old customs. The keeping of Maundy was one of these, when she washed the feet of twenty poor women and made a present of a gown and a new cap to each one. The ceremony closed with a donation of 2,000 silver twopenny bits to the poor.

Many men wished to marry the great queen, among them Charles, Archduke of Austria, the Duke of Holstein, the King of Sweden, the Earl of Arundel, the Duke of Anjou, and Philip II. of Spain. But it is believed that the only man of whom Elizabeth was really fond was Robert Dudley.

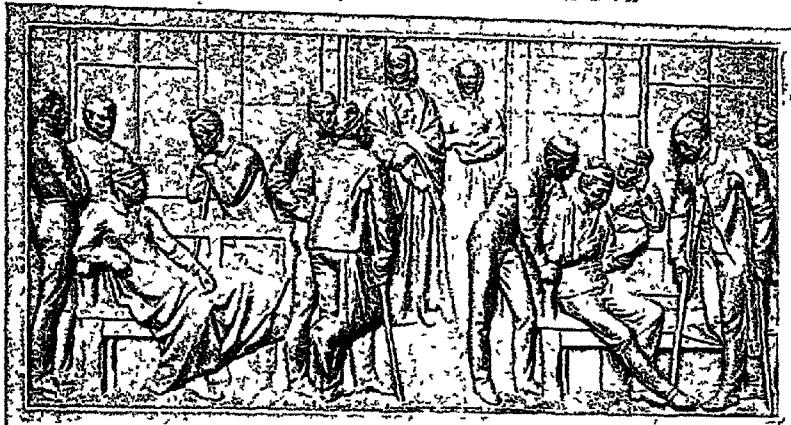


A QUEEN REVIEWS HER SOLDIERS

Rischgits

Tilbury, on the Essex shore and at the mouth of the Thames, was the scene of the mustering of some 16,000 men of arms for the defence of London, when an invasion by the Spanish Armada was threatened. In this picture, after D. MacIise, we see the Queen with her troops and the royal tent in the background. The presence of Elizabeth in the field must greatly have encouraged the soldiers.

THE LADY OF THE LAMP



FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE VISITS WOOLWICH

Rischgitz

At Woolwich, in Kent and on the fringe of London, is the well-known Herbert Hospital, with a Memorial to Sidney Herbert, a former Secretary of State for War, from whom it takes its name. At the pedestal-base of the memorial are bas-reliefs (sculptured pictures, with raised figures), and the one on the north side is here depicted. It shows Florence Nightingale paying a visit to the Herbert Hospital to comfort wounded soldiers.

WHILE Florence Nightingale was still a girl she lived with her parents at Lea Hurst, in the beautiful valley of the Derwent. This is a great sheep country and Florence had many friends among the shepherds. One day she met a shepherd leading a dog which was hobbling along on three legs.

"It's a poisoned foot, Miss Florence," said the man sadly. "We can't do ought for poor Cap, so I'm taking him home to put an end to him. 'Tis the kindest way."

Friends for Life.

Florence was horrified. She went back to his cottage with the shepherd, made him light a fire and heat water, then started fomenting the dreadfully swollen paw. She stayed with the dog all day, and by night he was better. In the end Cap got perfectly well and he and his owner were her devoted friends for life.

Great musicians, such as Beethoven and Mozart, showed their love of music almost from the time they left their

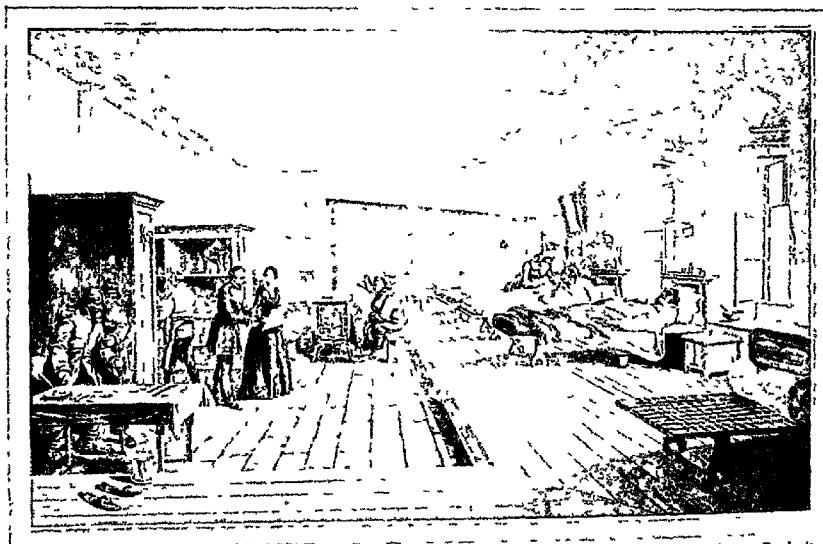
cradles; and in just the same way Florence Nightingale was a nurse from her earliest childhood. Her dolls were always invalids, and required the utmost care. She would undress them, put them to bed, and give her sister strict injunctions not to disturb them. She smoothed their pillows and tempted them with imaginary delicacies, nursing them back to convalescence, only to consign them to a sick bed again the next day.

She began her nursing career among the London poor, and worked so hard that her own health failed and she had to go back to her northern home to get better. She had by no means recovered when the Crimean War broke out, and her tender heart was torn by accounts of hundreds of soldiers dying for lack of nursing. At once she wrote to Mr Sidney Herbert, Secretary of State for War, offering to go out and help. By a curious chance her letter was crossed by one from the Minister himself, asking her to organise a staff of nurses. Within a week she was on her way out to Scutari.

ON A MISSION OF MERCY



The above picture, from the painting by Jerry Barrett, is called "A Mission of Mercy". It shows us Florence Nightingale at Scutari, surrounded by maimed and stricken soldiers. Scutari was the base to which the wounded were taken in the course of the Crimean War. Miss Nightingale arrived on the scene just before the Battle of Inkermann.



Photos Rischgitz

This print shows Florence Nightingale in the hospital at Scutari in the year 1854. Night after night she would go softly round the wards with her shaded lamp. Miss Nightingale's popular name in history is "The Lady of the Lamp". She did more than anyone else to make nursing the wonderful calling that it is to-day, and perhaps no woman who ever lived saved so many lives.

HER FIRST PUBLIC STATUE



Ruskin
Miss Nightingale was actually born at Florence from which city she took her name but lived
as a girl at Lea Hurst, in the beautiful valley of the Derwent. It seems only right, therefore,
that the first statue in her honour should have been erected at Derby. The above photograph
shows what a lifelike piece of sculpture it is. The statue was the work of the Countess
Federica Gleichen, the ceremony of unveiling being performed by the Duke of Devonshire

Perhaps no one woman in all history has been the means of saving so many lives as the Lady of the Lamp. She seemed never to tire, and night after night would go softly round the wards carrying her shaded lamp.

When at last all was over Florence Nightingale went quietly home under an assumed name, and arrived at Lea Hurst before anyone knew she had left Scutari. She wished to avoid the

tremendous welcome which the grateful public desired to give her. But she could not quite escape, for Queen Victoria sent for her to Balmoral, and presented her with the jewelled cross of St George, with the inscription, "Blessed are the Merciful," while £50,000 was raised for her by public subscription, every penny of which she gave for the founding of an Institution for Training Nurses.



PRESENTED TO MISS FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE

Risques

The above collection is to be seen at the Royal United Service Institution. It comprises Diamond bracelet from the Sultan of Turkey, 1856, a gold enamelled brooch bearing the monogram of Queen Victoria with the inscription "Blessed are the Merciful", the Cross of St John of Jerusalem (England), insignia of the Order of Merit (Civil) bestowed by King Edward VII, the Cross and Ribbon of the Order of the Red Cross, the German Order known as the Cross of Merit, and the French gold medal of Secours aux Blessés Militaires. All these rewards were well earned by their recipient.

THE STORY OF AGNES WESTON



Specially drawn for this work

BLUEJACKETS OF OTHER DAYS ON LEAVE

The men of the British Navy were not always as we find them to-day. In the time of wooden-walled, three-decked battle-ships bluejackets on leave in Plymouth crowded the streets, filled the public-houses and were driven to the pawnshop, as we see in this picture. Drunkenness, brawls and other depredations were common, but Miss Agnes Weston, the Sailors' Friend, in the course of a few years succeeded in changing the whole outlook of Jack ashore.

THOUGH born in that quiet old square of Bloomsbury, nearly in the centre of London, Agnes Weston spent much of her childhood in the great seaport of Plymouth. Those were the days when the fleet of England was made up of three-decked wooden vessels with tall masts. Bluejackets on leave crowded the streets and filled the public-houses. Often there were fights. In the evenings scores of drunken men reeled along the pavements. These sights left a deep impression on little Miss Weston, yet, curiously enough, it was not for sailors that she began her life work.

In 1868 Miss Weston, then twenty-eight years old, was living near Bath, when a clergyman friend took her to the Bath United Hospital and asked her to visit the patients. She did so

and took to giving short addresses to the men in the wards.

Letters to Thousands.

She grew very interested in the work, and a little later took to working among the Militia gathered for their annual training. She found that these men, when their drill was done, had nowhere to go, and with their colonel's help she started a coffee- and reading-room for them.

One of the men went to India, and before leaving asked her to write to him. She did so and he liked the letter so much that he showed it to other men. Presently these other men wrote, asking her for letters, and so it went on until in the end she was posting letters to 21,000 men each month. She had a great gift for this sort of

thing, and the letters were immensely popular with the men.

In 1872 Miss Weston took up temperance work in the Navy. Drink was in those days the bane of the seaman's life, and the men swallowed rum in huge quantities. Miss Weston asked permission to go aboard the ships and talk to the men, but no woman had ever done anything of the sort before, and it was against all the traditions of the Service. Admiral King Hall helped her, and at last she got permission to talk to the boys aboard the training ship *St. Vincent*.

Signing the Pledge.

It was a wonderful scene, Miss Weston has said, a bright moon throwing up the tall masts and rigging of the fine old ship and the lights below shining on 500 eager young faces, gazing up at the speaker as she stood on the poop. Miss Weston could talk wonderfully and the boys listened with the greatest interest. The talk was so successful that Miss Weston was asked to speak aboard other ships. The men never thought it a bore to listen to her but were really keen to come. Once, when she was speaking aboard H.M.S. *Topaze*, a curious thing happened. Miss Weston wanted something on which to rest the pledge book and, looking round, saw what she thought was a bread barrel. She laid the book on this and a number of men came up and signed. She saw the Commander looking at her with a twinkle in his eye.

"It's the first time that barrel has been used for such a purpose," he chuckled, and then Miss Weston discovered that the men had been signing their pledges on top of the ship's rum cask. As each candidate gave his signature it was laughingly referred to as: "Another nail in the old lad's coffin." And no fewer than sixty men signed right off.

Miss Weston's work began to extend. One Sunday afternoon, in Devonport, she noticed what a number of sailor-

boys were wandering aimlessly about the streets. They had nothing to do, nobody to care for them, and of course many of them got into mischief. Miss Weston hired a room and put up a notice asking any sailors to come in for singing and reading. The result was not encouraging, for only one boy turned up and he was so nervous he could hardly be coaxed to speak. Miss Weston was not beaten. She borrowed a friend's kitchen and sent notices to a number of boys, asking them to tea.

About a dozen turned up and had a good time. Next Sunday there were twenty, and inside a month the kitchen was packed to suffocation, so Miss Weston had to find larger premises. She got a big room near one of the landing-stages, and this became the most popular resort in Devonport. In 1874 a house was taken in Fore Street and turned into a Sailors' Rest and Institute. Men could sit there and read, they could write letters or yarn. Very soon it was packed. More money was needed and Miss Weston made an appeal in the Press which brought her £6,000.

One Rest followed another and now, as we know, they are in every big port.

To Tell the Queen

Of course they are run on strictly temperance lines, but one night a sailor, picked up intoxicated outside the Devonport Rest, was carried in and put to bed. When he woke in the morning he could not make out where he was. When he was told he exclaimed: "Well, this licks me. The publican turns me out and the teetotaler takes me in." That same morning he signed the pledge.

So the good work went on. Queen Victoria became very interested and sent Miss Weston an invitation to come to Windsor. Miss Weston became known as the Mother of the Navy, and her name will always be reverenced by sailors.

JACK TARS SIGN THE PLEDGE



Strong drink was in time gone by the bane of a seam in a life—until Miss Agnes Weston began her work in the cause of temperance among the tars of the Royal Navy. On one occasion Miss Weston addressed the crew of H.M.S. *Jopaze* and won over many converts. It was quite unconscious, however, that she rested her pledge book on the ship's rum cask for the men to sign their names, and only revised the position when it was pointed out by an officer. Nevertheless, no fewer than sixty men signed then and there.

GRACE DARLING



Ruschitz

THE BOAT THAT WAS ROWED TO THE RESCUE

This photograph shows us the actual boat in which Grace Darling—only twenty-three years of age at the time—rowed with her father to the rescue of the crew of the small steamer *Forfarshire*. The ship had been smashed on the rocky coast, but the girl and her father were the means of saving nine people, one of whom was a woman.

“She who amid the tempest shone,
The Angel of the Wave.”

ON September 7th, 1838, the *Forfarshire*, a small steamer, left Hull for Dundee. She had aboard a crew numbering in all sixty-three. She ran into bad weather and her boilers began to leak. It was late on Thursday evening when she passed those lonely rocks, the Farne Islands, forcing her way into a fierce gale from the north-east.

The weather grew worse instead of better, and great waves smashing on her deck put out her furnace fires, so that the engines would work no longer. In those days all steamers carried sail, so the sails were set and the vessel drove back southwards before the wind.

Breakers Ahead.

Very early on Friday morning, and while it was still pitch dark, a terrible roar of breakers struck terror into the hearts of passengers and crew, and in spite of all the Captain could do the vessel was dashed upon a rock. A huge sea lifted her and brought her down on

the reef with such fearful force that she broke in two, and the whole of the after-part was swept away and sunk with more than fifty souls. The fore-part remained spiked on the rock.

When daylight came the keeper at the Farne lighthouse saw the wreck about a mile away—saw, too, that some survivors were clinging to the remains of the ship—but the weather was so terrible that he sorrowfully declared it impossible to do anything. His daughter Grace, who was then twenty-three years old, begged him to try. She vowed she could not bear to see the poor people perish and offered to help him. He agreed, and with the help of Grace's mother the boat was launched.

It is almost a miracle that those two, a man of over fifty and a frail girl, should have managed to row the heavy boat across a mile of roaring waves and blinding foam. True, the ebb tide helped them out, but both Darling and his daughter knew quite well that, unless the survivors were able to row, they could never get back to the lighthouse.

Somehow they reached the rock and found nine people clinging there, soaked and shivering with cold. There was one woman among the survivors. They got her and four men into the boat and managed to pull back against the tide. Then two of the men returned with Darling and brought off the other four.

Grace Darling found herself a heroine.

Presents of all kinds were heaped upon her, and Queen Victoria herself received her and decorated her.

The wonderful part of it is that Grace was no brawny fisher-lass, but a slim, pretty girl who had never been strong. She died of consumption in 1842, but the fame of her exploit will last as long as the English race endures.



"THE ANGEL OF THE WAVE"

Specially drawn for this work.

Grace Darling was no brawny fisher-lass, and her father was more than fifty years of age. Yet in this frail boat they rowed across a mile of roaring waves and blinding foam to the aid of the ship-wrecked mariners. Grace was soon afterwards received and decorated by Queen Victoria. The fame of this exploit will live so long as the English race endures.

QUEEN VICTORIA



Rischgitz

OUR ROYAL FAMILY IN 1848

This group, reproduced from the picture by Winterhalter, shows Queen Victoria, her husband and their family. The Queen was short in stature, but she possessed great dignity, grace of carriage and sweetness of disposition. Many of the most important developments in human progress began in the long and happy reign of "Victoria the Good."

SOME people will tell you that no one would ever have classed Queen Victoria among the world's notable women if she had not happened to inherit the throne of the world's greatest Empire. The fact remains that she sat on that throne for upwards of sixty years and did more than any of her subjects to make Britain what she is to-day. A well-known historian wrote in 1900 "Of the forces working for union (of the British Empire) during the past sixty years the most potent has been the personality of the Sovereign."

Queen Victoria's life spanned the most important era of human progress. On the day of her birth, May 24th, 1819, the first steam vessel that ever crossed the Atlantic, the *Savannah*, reached Liverpool after a journey of twenty-six days. She was eighteen and had just ascended the throne when the

first system of electric telegraphy was patented. Scott and Byron were in their prime when she began to read Thackeray, Dickens, Bulwer Lytton, Tennyson, and the Brownings had not begun their work. Darwin, whose labours revolutionised modern science, had not yet been heard of.

World-wide Revolutions

At her birth the tramp of Bonaparte's armies had only just ceased to shake the world. She saw every throne in Europe vacated, not once but many times, she saw revolutions all over the universe, but kept England safe. Above all, she saw her country transformed from a Government by the few, in which only one in fifty had a vote, to a democracy in which one in five were able to help to choose their Parliament.

EVERY INCH A QUEEN



The Guildhall, in the City of London, guarded by the two giants Gog and Magog, is the ancient building in which the Lord Mayor and civic dignitaries receive the Royal and other guests of the Capital. Queen Victoria paid her first visit to the Guildhall in the year of her Accession, 1837, and the historic scene of her arrival is here illustrated.

No woman born to such greatness as Queen Victoria ever passed a more stinted and pinched childhood. Her father, the Duke of Kent, was so deeply in debt that he lived in Germany, a pensioner on his wife. It was not until just before Victoria was born that they came to England, where they were no more than lodgers at the Palace of Kensington.

Paying Off Debts.

They were almost objects of dislike to King William, and family quarrels made her youth most sad for the young princess and her mother. In later life she often spoke of the unhappiness of those days. She always remembered how she was not allowed to attend the coronation of her Uncle William and how she shed "buckets of tears" when her mother told her she must stay at home

After her father's death she and her mother had to pinch terribly to pay the debts owed by the Duke, which amounted to £50,000.

"Every Inch a Queen"

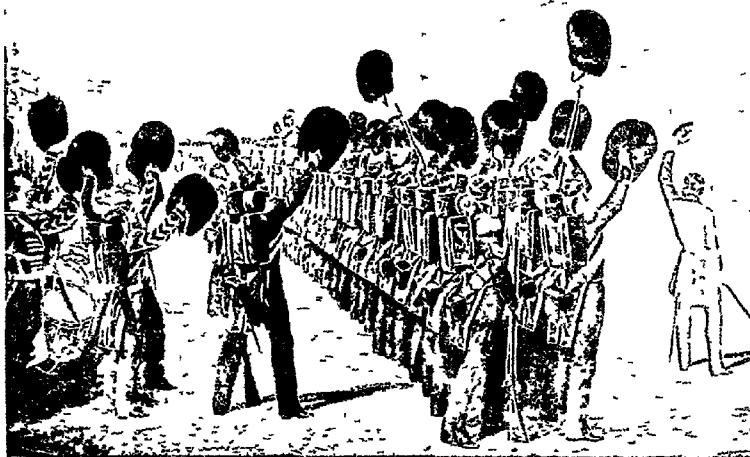
Queen Victoria had not the beauty of some of her famous ancestresses, and she was very short, being not quite 5 feet in height. Yet as a girl she must have been very attractive. She had a pretty complexion, very fair hair, soft blue eyes and a slightly pouting mouth. She had dignity, self-possession, grace of carriage, while everybody was struck with the beautiful quality of her voice. "At her coronation," says that stern old warrior, the Duke of Wellington, "she not only filled the chair, she filled the room. Throughout the ceremony she conducted herself as if she had long been familiar with it."



THE QUEEN'S FIRST COUNCIL

One of the later works of the Scottish painter, Sir David Wilkie, the picture from which this reproduction is taken shows Queen Victoria presiding at her first Council. At the time her Majesty was but a girl—only eighteen years of age—yet she had a wonderful presence and personality and lived to celebrate a Jubilee of Fifty Years and a Diamond Jubilee of Sixty Years—the latter nearly four years before her death.

BEFORE AND AFTER THE CRIMEAN WAR



This illustration, from a picture painted at the time, shows the Scots Guards at Buckingham Palace, where the regiment was reviewed by Queen Victoria before its departure to the Crimean War, waged against Russia by the Allies—Britain, France and Turkey—in the years 1854-56. Nearly 20,000 British soldiers perished in this campaign, more than 15,000 dying from disease.



Photos: Rischbi.

In the above picture, after Sir John Gilbert, Queen Victoria is shown receiving some of the heroes of the Crimean War, in the presence of the Prince Consort and some members of their young family. It was in this war that Florence Nightingale figured as the "Lady of the Lamp." The hardships were appalling, both men and horses dying from the intense cold.

It has often been said of her that she was "every inch a Queen" and this is true. Once when some remark was made about a public man's opinion of her she answered quite simply:

Likes and Dislikes

"I did not give a thought to that. What really matters is what I think of him."

With all her sweetness of disposition and real modesty, she was convinced that if her orders were not carried out to the letter the whole country would crumble. Like all strong characters, she had marked likes and dislikes, and showed them. But she never forgot any of her subjects who had done good work. They were asked to Windsor, they were personally thanked or decorated, and the Queen never thought any trouble too great in such a case. Bad people, however rich, popular or powerful, she would not have at any price. They were never asked to Court.

The Queen's own family life was a model to her subjects and the world. A foreign writer, who is no admirer of English people, says of her. "She was a good wife and a good mother. Her country should be grateful to her."

When Queen Victoria came to the throne kings and queens were far from being popular in this country. At her Majesty's death, though, the British Crown was never more secure.



W and D Downey

NEARLY SIXTY-FOUR YEARS OUR QUEEN

Here is a studio portrait of Queen Victoria, taken during her later years and shortly after her Diamond Jubilee in 1897. Throughout our history we have never had another sovereign who reigned for so long as Victoria, nor one whose wise rule did more for the good of the Empire at large. Queen Victoria died at Osborne House, in the Isle of Wight, in January, 1901, and was buried at Frogmore, near Windsor.

Know
Your Own
Language



A Great Gift
Such
Knowledge Confers



At most schools to day you, who are still boys and girls, are taught the beginnings of a great many different subjects. If you were asked to say which was likely to be of the greatest use to you later on I wonder how you would reply? Perhaps the wisest answer would be—English! Why? A good working knowledge of your own language will enable you to talk well and to write a good letter. These are two accomplishments that will help you all through your life.

A CHILDREN'S LETTER-WRITER

WHENEVER you sit down to write a letter you are really asking the paper in front of you to become your little messenger. You are going to send the messenger away, and he will take with him some news that you wish to reach another person, or perhaps a loving greeting, or maybe a request, or possibly an invitation. In any event, you have something in your mind that you wish to convey to the mind of someone else, and the thoughts go into writing to be sent away by post or other means in order that the words you set down may be read by the person receiving them, so bringing you both together as much as if you were talking one to another.

Now you will quite readily under-

stand that if you were sending a human messenger you would not like him to be shabby and down-at-heel. The humble page-boy at a large hotel always looks smart in his well-fitting uniform, and you would feel uncomfortable if your messenger, in the form of paper and envelope and the written word, were anything but a credit to you. A letter is indeed a sort of looking-glass which shows the character of the writer, and that is why it is wise to form the habit of taking a great deal of pains over one's correspondence.

By this I mean that one wants to choose one's words with much care and produce a letter that will be pleasing to the person who is to receive it. You would not care to be seen in the street

looking grubby and untidy, and for just the same reason you do not want to dispatch a letter which is marred by blots and finger-marks. In the same way, you should choose your words, and the writing itself ought to be very neat and easy to read.

Writing Straight Lines

At school you probably do your work in an exercise book or on sheets of foolscap paper (so-called from the fool's cap and bells which were once upon a time used as a watermark), and so are accustomed to writing along faint lines. Ordinary notepaper is not ruled in the same way, and to draw lines with a pencil and afterwards rub them out is not very satisfactory, and usually means sheer waste of time.

The best way to manage is to take a sheet of ruled paper, a thick pen-nib and a ruler. With ordinary blue-black ink make the lines on the paper much heavier, and then put the paper aside to dry in its own time, *i.e.*, do not use blotting-paper. Next time you have a letter to write, insert this heavily ruled slip in between the fold of the notepaper, and you will be able to see the lines quite plainly and to follow them. In every 2 inches of ruled paper there are usually six lines, and this gives one nice spacing for letter-writing.

The best rule with notepaper is to have it very plain and of good quality. Fancy writing papers in all sorts of colours are not considered in good taste, and, for one's own sake, one would not use a paper that was too cheap and tawdry. Of all the papers there is nothing better than plain white of medium thickness with envelopes to match. In the same way, one should use ordinary black ink, coloured inks being most undesirable. In letter-writing, you see, there are certain simple rules which most people follow, and it is often vulgar to try to do things differently from everyone else, or to break from what are considered to be the proper methods by polite society.

A great many people have their address printed from type at the top of their notepaper or else embossed. Embossing is done by means of a steel die with sunk letters and a counterpart with raised letters. The paper is inserted between the die and the counterpart, and the address embossed or impressed, either with or without colour. In some homes, too, there are hand-embossing presses with which notepaper can be headed, and here the most important point is to insert the paper in the press so that the address is printed quite straightly with the top of the sheet.

The address at the top of a letter is known as the *heading*. When it is neither printed nor embossed, it must be written towards the right-hand side at the top of the page in the form of "steps," with a comma after every line except the last, which should have a full-stop. In the case of a two-line address, we should put —

*81 Cranford Avenue,
Wolverhampton*

When writing a three-line address the following is the correct method —

*The Thatched Cottage,
Firs Drive,
Marlow, Bucks*

In such an instance as this, the county "Bucks" (*i.e.*, Buckinghamshire), may come on the same line as the post town. Where the name of the house is given, instead of a number in a road, such as The Thatched Cottage, Grove Mead, The Firs, and so on, the name should not be put in inverted commas.

Immediately underneath the heading comes the *date*, and this is most important. It is useless, for example, to put Monday or Friday, or any other day, for there are Mondays and Fridays in every week. With the actual date, however, the person who receives the letter is never at a loss. You may, for instance, refer to "to-morrow" in your letter. Without the date this word

would convey no real meaning a few days after the missive was written. A great deal of trouble is certainly caused by careless people who do not make a habit of always dating every letter.

The date can be expressed in a great variety of ways. We can, for instance, put 12/4/3-, meaning the twelfth day of the fourth month of the year 193-, or even 12 iv. 3-, in this case the month being expressed in different figures. April the 12th, 193-, is another way, but the word "the" is unnecessary, and the most satisfactory rule is to put quite simply, April 12th, 193-

The "Salutation"

In our private correspondence we come next to that part of the letter which is known as the *Salutation*, which is a sort of salute or greeting. If you are writing to your mother, for instance, you begin a little way from the left-hand side of the sheet of paper and put *My dearest Mother*, with a comma after. It is most necessary to leave a clear margin all down the left-hand side of the page, and a margin of 1 inch looks well. If you like, you can rule a heavy line to guide you with the margin on your gauge, i.e., the piece of ruled paper previously mentioned to assist you in writing straightly and evenly.

When writing to a school friend, you would put the salutation *Dear Nancy*, or *Dear Reg*, "Reg" being an abbreviation of the word Reginald, should by right have a full stop. To a friend one would put *Dear Mr Horton*, to a relative, *My dear Auntie Susie*, the word *My* is usually reserved for people who are very near and dear to the writer, and it should not be used too freely. As an exception, supposing you were writing to a lady whose little daughter had just died, and you wanted to show sympathy, you could quite well put *My dear Mrs Smith*. When writing to people you do not know, put

Dear Sir, to a gentleman and *Dear Madam*, to a lady.

The salutation always requires a line to itself. Just below it we start the letter proper, which is known as the *body*, and the first word comes much further from the left-hand edge than the first word of the salutation. As a general rule, one does not commence a letter with the personal pronoun "I," because it is considered bad taste to write "I" frequently, as though one were making too much of one's own importance.

We start our letter then on these lines —

*The Thatched Cottage,
Firs Drive,
Marlow, Bucks
April 12th, 193-*

My dear Auntie Susie,

We were so pleased to have your long letter and to hear all the news, and I am glad to know that Uncle Jim is now so much better that he is able to go out again.

Here you see that the word "We" makes a good commencement, because it suggests that the letter is being written on behalf of the whole family, but the pleasure at the good news received can be expressed in the first person by "I."

Rules for Letter-writers

One of the first rules with any letter is to break it up into suitable separate paragraphs. A letter which goes on from beginning to end without a break or fresh paragraph is not only tiresome, but also confusing. We write our letters with a good clear margin down the left-hand side of the page, and every new paragraph commences still further to the right, always starting with a capital letter. So far as possible, each paragraph should have its own particular *subject*, and one subject ought not to be mixed with another.

When *replying* to a letter, always have that letter by you for reference,

and deal with it one paragraph at a time, being most careful to answer any questions that have been raised. If you attempt to reply to a letter without having it by you, you are almost sure to overlook some important point.

As you feel that the letter is going to be your little messenger, be very careful to make everything *plain*. This is best done not only by paragraphing freely, but also by using short sentences, seeing that every sentence ends with a full stop. If you have to use figures, make them very distinctly, for it is easy to confuse say a 3 with a 5. Do not attempt to employ long words unless you fully understand their meaning. Indeed, the more simple the words you use the better. As for any doubts and difficulties with words, you can always refer to *A Children's Dictionary*, beginning on page 179 of Vol. 8.

Lastly, never put into writing any cross or angry words, and be most particular not to express unkind thoughts about anyone. However cross you may feel, a letter lasts far longer than any fit of anger, and one ought always to be watchful of the written word. Again, if one writes something unkind about another person, it is almost certain that one will be sorry afterwards—probably before the letter can even be delivered!

Ending a Letter.

Having completed the letter by writing the whole of the body, we come finally to that part which is known as the *subscription*. Once upon a time people put. "And now I subscribe myself, Your most humble Servant," and so on. This form of ending died out long ago, but the term *subscription* still remains to remind us of the old-time custom.

To that letter which you began. *My dearest Mother*, you would probably put *Your loving daughter, Sue*, and that would be quite a correct subscription. To an aunt or uncle you

might put *Your affectionate neice, Sue*. In both instances your name would come on a line by itself, and the subscription would also have a separate line. In writing to an old friend, you might quite well put—

*I remain, dear Mrs. Holton,
Yours very sincerely,
Nancy.*

For business letters one puts *Yours faithfully*, or else *Yours truly*. When writing to friends *Yours sincerely*, *Yours very sincerely*, or *Yours most sincerely*, may all be used according to the degree of friendship. The words "*I remain*" are nowadays seldom used, and *Ever yours sincerely* is somewhat old fashioned. Never be tempted to drop into slang with the subscription to a letter, as by putting *Cheerio!* or words of that kind.

We have, therefore, in our model letter the *heading* and *date*, the *salutation*; the *body* and the *subscription*. There is one other part used in very formal letters and also in business correspondence which is known as the *address*. It is really the address to which the letter is to be sent, and the following are two examples. In the first, one is writing to a duke, and, in the second, to a business firm. In both instances the address is brought in between the heading and date and the body, thus—

1 *His Grace the Duke of Blankshire, K.G.,
Norman Castle,
Blankshire*

2 *Messrs Parker & Ogden,
81 Sunbury Street,
London, E.C.4*

In the case of private and personal letters, there is no need whatever to write in an address between the heading and date and the salutation.

Addressing the Envelope

The chief point about addressing an envelope is to make everything perfectly plain. It may be that your letter

will pass through a great many hands between the time it leaves you and its delivery, and the clearer the writing the simpler the task of sorters and postmen, and the less likelihood of delay. The three, four or more lines which make up the name and address should be nicely stepped, and the post town be written in large characters and on a line by itself, thus —

*Mrs Horton,
The Thatched Cottage,
Firs Drive,
MARLOW,
Bucks*

The postage stamp (or stamps) ought always to be put in the top right-hand corner, because the cancelling machines at the sorting offices are arranged to deal with stamps in this position. When stamps are placed in other positions, they are apt to cause unnecessary trouble to the officials.

Postcards are most useful for unimportant personal notes, reminders and memoranda which one does not mind anyone else seeing. It would be the height of bad taste to write anything unkind or unpleasant about a person on a postcard.

Adding Postscripts

If when you have written a letter and have gone over it, carefully putting in commas and making the necessary corrections, you find you have left something out, it is quite permissible to add a separate paragraph at the end. This paragraph should have, in capitals, the letters P.S. at the beginning, showing that it is an afterthought, or *postscript* or *post scriptum*. If there are two postscripts, the second one becomes a P.P.S. It is well, though, not to make use of postscripts more than one can possibly help, as they are regarded nowadays as being rather vulgar.

So far as the stops are concerned, sentences are ended always with full stops, commas being freely used to break up the sections of sentences. It

is very seldom in a private letter that one needs the semi-colon (,), but at times the colon (:) is useful.

Will you please be good enough to send me the following things a cake of soap, a packet of sewing needles, medium size, a card of shoe buttons, black, and a box of "Waverley" pen nibs

Here the colon (:) comes to show that a list is following. Each item in the list is divided off by a semi-colon (,). Again, the comma is used in its right sense, and the word "Waverley" is shown in inverted commas because it is the quotation of a title. Question marks are most important, because a sentence to which they apply would be incomplete without them. For example —

Will you be able to come with me to the swimming baths on Friday next?

This is a sentence where the *note of interrogation* is essential. It is not very often that one needs the *note of exclamation*, but it is sometimes very helpful. For instance, suppose you were describing a race in the school sports, it would be quite in order to write —

My word, how young Willie did run!

Here you see the mark gives emphasis to the ejaculation "My word," but one puts it at the end of the sentence.

The apostrophe or single inverted comma has two distinct purposes in a letter. One uses it in the following senses, for example —

If it's a nice day I'll be sure to come on Monday

Here, in *it's* (*it is*), the apostrophe stands for the letter "i" which is left out. Again, in *I'll* (*I shall*, or in another sense *I will*), the apostrophe takes the place of letters that are omitted.

But we can also use this apostrophe to show the *possessive case*. *I was in my uncle's garden* is an example, and the " " shows the meaning to be "in the garden of (*i.e.*, possessed by) my uncle". Now supposing you had two

uncles who lived next door to one another, and owned one big garden between them. In this instance you would write:—

I was in my uncles' garden

Here the final "s" in uncles shows that you are writing in the plural (*i.e.*, that there were more uncles than one), and so the apostrophe comes after the "s". In some instances, where a word ends in "s," one must add the apostrophe and a second "s," as is shown in *St James's*.

In the Third Person.

Up to the present the letters we have been discussing are those written in the first person, in which one uses the pronoun "I". Another type of letter is that written in the third person, and this calls for neither salutation nor subscription. To quote an example—

*The Thatched Cottage,
Firs Drive,
Marlow, Bucks*

Mrs Horton would be obliged if Mr Thomas Woods could kindly call and tune the piano on Friday afternoon, April 20th
April 12th, 193-

In such a letter, the heading is put as usual at the top right-hand corner, and the date at the bottom left-hand corner. The chief point to bear in mind is the *tense* used in the sentences. For example, *would be obliged* may be followed by *would* or *could*. *Will be obliged* requires *will* or *can*.

Invitations to many social functions and orders or instructions to people one does not know very well are often written in the third person.

It will be well now to consider some specimens of actual letters, and these specimens will be found extremely useful, though it is not suggested for a moment that they be copied slavishly. The idea is to give the reader a general word-picture of how letters should be written, phrases chosen and expressions used. You may therefore take these used. You may therefore take these letters as *guides* and add your own

personal notes as required, according to circumstances, regarding the specimens mainly as models.

To a Party

A party, especially one for children, is, of course, a formal affair, and most parents like the invitations to be quite formal. As a general rule, the invitations are written on square-shaped correspondence cards (obtainable from most stationers, with envelopes to match), and are sent out in the name of the hostess. The following is an example—

*Mrs Horton requests the pleasure of the company of Miss Susan and Master Walter Naylor on Friday, January 12th
The Thatched Cottage, 4.30 to 9 p.m.
Marlow January 5th, 193-*

Such a card of invitation may have the letters *R S V P* (*répondez, s'il vous plaît*—"Reply, if you please"), but with invitations it is customary to send them out a clear seven days before the event, and for the people receiving them to accept or refuse within twenty-four hours.

When issuing such an invitation, an only daughter, even if quite a tiny child, would be just *Miss Horton*, with no Christian name. If there were two girls, the invitation would read—

The company of the Misses Susan and Hettie Horton,

or, with boys—

Masters William and Walter Horton

In the instance quoted above, *Miss Susan*, we must assume that she has an elder sister, maybe one who is grown-up and too old for a children's party.

Accepting.

An acceptance of such an invitation is made on the same type of correspondence card, enclosed in an envelope that matches, and the following is a specimen—

Miss Susan and Master Walter Naylor have great pleasure in accepting the kind

A CHILDREN'S LETTER-WRITER

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Invitation of Mrs. Horton for Friday,
January 12th.
Oak Lodge,
Marlow. January 6th, 193-.

Refusing.

The refusal should be written on a correspondence card in these terms:—

Miss Susan and Master Walter Naylor thank Mrs. Horton for her kind invitation for January 12th, but regret that they are not able to accept owing to the fact that there has been an outbreak of measles at the school they are attending.

Oak Lodge,
Marlow. January 6th, 193-.

On the other hand, there is no actual need to specify a reason in close detail:

... regret they are unable to accept owing to a previous engagement

would be ample in many instances, especially if Mrs. Naylor did not want her children to be present, and desired to send a cold reply. As against this, Mrs. Naylor could send the formal refusal suggested, and enclose with it a note of her own explaining the reasons in greater detail.

With more informal parties the hostess writes to the mother of the children to be invited, who replies either accepting or refusing according to circumstances. Only with the formal invitations do the children reply themselves.

Formal invitations ought always to be issued for Coming-of-Age parties, and the majority of guests will wish to take a present for the young man or girl who is being honoured. Ordinary parties given in celebration of birthdays should contain no reference to the event in the card of invitation, or it might be construed into a suggestion that the guests should bring presents, which is not necessary.

An Invitation to Tea.

For an ordinary small tea party it would be quite permissible for a hostess

to write direct to the elder of two children of a family on these lines:—

The Thatched Cottage,
Firs Drive,
Marlow, Bucks
April 12th, 193-

My Dear Elsie,

Norah and Tom are having a few friends in to tea on Friday afternoon April 20th, and I should be so delighted if you and Walter could come. Will you please ask mother if she can spare you?

Yours very sincerely,
Rachel Horton

Accepting.

Oak Lodge,
Marlow, Bucks
April 13th 193-

Dear Mrs. Horton,

Thank you very much indeed for your kind invitation for the 20th. Walter and I have very much pleasure in accepting, and are looking forward greatly to seeing Norah and Tom again and meeting their friends.

Mother asks me to send her kindest remembrances,

Yours very sincerely,
Elsie Taylor

Refusing.

Oak Lodge,
Marlow, Bucks
April 13th, 193-

Dear Mrs. Horton,

Thank you very much indeed for your kind invitation for the 20th, but Walter and I regret very much that we are not able to accept. We have already arranged that afternoon to go to friends at Maidenhead.

Mother asks me to send her kindest remembrances,

Yours very sincerely,
Elsie Taylor

Thanks for a Present (Girl).

Address and Date

My dear Aunt Polly,

I am writing at once to thank you for the lovely doll which reached me quite safely this morning. I cannot tell you how truly delighted I am with this birthday present. I do not think I ever saw a dolly with such a

pretty face or one with such a sweet set of clothes, all so beautifully made

We do not know, of course, if you had anything to do with it, but Auntie Flo has sent the most lovely dollie's carriage, painted blue, which is my favourite colour. If Auntie Flo did not know about the doll, it was wonderful that she should choose such a gift, wasn't it?

Thank you so much, dear Aunt Polly. I hope you will soon be able to come and see both the doll and the carriage

Your loving niece,
Elsie

Thanks for a Present (Boy).

Address and Date

My dear Uncle Pat,

I cannot tell you the excitement there was here this morning when the railway van arrived and the man brought in a wooden box addressed to me. I could hardly wait whilst Dad helped me to open the case, and you can just imagine how delighted I was when I found inside the beautiful railway engine with lines and everything all complete

For years and years—almost as long as I can remember—I have been keen on railways, and it has always been an ambition to have an engine that really worked, though I did not dare to think my wish would ever come true

Thank you so much, dear Uncle Pat. We all hope you will be able to come soon and see the engine running round on its rails,

Your affectionate nephew,
Walter

After Making a Stay.

Address and Date

Dear Mrs MacIntosh,

When Joan told me last term that you had really asked me to come and spend part of the school holidays at your seaside home, I thought I had never been so delighted in my life. Now that I have been, though, I know I was still more delighted, and am writing at once to thank you for your very, very great kindness

Joan and I were so happy together all the time, and I shall never forget her lovely room, from the window of which we could see the fishing boats coming in, or the bathing, or the games on the sands, or the teas in the garden summer house. Mother says she has never seen me looking so well

Thanking you again, dear Mrs MacIntosh,

for a holiday which I am sure I shall never forget, and with best love to Joan,

Yours very sincerely,
Janet

Thanks for Entertainment.

Address and Date

My dear Uncle Will,

I am writing at once to tell you how thoroughly I enjoyed last evening. It was wonderful going out to dinner at a big hotel, but to be taken on to Jigg's famous Circus was more wonderful still, and I enjoyed every single minute. The parts I liked best I think were the clowns and the girls on horseback who jumped through paper hoops

With renewed thanks for the lovely evening and fondest love to you and Aunt Kit,

Your affectionate niece,
Ursula

Flowers during Illness

Address and Date

My dear Mrs Horton,

You will be pleased to hear I know that I have been sitting up for three days now, and nurse says I may have a table at the window and begin to write letters. And of course I should like my very first letter to be one to you, for you have sent me such lovely flowers all through my illness, and I know have made so many kind inquiries

The flowers have been simply lovely. I used to look forward to the time when nurse brought them into my room in the mornings, but I did not like her having to take them away when the evening came

Mother says she hopes you will soon be able to come and see us both,

Yours very sincerely,
Alice

To Mother (whilst on Holiday).

Address and Date

My dearest Mother,

Just a few lines to let you know that Joan and I are having a simply wonderful time. This is a most beautiful house at which to stay, and Mrs Horton is kindness itself, for she seems to see that there is something nice to do every day. We have been bathing and boating, and had two such lovely picnics, and yesterday we went to a garden party where there were all sorts of games—and I won a prize in a race!

I am not forgetting what you told me about

keeping my room nice and tidy, but the maid is most attentive. The weather so far has been perfect, and we seem to be out-of-doors almost all day long, though Mrs. Horton sees that we go to bed early.

Hoping you and daddy are quite well, and wishing you were here with us,

Your loving,
Molly.

P.S.—If you could send down my blue frock it would be ever so nice, as I believe we are to be invited to an evening party on Saturday.

For a Free Sample.

The application should be written on a postcard, or on a correspondence card if stamps or a coupon have to be enclosed:

Address in full.

Miss Molly Dene has seen Messrs. Shaftesbury's advertisement in the Daily Call, and would be very much obliged for a free sample of "Chew-Chew" Toffee as offered. 2d. in stamps enclosed as requested.

Date.

For an Autograph..

Address and Date.

Captain P. G. Mays,
Cranford Aerodrome,
Midshire.

Dear Sir,

I have read so much about your air adventures in the newspapers and have actually seen you flying, watching you loop the loop and do the "falling leaf" so wonderfully, that I am venturing to write and ask if you will very kindly sign your name in my autograph book.

It would be such a pleasure to me if you would grant me this great favour, and I am enclosing the book herewith, together with a stamped addressed wrapper for its return.

Thanking you in anticipation, I am,
Your sincere admirer,
Angela Horton.

To a Schoolmaster.

Address and Date.

George Stephenson, Esq., M.A.,
St. Dunstan's Grammar School,
Sunderland.

Dear Mr. Stephenson,

It has been decided now that I am not to go to a university, and so I am applying for

a post in the office of the East and West Steam Packet Co.

With my form of application it is necessary to include two references, one of which should come from the headmaster of the school I last attended, and I am venturing to write and ask if you will very kindly send me such a reference.

Thanking you in anticipation,
Yours obediently,
David Dale.

To Join a Football Club.

Address and Date.

The Hon. Secretary,
North Swifts Football Club,
22 Bakewell Terrace,
Northminster.

Dear Sir,

I am writing to ask if you will very kindly put forward my name for membership of your Club. I have played for several years for the second and first elevens at St. Dunstan's Grammar School, but unfortunately we have only just removed to this district, and I do not know any of your members to ask them to propose and second me.

I should be very pleased indeed to play in a trial game, if desired, my favourite position being outside right. Perhaps you will also let me know the joining fee (if any), and the amount of the annual subscription.

Yours faithfully,
David Dale.

Answering an Advertisement (Girl).

Address and Date.

To the Advertiser,
Box C.H. 1869,
The Daily Call,
Fleet Street, E.C.4.

Dear Sir,

Referring to your advertisement in to-day's Daily Call for a girl secretary, I beg to offer my services for the vacant post. I am eighteen years of age and living at home, having been educated at the Queenston High School. Since leaving school I have attended classes at Wilson's Commercial Academy, and have a certificate for shorthand and a diploma for typewriting, whilst I have also studied business accounts.

Hoping to be accorded the favour of an interview,

Yours obediently,
Rachel Dene.

Answering an Advertisement (Boy).

Address and Date

To the Advertiser,

Box C H. 1869,

The Daily Call,

Fleet Street, E C 4

Dear Sir,

Referring to your advertisement in to-day's Daily Call for a junior clerk, I beg to offer my services for the vacant post I shall be seventeen at my next birthday, and have just left the St James's Secondary School where I took a special course in commercial subjects I am also at present attending evening classes for the purpose of perfecting my shorthand

Hoping to be accorded the favour of an interview,

Yours obediently,
David Dale.

When replying to an advertisement, nothing is to be gained by enclosing a stamped, addressed envelope, unless one is asked specially to do so. If references or testimonials are requested, the originals ought never to be sent, and it is sufficient to forward clean copies. If you have been employed before, and at the time are unemployed, it would be wise to mention the reason why you left your last post.

The whole point to bear in mind is that the letter you write is the one form of introduction you have to the advertiser and possible employer. You have to make that letter as brief as is reasonably possible, for the advertiser is not likely to wade through a lengthy epistle. On the other hand, you want to put into the letter every detail of information that can possibly stand you in good stead, and make your application just a little different, perhaps, from hundreds of others. You must remember that the advertiser *does not know you*, and that everything will depend upon the plain and straightforward manner in which you state your case.

Some Forms of Address.

There are special forms of address, and also of salutation and subscription,

for people in the higher walks of life, and our Letter-writer would not be complete without them. It is not very likely, of course, that you will ever have occasion to write a letter to His Majesty the King or to Her Majesty the Queen, but, if this did happen, you would head the letters respectively —

To the King's Most Excellent Majesty,
beginning *Sir*,

OR

To the Queen's Most Excellent Majesty,
beginning *Madam*,

Members of the Royal Family are addressed —

To His or Her Royal Highness, with their title, followed by *Sir* or *Madam*, as the case may be

The forms of address (to be written at the left-hand side of the page, between the heading and the salutation) for titled people of different ranks are as follows :—

To a Duke

His Grace the Duke of Blankshire

To a Duchess

*Her Grace the Duchess of Blankshire*To a Dowager Duchess (*i.e.*, the widow of a duke)*Her Grace the Dowager Duchess of Blankshire*

To a Marquis or Marchioness

The Most Honourable the Marquis (or Marchioness) of —

To an Earl or Countess

The Right Honourable the Earl (or Countess) of —

To a Viscount or Viscountess

*The Right Honourable Viscount (or Viscountess) —*To a Lord or Lady (*i.e.*, Baron or Baroness)*The Right Honourable the Lord (or Lady) —*

To a Baronet or his wife

Sir Timothy Sloth, Bart., or Lady Sloth

To a Knight, or his wife

Sir Cranford Winn, K C V O, or Lady Winn

It should be noted that in most cases

Knights belong to a definite *Order*, the initials of which should always be quoted. We have in our Motherland nine Orders of Chivalry, in the following sequence:—

Knights of the Most Noble Order of the Garter = K G

Knights of the Most Ancient and Most Noble Order of the Thistle = K T.

Knights of the Most Illustrious Order of St Patrick = K P

The Most Honourable Order of the Bath = K C B (i.e., Knight Commander of the Bath)

The Most Exalted Order of the Star of India = K C S I (i.e., Knight Commander of the Star of India)

The Most Distinguished Order of St Michael and St. George = K C M G (i.e., Knight Commander Michael-George)

The Most Eminent Order of the Indian Empire = K C I E (i.e., Knight Commander Indian Empire)

The Royal Victorian Order = K C V O (i.e., Knight Commander Victorian Order)

The Most Excellent Order of the British Empire = K B E

In addition to these Orders of Chivalry, there are the *Knights Bachelor*, who do not form a Royal Order. Members are addressed as "Sir," but have no letters after their names. Honours are also conferred upon distinguished ladies, and the title *Dame* is brought into use. D B E means Dame Commander (i.e., a rank for a lady similar to Knight Commander) of the Order of the British Empire.

In the case of all the *Forms of Address* given above, the actual address of the person to whom you are writing should be inserted below the name, nicely stepped as it would be on an envelope.

With regard to sons and daughters of the nobility, the eldest son of a duke generally assumes one of his father's other titles, and may be either a marquis or an earl, being addressed as such. The eldest son of an earl is usually a viscount or else a lord (baron). In the

case of earldoms, the eldest son and all the daughters are Right Honourables, but the younger sons are Honourables.

A point about which we must be very careful is always to give the *Christian names* to the younger sons and daughters of dukes, marquises and earls. In such instances we should write—

The Right Honourable Lady Mary —
or, *The Honourable Lord Arthur* —

There are still some other forms of address which we shall require to know for the clergy, officers of the Navy, Army and Air Force, and people holding official positions—

The Clergy

His Grace the Lord Archbishop of —

The Right Reverend the Lord Bishop of —

The Very Reverend the Dean of —

The Venerable the Archdeacon of —

The Reverend Canon Wigginton

The majority of clergymen will also have letters after their names, i.e.,

D D (Doctor of Divinity)

B D (Bachelor of Divinity)

M A (Master of Arts)

B.A (Bachelor of Arts)

C F (Chaplain to the Forces)

In writing to a clergyman who is a Doctor of Divinity (D D) whom one knew, one would put "Dear Dr Lewis," instead of "Dear Mr Lewis."

Navy, Army and Air Force

When addressing officers of the Navy, Army and Air Force, one always puts the official rank *first* and the title *next*, i.e.,

Admiral Sir George Wesson

Major the Honourable Lord Arthur Harris.

Captain the Right Honourable the Lord Bedfont

In the Army, Captains and all those of higher rank are addressed by their rank, i.e.,

Captain H G Meads

Major Frank Welland

Colonel George Smith.

and so on

Many military men belong to the Distinguished Service Order, and have the letters *D S O.* after their names. Others may be *V.C.* (Victoria Cross); *M C* (Military Cross); *D F C* (Distinguished Flying Cross), *V D* (Volunteer Decoration); *T D* (Territorial Decoration), etc. Thus, as a form of address, we might have to put —

Major Frank Welland, D S O., M C

Lieutenants and Second-Lieutenants in the Army (but *not* Lieutenants in the Royal Navy) we do not address by their rank, putting merely :—

George Parker, Esq.

Queen Mary's Own Hussars

If you were writing to a Lord Mayor, the address on the letter should read :—

The Right Honourable the Lord Mayor of —

To a Mayor one would put .—

The Right Worshipful the Mayor of —

in both instances with the name of the city or borough.

Once upon a time the title *Esquire* was bestowed upon those who carried the shield of a knight. To-day by law the sons of peers, the eldest sons of baronets and knights, justices-of-the-peace (*i.e.*, magistrates), and barristers-at-law, are entitled to the honour, but by custom we now address as *Esquire* or *Esq.* anyone of good position in life. When *Esq.* is used, however, we must omit the *Mr*. *Mr Frank Welland, Esq.*, for instance, would be utterly wrong.

The Proper Salutations

The information given above deals with the various Forms of Address to be used with people of title, and those holding official positions. In each instance, by custom and etiquette, there is a special *Salutation*, according to the following list —

Duke or Duchess	<i>My Lord Duke, or Madam</i>
Dowager Duchess	<i>Madam</i>
Marquis or Marchioness	<i>My Lord, or Madam</i>
Earl or Countess	<i>My Lord, or Madam</i>

Viscount or Viscountess	<i>My Lord, or Madam</i>
Baron (<i>i.e.</i> , Lord) or Baroness	<i>My Lord, or Madam</i>
Eldest Son of a Duke	<i>My Lord Marquis</i>
Eldest Son of an Earl	<i>My Lord</i>
Younger Son of a Duke	<i>My Lord</i>
Younger Sons of Earls, Viscounts and Barons	<i>My Lord</i>
Daughters of Dukes and Earls	<i>Sir</i>
Baronet or his Wife	<i>Sir, or Madam</i>
Knight or his Wife	<i>Sir, or Madam</i>
Archbishop	<i>My Lord Archbishop</i>
Bishop	<i>My Lord Bishop</i>
Archdeacon, Dean or Canon	<i>Reverend Sir</i>
Lord Mayor	<i>My Lord</i>
Mayor	<i>Sir</i>

Strictly speaking, it is correct when writing to a clergyman to use the salutation *Reverend Sir*, but this is very seldom employed nowadays, and one would write the much more friendly *Dear Mr Davis*, or even *My dear Rector*, or *My dear Vicar*, as the case may be. A clergyman with a title is given his clerical form of address first, *i.e.*, *The Rev and Honourable George Davis, M.A.*

It is good form when writing to officials of the Civil Service (*i.e.*, the Post Office Savings Bank, as a case in point) to use the formal salutation *Sir*, and not the *Dear Sir* which is customary in business correspondence.

Correct Subscriptions.

The ending of a letter, known as the subscription, also varies with people of different degrees, the following being the forms usually accepted —

King or Queen

<i>I am, Sir (or Madam),</i>	<i>Your Majesty's most faithful servant,</i>
Member of the Royal Family	
<i>I am, Sir (or Madam),</i>	<i>Your Royal Highness's most obedient servant,</i>

Duke or Duchess

<i>I am, my Lord Duke (or Madam),</i>	<i>Your Grace's obedient servant,</i>
---------------------------------------	---------------------------------------

Marquis or Marchioness

*I am, my Lord Marquis (or Madam),
Your Lordship's (or Ladyship's)
obedient servant,*

Earl or Countess, Viscount or Viscountess,
Baron or Baroness

*I am, my Lord (or Madam),
Your Lordship's (or Ladyship's)
obedient servant,*

Baronets and Knights or their Wives

*I am, Sir (or Madam),
Your obedient servant,*

When writing to important officers of state and those in high official positions (unless they possess titles, as given above), it is correct to put —

*I have the honour to be, Sir,
Your obedient servant,*

In the case of a Bishop, one would put —

*I have the honour to be, my Lord Bishop,
Your obedient servant,*

When dealing with ordinary business letters, the subscription *Yours faithfully*, or else *Yours truly*, meets every case

When Signing Letters

With the subscription properly inserted, nothing now remains but to sign the letter, and it is of the utmost importance that one's signature should be very plain and readable. A great deal of trouble is caused in the world by people who write signatures that no one can read, and girls and boys should form the habit early of writing their names boldly and legibly.

One may sign a letter to a relation or close friend merely *Nancy* or *Reg*, but to strangers the surnames should always be included. *Nancy Poole* or *Nancy F. Poole* would be satisfactory signatures, and it would be quite permissible to put in brackets (*Miss*) or (*Mrs*) when writing to a complete stranger from whom one expected a reply.

A very frequent mistake, when one is writing several letters at a time, is to put the missives into the wrong envelope,

so causing confusion and disappointment. The wisest rule to make is to address the envelope and seal up each letter as you write it, not waiting till all the letters are finished.

Be most particular to set out the address correctly on the envelope. It is never wise to use abbreviations such as L'pool for Liverpool, B'ham for Birmingham, S O T, for Stoke-on-Trent, for example, because it is not everyone who knows what these abbreviations mean. In the same way, do not overlook the county. There are no fewer than ten separate Newports in the Post Office Guide, as a case in point, so if the Newport to which you happen to be writing is in Monmouthshire or Salop (Shropshire), be certain to specify the county. We can find many other instances of one name (such as Bradford, Newton, Walton and Weston) being used by a great many places in different parts of the country.

London and some of our great provincial cities (such as Manchester, Glasgow, Sheffield, Liverpool and Bristol) are divided into separate postal areas which are known by numbers. The object of this system is to assist the work of sorting the mail, and we should never fail to put the right number after the address when one is given, as, apart from helping the sorters, we shall probably save our own correspondence from being delayed. So far as London is concerned, it is also divided into huge districts under letters, the numbered areas or sorting offices coming within these districts.

The principal *LONDON* Districts are —

E C (Eastern Central), from *E C 1* to *E C 4*,
in areas

W C (Western Central), areas *W C 1* and
W C 2

W (Western), *W 1* to *W 14*

S W (South-Western), *S W 1* to *S W 20*

S E (South-Eastern), *S E 1* to *S E 27*

E (Eastern), *E 1* to *E 18*

N (Northern), *N 1* to *N 22*

N W (North-Western), *N W 1* to *N W 11*

Rates of Postage

It goes without saying that, having completed your letter and placed it in its envelope, you must affix a stamp of the proper value, for if a postal packet is not sufficiently stamped, the person receiving it is called upon to pay double the shortage, or double the postage if there are no stamps at all.

Rather more than a hundred years ago the lowest charge for sending a letter by post was 4*d*, and the charge varied with the distance, the postage between London and Edinburgh being 1*3½d*. At about that time Mr (afterwards Sir) Rowland Hill conceived the scheme of making one charge for all letters, whatever the distance they had to be sent. His idea was that a penny would be a high enough charge, and we had the penny post from January, 1840, right down to 1918, an unbroken period of seventy-eight years. There came then the difficulties attendant upon the Great War, and the penny was raised to 1*½d* in 1918 and to 2*d* in 1920. The twopenny minimum for letters did not remain in force very long, however, and the fee has been 1*½d* for many years now. According to some authorities, the popular penny post first introduced by Sir Rowland Hill will eventually be restored, but no one can say at present when that change will become possible.

The current postal rates for Letters are as follows —

Weight not exceeding	Inland Postage.	British Empire countries (except Transjordan), U.S.A., Tangier, Egypt, and H.M. ships of war	Other places overseas (including Iraq and Transjordan)
1 oz .	1 <i>½d</i>	1 <i>½d</i>	2 <i>½d</i>
2 ozs .	1 <i>2½d</i>	2 <i>½d</i>	4 <i>d</i>
3 ozs .	2 <i>d</i>	3 <i>½d</i>	5 <i>½d</i>
4 ozs .	2 <i>d</i>	4 <i>½d</i>	7 <i>d</i>
6 ozs .	2 <i>½d</i>	6 <i>½d</i>	10 <i>d</i>
8 ozs .	3 <i>d</i>	8 <i>½d</i>	1 <i>s 1d</i>

In the ordinary course of events, letters posted in one of the red pillar boxes for the normal mail are dealt with by postmen on foot or cycles, motor mail vans, railway trains and steam-boats. If their destination is overseas, they may be carried on pony-back, by postmen on skates or skis, or even toboggans or sledges, by dogs, camels, llamas or other beasts of burden, by native runners, by boatmen, and in a variety of other ways.

By the Air Mail

Another method which has come into being in recent years, and is fast expanding, is that of sending correspondence the world over by means of aeroplanes and seaplanes. This method is known as the *Air Mail Service*, and letters dispatched by this means are naturally charged at a higher rate than that of the ordinary post. As a general rule, the charge is based on *half-ounces*, and it is usually considered that one double sheet of notepaper and an envelope will not exceed half an ounce in weight. To send away a letter by Air Mail, one must affix to the top left-hand corner of the envelope a special blue Air Mail label, and these labels are supplied free of charge at any post office. The letter is then posted in the ordinary way, except that in London and certain other large centres there are a few pillar boxes painted *bright blue*, such boxes being reserved exclusively for the Air Mails.

To obtain the latest information regarding the Air Mails, you should ask for the *Air Mail Leaflet*, which is obtainable free at any post office. The leaflet shows the countries served by this mail, latest times for posting, and the charges made. Some of the Air Mail services are open only at certain times of year, but others are run at all seasons, and no doubt before many years have elapsed we shall be able to dispatch urgent letters by air to almost every part of the world. As an instance of the time saved by the Air Mail, a

letter sent by this method takes nine days in transmission from London to Singapore, the corresponding time by ordinary mail being twenty-two days. Even with a letter going such a comparatively short distance as to Paris there is a saving of some hours by the air route.

How Long Does it Take?

Very often one is asked a question, how long does it take to get to San Francisco, or how long to Madras, or how long to Zanzibar, or any other place overseas? Seeing that the ordinary post office mail is always dispatched to its destination with the least possible delay, the following table will answer all such questions. It shows the approximate number of *Days* a letter would take from its dispatch in *London* until it reached its destination. If you were dispatching a letter from Edinburgh or a place in the provinces, you must add extra time to allow it to reach London for the dispatch —

	Days		Days
<i>Adelaide</i>	29	<i>Mauritius</i>	27-52
<i>Aden</i>	10	<i>Melbourne</i>	30
<i>Alexandria</i>	4-5	<i>Mexico</i>	9-15
<i>Auckland</i>	30-40	<i>Montreal</i>	6-11
<i>Azores</i>	8-12	<i>Newfoundland</i>	9-16
<i>Bahamas</i>	10-19	<i>New York</i>	5-10
<i>Barbados</i>	10-15	<i>Nova Scotia</i>	6-11
<i>Bombay</i>	14	<i>Panama</i>	13-19
<i>Brisbane</i>	32	<i>Port Said</i>	5-6
<i>Buenos Aires</i>	15-21	<i>Pretoria</i>	18
<i>Cairo</i>	5-6	<i>Quebec</i>	5-10
<i>Calcutta</i>	16	<i>Rio de Janeiro</i>	12-18
<i>Cameroons</i>	18-30	<i>San Francisco</i>	10-15
<i>Cape Town</i>	17	<i>Seychelles</i>	26-47
<i>Chicago</i>	7-12	<i>Shanghai</i>	29-34
<i>Constantinople</i>	4	<i>Sierra Leone</i>	10-14
<i>Durban</i>	19	<i>Singapore</i>	22
<i>Gibraltar</i>	4	<i>Sydney</i>	31
<i>Hobart</i>	33	<i>Toronto</i>	7-12
<i>Hong Kong</i>	28-30	<i>Trinidad</i>	11-17
<i>Jamaica</i>	11-17	<i>Vancouver</i>	9-15
<i>Kimberley</i>	18	<i>Washington</i>	6-11
<i>Lagos</i>	17	<i>Wellington (New Zealand)</i>	30-40
<i>Madeira</i>	4-7	<i>Winnipeg</i>	7-13
<i>Madras</i>	16	<i>Zanzibar</i>	17-27
<i>Malla</i>	31-5		

In some instances there is a wide difference in the length of time taken. This is due to a variation at different seasons in the services of mail boats. In other cases, there may be a direct

boat only at intervals, the intermediate mail being conveyed by some other route.

When You can Post Yourself

Generally speaking, when we write letters, we drop them into the nearest pillar box, and they go on their way in the ordinary course of postal dispatch and delivery. There may be times, however, when this method is not sufficiently rapid, and so we fall back on a system known as *Express Post*.

This system is divided into two distinct sections, the first of which is carried out by *express messenger*. Thus we go into any post office with our very urgent letter (provided that the post office does telegraph business, and so has messengers on the staff), and hand it in to be dispatched immediately. Within a few moments, or just as soon as a messenger is available, the letter is being taken as fast as possible to its destination, the messenger generally using one of the familiar red bicycles.

On letters sent by *express messenger* we do not pay the ordinary postage at all, and the envelope does not need to be stamped. We are merely charged 6d for every mile or part of a mile from the office of dispatch to the place of delivery. Of course, if the red bicycle is still not swift enough, and a taxi-cab is available, we can send the messenger by taxi, if we are willing to pay his fare, but whatever charges are due at the post office, we buy stamps to that amount and affix them to a form provided, instead of to the envelope containing the letter.

It is not by any means likely, but let us imagine for a moment that you are a little girl, and have become lost in the maze of streets somewhere in north-west London, streets that seem all alike to you, with their bustle of scurrying people and traffic. You know that you are a country girl staying with your Aunt and Uncle near Hampstead Heath, and you remember the address perfectly. What you do not know is how

to reach the cheery home where you are holiday-making

As I said, it is not very likely, but just suppose you happened to find yourself in such an awkward predicament. An excellent idea would be to ask the first policeman you met to direct you to the nearest post office, and, once you had safely arrived there, you could simply *post yourself*. In other words, you could become an express letter, and a special messenger would take you to the house whose address you gave—not on the back of his red bicycle, of course, but by tram-car, omnibus, or some such convenient means.

There was a case some years ago of an American gentleman who lost himself in much the same way in London, and who became for a few minutes a "postal packet" whilst an express messenger conducted him quickly back to his hotel. In another instance, a lady had a large though quite docile dog to be led on a chain to the house of a friend, and doggie was "posted" by express messenger, and promptly delivered.

A plan of more recent introduction is to send a letter by a combination of train and special messenger. You hand in the letter at a post office and a messenger takes it to the railway station. At the same time a telegram is despatched to the post office at the other end of the journey so that another special messenger can meet the train, collect the letter and deliver it immediately.

Express Delivery Letters.

The second class of Express Letters is quite different from the first. In this case one hands in the letter over the counter of a post office and the official fastens a little red label *EXPRESS* in the top left-hand corner of the envelope, at the same time drawing a blue line right down through the middle.

Your letter is then put into the post in the ordinary way, and travels to its

destination just as hundreds of other letters and packets may be doing. At the chief post office or sorting office of the town in which the letter is to be delivered, a lynx-eyed sorter quickly detects both the blue line and the red *EXPRESS* label, and removes it at once for special treatment.

Up to this stage your letter has had no unusual attention paid to it, but just as soon as the sorter finds it, it is sent to the telegraph department of the post office, and then immediately despatched by special messenger. In this instance one has to pay (in stamps) the ordinary postage on the letter, and a charge of 6d per mile or part of a mile for delivery to the destination from the post office is made.

You may wonder at first glance what this system saves. Let us suppose then that you live in a country place where there is a delivery of letters at 8 a.m. and another at 12 noon, with no more during the day. Your postman brings out your letters from the town near which you live, and a general mail from London and other parts reaches that town say at 3 p.m. Ordinarily, any letters for you coming by that mail would be delivered at breakfast time next morning, but this express letter, which we have been considering, would be at your house at least by four o'clock in the hands of a telegraph boy or other special messenger. If the matter were a very important one, you could probably write and post a reply the same afternoon for delivery to your correspondent early next morning, and so save twenty-four hours.

Railway Letters

Did you know that you could send a letter by train, just as though it were a parcel? Let us suppose that you live at A. You have just missed the last collection at the pillar box. As it is early closing day, the post office is not open, so you cannot even get an express messenger. Now the letter about which you are so anxious is going to C, a little

village just outside the town of B. If only you could get your letter posted during the evening at B, you know it would be safely delivered first thing in the morning at C, and that all would be well.

Is there an evening train from A to B? There is, so your difficulties are at an end. You merely go to the booking office at A station and hand in your letter (fully stamped, of course), paying to the railway company a fee of 3d. Across the top of the envelope you write: *To be posted at B on arrival of the 6.53 p.m. train ex A*. What happens then is that directly the parcels from the train are taken into the parcels office at B railway station, an official goes to the nearest pillar box and posts your letter, so ensuring that it will start on its journey to C with the next collection.

Another method of dealing with a *Railway Letter* is to mark it *To be called for*. In this case the letter would remain in the parcels office at the railway station at B until your friend from C (who would, of course, be expecting it) called.

A Letter by Telephone

We have been discussing ways and means of getting letters through to their destinations more rapidly than would be the case in the course of ordinary post. There yet remains another plan, which is also very rapid, under which we may send a letter by telephone.

Let us suppose that you have a friend at C. It is too late in the day to write to him for the last collection, and there is no means of dispatching either an express letter or a railway letter. You want very urgently to communicate with him and yet you know the telephone is not installed at his house. You cannot even send him a telegram, because the post office is already closed at the little village where he lives.

Your position certainly seems almost a hopeless one—but it is not so really. All you have to do is to write down a

message for your friend—not wasting any words, of course—and take it to your own post office. On the other hand, if you have the telephone in your house, there is no need even to do that, for you can simply 'phone through the message to the post office nearest your friend's home—the one from which the village letters are delivered.

In any event, whether you hand in your message at a post office or telephone it through yourself, the effect is the same. The message is written down by an official at the other end, and may either be forwarded direct as an express letter or dropped into the post in the ordinary way. The charge for this service is 3d for the first thirty words (including the address), and 1d for every ten words afterwards. One has also to pay the usual telephone charge and the fees either for express delivery or else for postage.

The Rates for Postcards

Postcards, which first came into use in 1870, form a most convenient method of sending by post a brief message, a reminder or a greeting, as they require no envelope. In the case of picture postcards, the front of the card, i.e., the plain side, is often divided down the centre, so that one may write the message on the left-hand side and the address on the right. One should always avoid mixing the message with the address in any way, for the latter ought to stand out plainly and boldly to assist the work of postmen and sorters.

A postcard dispatched for an inland destination must bear a penny stamp, one for an Imperial or foreign destination 1½d. It is also possible to buy a "Reply Postcard," when another card is attached to the one sent, the rate of postage being 2d, of course, for the double journey. According to regulations, no card may exceed 5½ inches in length by 4½ inches in width, or be less than 4 inches in length by 2½ inches in width.

Registered Letters

At all times when you have to send £1 or 10s notes, bank notes, important documents, and such enclosures through the post with your letters, it is very wise to take the package to a post office to be *registered*. This means that the package is entered in a book by the official at the counter and a receipt given to the sender. A registered letter must in no circumstances be dropped into a pillar box, but should always be taken into a post office for actual registration. During the journey to its destination the registered letter will probably travel in a special bag, red in colour, and will not be mixed with the ordinary mail. At important sorting stations, and when it leaves the sorting office nearest to its destination, the responsible officials have to sign their names for it, and the course of the letter can be traced by this chain of signatures in the event of its being lost or mislaid.

The most satisfactory plan is to buy the stout linen registered envelopes such as are sold in different sizes at all post offices with the postage stamp and registration fee embossed upon them. There is a small charge for the actual envelope in addition to the fees. Having obtained the envelope and placed one's letter and valuables inside, the gummed flap is moistened and stuck down in the usual way, and one then applies sealing wax over the point of the flap. Many people have small metal seals bearing the initial of their name, and such seals have to be slightly moistened before they are pressed into the hot wax.

The receipt given for a registered letter at the post office one should place on the receipt file at home, or else in some safe place until an acknowledgement is received of its arrival. On delivery at the destination the recipient of the registered letter is also called upon to sign a receipt, which the postman brings with him. When a registration fee of 3d is paid (in addition to ordinary postage charges) compensation

is allowed in the case of loss up to £5, a fee of 4d carries compensation up to £20, one of 5d up to £40, and so on, in proportion, up to £400.

Very often when one has a very important letter to dispatch, even though it contains nothing valuable to anyone else, it is advisable to make use of the registered post, because one could then, if needed, obtain proof of delivery. A landlord giving written notice to a tenant to quit would probably send the letter by registered post for this reason, and summonses from police courts are often dispatched by the same agency.

Letters for destinations overseas, both in Imperial and in foreign countries, may be registered at fees which vary slightly.

About Telegrams

Though a telegram is certainly not a letter, it is a quick and useful means of transmitting a message from one person to another, and details of this service are essentially part of a Letter-writer. To send a telegram one goes to a post office where telegraphic business is transacted, and writes down the name and address of the person with whom one wishes to communicate, and then the message itself. One may add one's own name, if desired, to be sent with the message, but it is a definite rule that the name and full address of the sender shall appear at the *back* of the telegraph form in the space provided for the purpose.

A telegram should always be brief, of course, because the charge is one penny for every word, with a minimum of one shilling whether one sends twelve words or fewer. From the counter of the post office the form is transmitted to an instrument room, from which the actual message is dispatched by electric telegraph to the post office nearest to its destination. Here it is printed by a machine on strips of paper or written by hand, placed in one of the familiar buff-coloured envelopes, and then sent on the final portion of its journey.

by messenger, probably on a bicycle. There is no charge for the *delivery* of a telegram, unless the house to which it is to be sent is more than three miles from the delivery office, or outside the postal delivery area of a Head Office. In such cases one is called upon (*i.e.*, the recipient has to pay) for an extra fee of 6d for every mile beyond three.

Telegrams for places overseas are usually described as "cables," because until recently they were dispatched by submarine cable. The name still remains, though most of the messages are now actually transmitted by wireless means. Messages sent by wireless to ships at sea are known as *Radio-telegrams*. Such messages may cost 4d per word in the case of vessels comparatively near our coasts, but one may send a radio-telegram to ships in any part of the world (provided the vessel has suitable wireless equipment, of course), for 1s 6d per word.

It will thus be seen that one need never be entirely out of touch with one's friends, especially in an emergency, even if they are afloat and hundreds of miles from the nearest land. The telegraph wires and submarine cables did much to keep us all far closer together in the exchange of thoughts and words, but wireless has done a great deal more, and its wizardry conquers distance as nothing else has ever done.

Once upon a time our letters were carried by postboys on the backs of horses travelling where there were the merest tracks and no roads at all, announcing their arrival at a village by blowing on a horn. There came then the period of the stage coaches, and afterwards that of the mail coaches. Very little more than a hundred years ago our letters began to be carried by train, and now in the times in which we live they are winged along at 100 miles an hour in aeroplanes.

In the same way, the telephone system, by which we actually speak to the person with whom we wish to communicate, has shown a marked advance

on the first system of telegrams. Once for our telephones we depended entirely upon miles and miles of copper wires along which electrical energy spurred our words, but now those same words go out into space without wires at all, and yet reach their destination by means of radio.

That the time will come when the telephone instrument on our desks will put us into touch with almost anyone in the world there seems but little doubt, or that eventually our long-distance mails will go sailing away through the air both by night and day, in calm and storm, in sunshine and in fog, with the same degree of certainty that the big special postal train, with its staff of sorters, leaves London every night for Scotland, picking up fresh mails and dropping other bags as it whirls along the steel rails at sixty miles an hour.

Of all the everyday matters that we are so apt to take for granted, there is really nothing more romantic than this wonderful system which has grown up—and is still growing—that enables us quickly, dependably and cheaply to communicate with others by post, by telegram, by wireless, and so on.

Some Common Errors in Writing

Reference has already been made to *A Children's Dictionary* in Vol. 8, and we can always refer to this dictionary when in doubt about the spelling of a word. There are, at the same time, certain words (and not always long ones, either) which happen to be confusing. We simply cannot remember at the moment if it is "ie" we want or "ei," and even typists and printers' compositors, who have to be so conversant with spelling, have words in which they are apt to fall into error.

We may say, therefore, that there are certain common errors in letter-writing and in spelling, and the following list has been compiled so that we may quickly refer to it, more quickly even than would be the case with a

dictionary. Every time we make reference to the list, though, we should endeavour to impress the correct spelling upon our memories until eventually we are "letter perfect" as it were with all these peculiar and tantalising words or expressions —

Acknowledgment is more usual than acknowledgement

Afraid, not afraid

Aggravate is often wrongly used to mean irritate. Its real meaning is to add weight to, or to increase

Agreeable, not agreeable

Allege, not alledge

All right, not alright

Always, not allways

As is incorrectly used before words beginning with "h" when one has definitely to sound the "h," as in hall, house, hero. It is correct when used before words in which the initial "h" is silent, as in heir, honest, honour, hour. It is not correct when used before words beginning with "eu," as in European, and "u," as in union

Anti, meaning before, is not to be confused with Anti, meaning against. Thus antediluvian (before the flood), antidote (as against a poison or disease)

Arctic, not artic

Auxiliary, only one "1"

Ay, meaning yes

Aye, meaning always, for ever

Balance, only one "1"

Battalion, two "t's" and one "l"

Belief, not belief

Best and Better should be used "This is the best of the three," or four, five and more "This is the better of the two."

Blamable, not blameable, but blameful, blameworthy

Blissful, only one "1"

Both should be used as applying only to two persons or things, neither more nor less

Breach, of a gun Breach, in a wall

Brief, not breif

Britannia, only one "t"

Ceiling, not celing

Chargeable, not chargable

Chief, not chieff

Conceit, not conciet

Controvert, not contravert

Creditable must not be confused with credible. The first of these two words means praiseworthy, the second believable

Different from is correct, not different to

Door-jamb, not door-jam

Dose, a definite quantity of medicine

Doze, to indulge in a light slumber

Envelop, to wrap round Envelope, a cover for a letter

Ere, means before E'er is a contraction for ever

Faithful, one "1"

Farewell, two "l's," but only one in Welfare.

Field, not feild

Fiend, not feind

Fulfil, but fulfilling.

Handfuls, not handful

Illegible, not illegable

Inquire is more generally used than enquire

Inseparable, not inseperable
Irrelevant, should not be written or pronounced as irrevalant

Judgment is the usual spelling, though judgement is not incorrect

Lest, meaning in case, not least

Mantelpiece, not mantlepiece

Misspell, not misspell

Mistakable, not mistakeable

Mouldy, not moldy

Negotiate, not negociate

Neither and nor, is and are, was and were "Neither man or woman are capable of perfection in this world" ought to be written "Neither man *nor* woman *is* capable, etc" "Neither Susie nor Arthur were there" should be written "Neither Susie nor Arthur *was* there"

Niece, not neice

Nightfall, two "l's"

None is always in company with a singular verb, *i.e.*, "None of these *is* right," meaning, strictly speaking, "Not one of these *is* right"

Nowise, not noways

Number is always in company with a singular verb, *i.e.*, "There *is* a number of apple trees in our garden."

Only One often finds this word wrongly used, both in writing and in speaking. Thus "He only walked a mile" ought to be "He walked only a mile." In this instance, "only walked" might mean that he did not run or ride "Else only spoke a few words" should, correctly, be "spoke only"

Or An expression we frequently hear or read is "seldom or ever," which ought to be "seldom if ever," or else "seldom or never"

Paifuls, not paiful

Parallel, not parallell

Practice and practise are frequently misunderstood. Practice is a noun, and we should write of a "bad practice." Practise is a verb, and one might say or write "My uncle always practises benevolence."

Precedent means some former example—something which preceded. The fact that your grandfather gave you a handsome birthday present last year would be a precedent for a similar gift this year. A President is a person who presides, such as the head of a state or society

Prvilege, not priviledge

Prophecy is what a prophet would do, *i.e.*, foretell the future, forecast an event, and so on

Prophecy is a foretelling of the future, or a forecasting of an event

Quarrel, not quarrell or quarrell

Raze is used for knocking down, *i.e.*, to raze or pull down a wall or a building. Raise has just the opposite meaning, for it signifies to build up or to elevate

Recall, not recal

Reins, such as are attached to the bridle of a horse, should not be written rams

Relevant, not revalant

Repel, not repell

Reprise, not repreuve,

Retrieve, not retreve	them. Under the "Orders of Chivalry" (see page 395), we shall find an explanation of the letters used after the names of knights, but there are many other abbreviations of a similar nature commonly employed. In some instances words in Latin and other languages are used in an abbreviated form, and it is necessary that we should understand their meaning. Again, if we had in writing to order 10 hundredweights of coal, we should put down the abbreviated form of this measure as <i>cwt</i>
Roomful, one "1"	
Seize, not sieze	
Sentences should never be ended with a word which is a preposition, <i>i.e.</i> , a word placed before a noun or pronoun. As an example—	
"Daddy never knows in his business what he has to contend with" should be "Daddy never knows in his business with what he has to contend"	
Separate, not seperate	
Show, not shew	
Shield, not shield	
Shriek, not shreik.	
Shrivel, not shrivell	
Siege, not seige	
Sieve, not serve.	
Smallness, not smallness	
Spoonfuls, not spoonfulls	
Storey, the plural of which is storeys, refers to the different floors of a building. Story means tales, and the plural is stories.	
Subtraction, not subtraction	
Tallness, not tallness	
That kind We ought to write "Freddie is one of that kind of footballer" It would be wrong to put "Freddie is one of <i>those</i> kind, etc."	
Try to. Do not put "try and come to-morrow" "Try to come" would be correct.	
Use either "I should have liked to see Freddie," or "I should like to have seen Freddie." In the sentence "I should have liked to have seen Freddie" we are employing the past tense twice over	
Useful, not usefull	
Vermilion, not vermillion, for the colour	
Waggon and wagon are both correct.	
Welcome, not wellcome	
Welfare, not wellfare	
Wharf is usually written wharves in the plural, though wharfs is not, strictly speaking, incorrect.	
Whether or no ought always to be written "Whether or not"	
Whom Do not put "Who did Freddie give the ball to?" To be correct you should write "To whom did Freddie give the ball?" "Who is that for?" should be "Whom is that for?"	
Wield, not weild	
With. "Elise is a rich girl in comparison to me" should be "Elise is a rich girl in comparison with me"	
Yield, not yeild	
Yours truly, not your's truly. The apostrophe is never used in this sense "Our Pekungese dog was at its best at the show" is correct, but to put it's would be wrong "It's going to rain" is totally different, meaning it is, and we use the apostrophe to show that the second letter "i" has been left out.	
Zoological Gardens, not Zoo-logical Gardens.	

Abbreviations in Common Use.

In connection with the reading and writing of letters, there are a great many abbreviations in common use, and it is well that we should understand

them. Under the "Orders of Chivalry" (see page 395), we shall find an explanation of the letters used after the names of knights, but there are many other abbreviations of a similar nature commonly employed. In some instances words in Latin and other languages are used in an abbreviated form, and it is necessary that we should understand their meaning. Again, if we had in writing to order 10 hundredweights of coal, we should put down the abbreviated form of this measure as *cwt*

The following abbreviations in common use will be most useful to all letter-writers:—

a/c. An account in account with	
Anno Domini. A year or date coming in the Christian period, <i>i.e.</i> , one since the Birth of Christ	
Ad Lib. <i>Ad libitum</i> , <i>i.e.</i> , at anyone's discretion	
Advt. An advertisement.	
A.K.C. Associate, King's College London	Sometimes seen after the names of clergymen
A.M. <i>Ante meridiem</i> , <i>i.e.</i> before 12 o'clock noon "The train leaves at 10 5 a.m." means in the morning. When expressing 12 o'clock we should add <i>noon</i> or <i>midnight</i> for the exact hour is, strictly speaking, neither a.m. nor p.m.	
A.M.I.C.E. An Associate Member of the Institute of Civil Engineers	
A.M.I.E. An Associate Member of the Institute of Electrical Engineers	
Anon., anonymous, <i>i.e.</i> , without any name	In newspapers, letters are sometimes signed "Anon.," but it is extremely bad taste to send an anonymous letter through the post
A.R.A. An Associate of the Royal Academy	
A.R.A.M. An Associate of the Royal Academy of Music.	
A.R.I.B.A. An Associate of the Royal Institute of British Architects	
B.A. Bachelor of Arts	
B.C. Before the Birth of Christ	
B.C.L. Bachelor of Civil Law	
B.D. Bachelor of Divinity	
B.L. Bachelor of Law, or of Letters.	
B.M. Bachelor of Medicine.	
B.Sc. Bachelor of Science.	
Cantab. Belonging to the University of Cambridge, or associated with that University	
Cantuar. Of Canterbury	
C.B. Companion of the Order of the Bath.	
C.C. County Council, <i>i.e.</i> , M.C.C., Middlesex County Council	
C.F. Chaplain to the Forces.	
C.O. Commanding Officer.	
Co. County, as "Darlington, Co. Durham," to distinguish the County from the City of Durham. Co. is also used for Company, <i>i.e.</i> , "J. Wilson & Co."	
C.O.D. Cash on delivery. Often used by stores and shopkeepers as an instruction to their carmen to collect cash for goods as they	

deliver them. Further used for a post system under which one may order goods and pay the postman on delivery, a small charge being made for the service. The system is also in use by British railway companies.

Col-Sergt. A Colour-Sergeant in the Army.

Comm. Commander, a rank in the Royal Navy and Royal Air Force.

Cr. Creditor, *i.e.*, a person or company to whom money is owed.

Cwt. A hundredweight, *i.e.*, 112 lbs.

D D. Doctor of Divinity.

D Litt. Doctor of Literature.

Dr. Used for Doctor or for Debtor, *i.e.*, one who owes money, and the opposite to a Creditor (*q. v.*)

D S O. Distinguished Service Order.

D V. *Deo volente* "God willing," often used by religious organisations when announcing forthcoming events, *i.e.*, "The Rev. James Smith will preach on Sunday morning next, D. V.," *i.e.*, "if God be willing."

E & O E. Errors and Omissions Excepted. Often seen on invoices and accounts.

Ebor. Eboracensis, of York. See *Cantuar.*, p. 405.

E g. For example.

Etc. *Et cetera* And the rest, and other things.

Fcp. Foolscap.

F M. Field Marshal.

F O B. Free on Board. Goods for despatch overseas are frequently quoted "F O B.," which means that the seller pays the cost of carriage from his works or warehouse to the ship on which the goods will be despatched.

F O R. Free on rail.

Fr. French.

Ft. One foot, *i.e.*, 12 inches. An abbreviation of the term for the measure.

Gal. Gallon.

Gdns. Meaning Gardens, used specially when writing addresses, *i.e.*, 81 Marshalsea Gdns., Marlow, Bucks.

Govt. Government.

G P O. General Post Office.

H Q. Headquarters, a term used particularly in the Army, *i.e.*, "Colonel Adair, commanding the 20th Battalion, made his H Q. at Hounslow."

H R H. His (or Her) Royal Highness.

I e. *Id est* That is.

I L P. Independent Labour Party.

In. An inch, *i.e.*, the twelfth part of a foot.

Incoig. *Incognito*. If H R H. the Prince of Wales were taking a holiday he might travel *incognito* as the Duke of Chester. In such a case the honours due to the Prince of Wales would not be paid.

Inst. *Instant*. "Yours of the 18th inst.," *i.e.*, the 18th of the present month.

Ital. *Italics*. "I am determined to win the race" The fact that the word *determined* is in italics gives emphasis. "Marie always calls her daddy *pere*." Here the word *pere* (father) is in italics, because it comes from the French language.

J. P. Justice of the Peace, a magistrate.

Jun. or **Jr.** Junior. We should write "Mr. James Mackintosh, Jr.," or else "James Mackintosh, Jr., Esq."—not Esq., Jr.

K C. King's Counsel, an honour conferred upon barristers-at-law.

Kil. Kilometre. A measure of distance used on the Continent. One kilometre is about 5 furlongs in British measure.

Lat. Latin.

L C J. Lord Chief Justice.

Long. Longitude when writing of the location of a place.

L P. Lord Provost (equivalent to a Lord Mayor in Scotland).

Lt. or **Lieut.** Lieutenant. A rank in the Navy, Army and Air Force.

Lt.-Colonel. Lieutenant Colonel. A rank in the Army.

Ltd. Limited. Used after the titles of limited liability companies.

M A. Master of Arts.

M B. Bachelor of Medicine.

M D. Doctor of Medicine.

Memo. Memoranda, or brief notes. Singular, memorandum.

M F H. Master of Foxhounds.

Mille Mademoiselle. The French equivalent for our word "Miss" for a girl or a woman who is not married.

mm. Millimetres. The millimetre is a measure of length used on the Continent of Europe and in other parts of the world. It is equal to the thousandth part of a metre. A metre is a unit of length equal to rather more than 39 British inches. We refer to this measure as belonging to the metric system.

Mme. *Madame*. The French equivalent to our British "Mrs." Madame La Jane in French, Mrs. La Jane in English.

MSS. Manuscripts (in the plural). MS singular.

N B. *Nota bene.* Note well.

N T. The New Testament.

O M. The Order of Merit. Does not confer a knighthood, but was instituted (1902) as a distinction for very eminent men and women. With the exception of foreign honorary members, the number of those belonging to this Order is limited to twenty-four.

Oz. An ounce.

P C. Privy Counsellor, *i.e.*, a member of the Privy Council. May also be used for Police Constable.

Ph D. Doctor of Philosophy.

P M. *Post meridiem*, *i.e.*, after 12 o'clock noon and before 12 o'clock midnight.

P M G. Postmaster-General.

P O. Postal Order.

Pp. Pages. "There are in my new book of fairy stories 416 pp."

Pro tem. *Pro tempore*. For the time being. "We are having a most enjoyable motor tour, but are staying *pro tem.* at Keswick," meaning "for the time being," until the tour is resumed.

Prox. *Proximo*, meaning "the next." Usually used in correspondence for dates, *i.e.*, if one were writing in January, "We should be glad if you would send us on the 3rd *prox.* the following goods, etc.," meaning on the 3rd of February next.

P S. *Post scriptum*, an afterthought, added when you have completed a letter. A second *post scriptum* would be P P S.

Qto Quarto Strictly, a sheet of paper folded in quarters, or in four. Sometimes **4to**
q.v. *Quod vide* Which see. For example
 "An explanation of *post scriptum* is given under *PS*, *q.v.*"

R.A.F. Royal Air Force

R.C. Roman Catholic

Rev. The *Reverend*. The title of a clergyman or minister. May also mean *revolutions* or *revs* when applied to an engine

R.N. Royal Navy

R.S.V.P. From the French *Répondez s'il vous plaît*. Reply, if you please. Used on cards of invitation.

Ult. *Ultimo*. Refers to the *last*, and is used in the opposite sense to *Pras.* (*q.v.*) Writing in February, one might say "In reply to yours of the 18th ult." meaning in answer to a letter written to you by your correspondent on the 18th of January.

V.C. Victoria Cross. In letterpress often set in Old English type, thus **V.C.**

Viz. *Videhunc*. Namely "I have several three-cornered Cape of Good Hope stamps in my collection, but not the following, **viz.**, ——" Here would follow a list of the missing stamps.

W.S. Writer to the Signet. The Scottish equivalent to an English solicitor.

Subjects and Headings

In the times of your grandparents when people had far fewer interests than they have to-day, letter-writing was regarded as one of the greatest of accomplishments, and no detail was too trivial to be included in the correspondence between the members of a family who were separated by distance.

As a general rule, very thin, large sheets of paper were used, with a fine nib or quill, and it was often the custom when one had filled a page with cross-ways writing to turn the sheet and put in further lines longways, so that one set of lines crossed the other set.

This style of writing has fortunately died out completely now. The crossed lines were extremely difficult to read, and few of us, even girls and boys, have now the time to devote to our correspondence or the patience to read anything that fails to convey quickly to our minds the thoughts, facts or information that our correspondents have to send us.

In writing ourselves, therefore, we should endeavour first of all to decide what we have to say, and, in the course of a letter that is intended to be

long and full of news, it is often wise to jot down a list of the actual subjects under headings, and then to see that these subjects are dealt with in their proper order. With brief memos of this sort there is no likelihood of leaving anything out, perhaps something that is very important.

When writing letters it is often necessary to emphasise some special point. We do this by drawing a line beneath the words to be emphasised, this being known as *under-scoring*. "Will you please meet me in the Park at *three o'clock* on Saturday afternoon?" is an example. Under-scoring, however, should always be used but little. To make too liberal a use of this means of emphasis might quite well suggest that you are lacking in words to give expression to your meaning—or that the person to whom you are writing is not likely to take the trouble to read your letter carefully without the under-scoring.

Filing Letters

In business houses particularly, all letters are carefully filed away, so that they can at any time be turned up at a moment's notice. In most cases they are put into filing cabinets in alphabetical order, and very often all the letters from any one correspondent are kept together. In some instances the letters from the one correspondent would be numbered 1, 2, 3, 4, and so on, not only for ready reference, but also that the filing clerk should know if there were any missing.

With our private correspondence it is undesirable that the letters be kept, at all events when they have been answered. There is nothing to be gained from filing such letters, and the sooner they are destroyed after they have served their purpose the better. Naturally, no right-minded person would seek to read another's letters without permission, but when correspondence is left lying about untidily, there is always the possibility of its

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being read by someone for whom it was not intended.

Where business people are concerned, not only are the incoming letters carefully filed for future reference, but the outgoing correspondence is also copied. Copies are usually made with carbon paper on thin duplicating sheets, and the copy is filed away with the letter which it answers.

In our homes, when the time comes for us to assume responsibility, we should keep an alphabetical file for important letters, especially those to do with the business arrangements of the house, estimates, money-matters, legal affairs, and so on. Further, it is of the greatest value at times to have copies of the replies we send to such letters.

Libel in Letters.

You will often have heard the word "libel" and very probably you have read it in newspapers. Libel is writing something against the character of a person so that he suffers injury from it, and sending the written word to a third party. If you were very angry with a person, and wrote him a strong letter in which you made statements against him, this would *not* be libel, assuming that the letter was enclosed in an envelope properly stuck down. To be a libel the statement must be *published*, that is to say, some third person or other persons must read it. If that strong letter of which we have spoken had been written on a postcard, for the postman and anyone else to read, you would have been guilty of publishing a libel. "Slander" is the same sort of thing when *spoken* and not written.

It would be libel to write to a third person and say that Mr. J—, the grocer, always gave short weight. Such a statement might do Mr. J— a great deal of damage, and cause him losses, and he could successfully take legal action against you. And, in such a case, it would not matter in the least whether the statement was a true one or a false one.

Stamped, Addressed Envelopes.

If you are writing a letter asking for a favour, it is both kindly and courteous to enclose a stamped, addressed envelope, so that your correspondent may reply to you without expense to himself. Clergymen, who have to answer a great many letters asking for favours, always appreciate stamped, addressed envelopes, and you would extend this courtesy to anyone to whom you were writing for an autograph.

In the case of advertisements, however, as when applying for an appointment or a situation, one would not enclose a stamped envelope unless specially asked to do so.

Stamping many Letters

The gum used on our postage stamps is just as pure as gum can possibly be, but at the same time if you have a great many letters to stamp at once, it will not be wise to moisten them all with your tongue. A better plan is to tear the stamps into strips of six, and to moisten them by drawing them along a sponge or the surface of a special stamp moistener.

Meanwhile, you will have arranged the envelopes in sixes, stepped, as it were, with the ends of each showing sufficiently for there to be a place for a stamp. Starting at the left-hand side of the six, you affix the first stamp and tear through the perforation, going on to the second, third, and so on, till you have completed the whole half dozen. You may then very quickly smooth them down with a piece of clean blotting paper.

To stick down envelopes quickly, arrange them face downwards with the flaps open. One flap should overlap the next after the manner of steps in such a way that the strip of gummed surface is showing. You now moisten the gum with a damp brush or piece of sponge, and it then becomes a quick and easy matter to fold over the flaps and press them down.

